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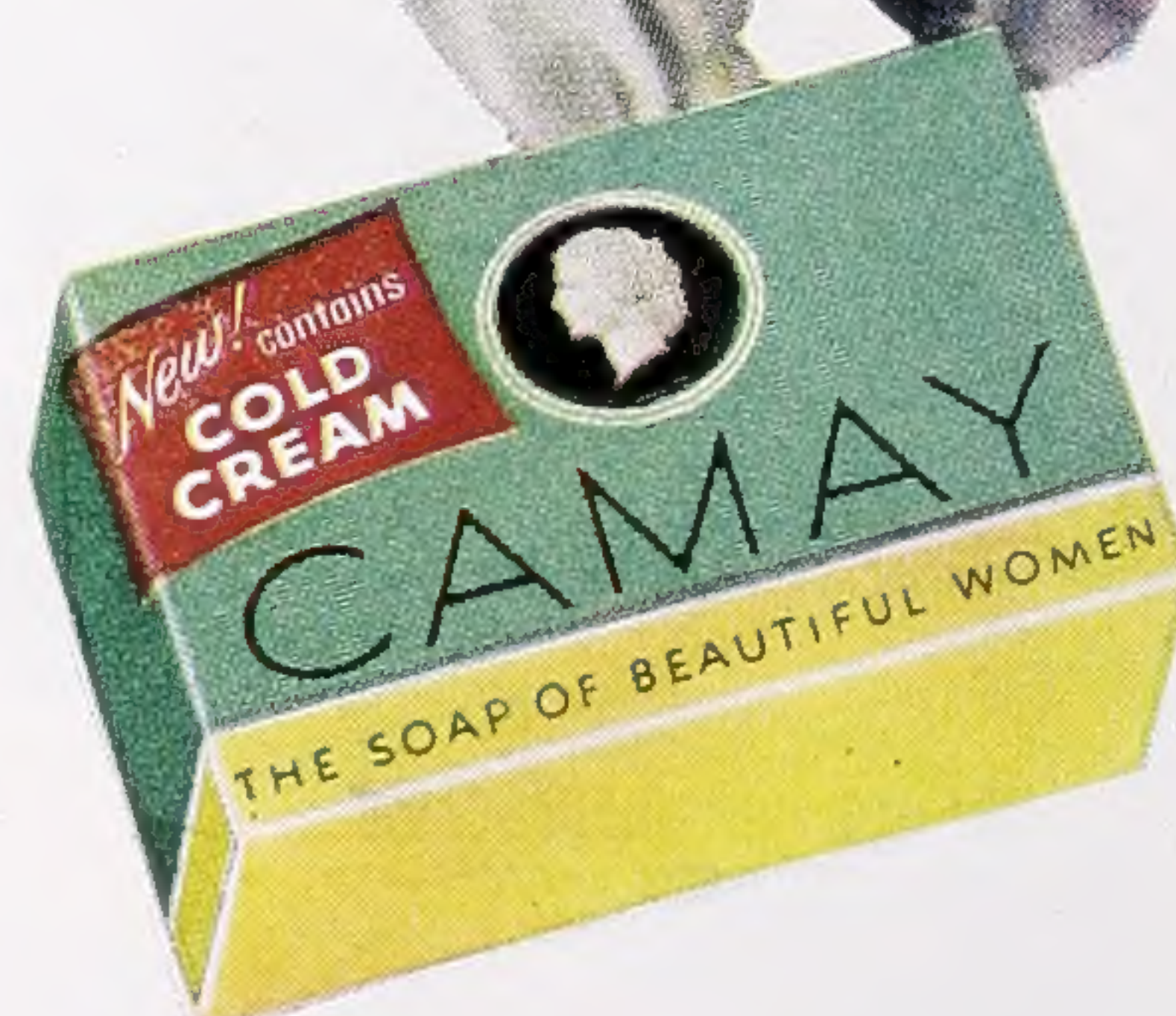
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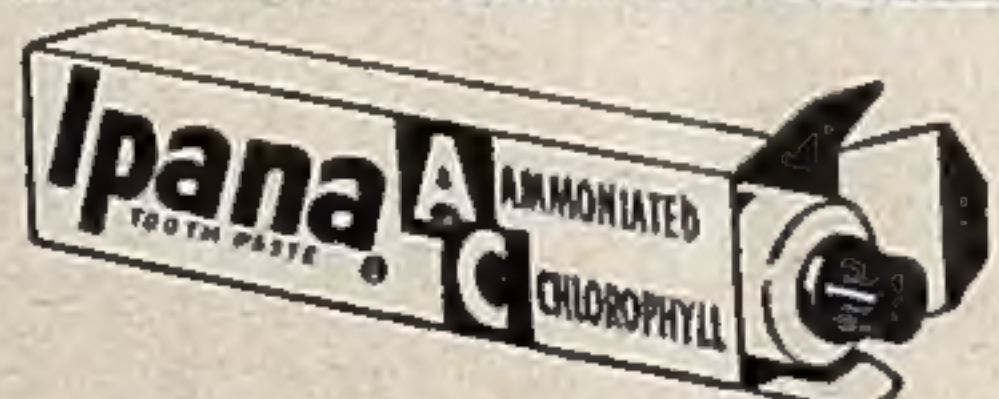
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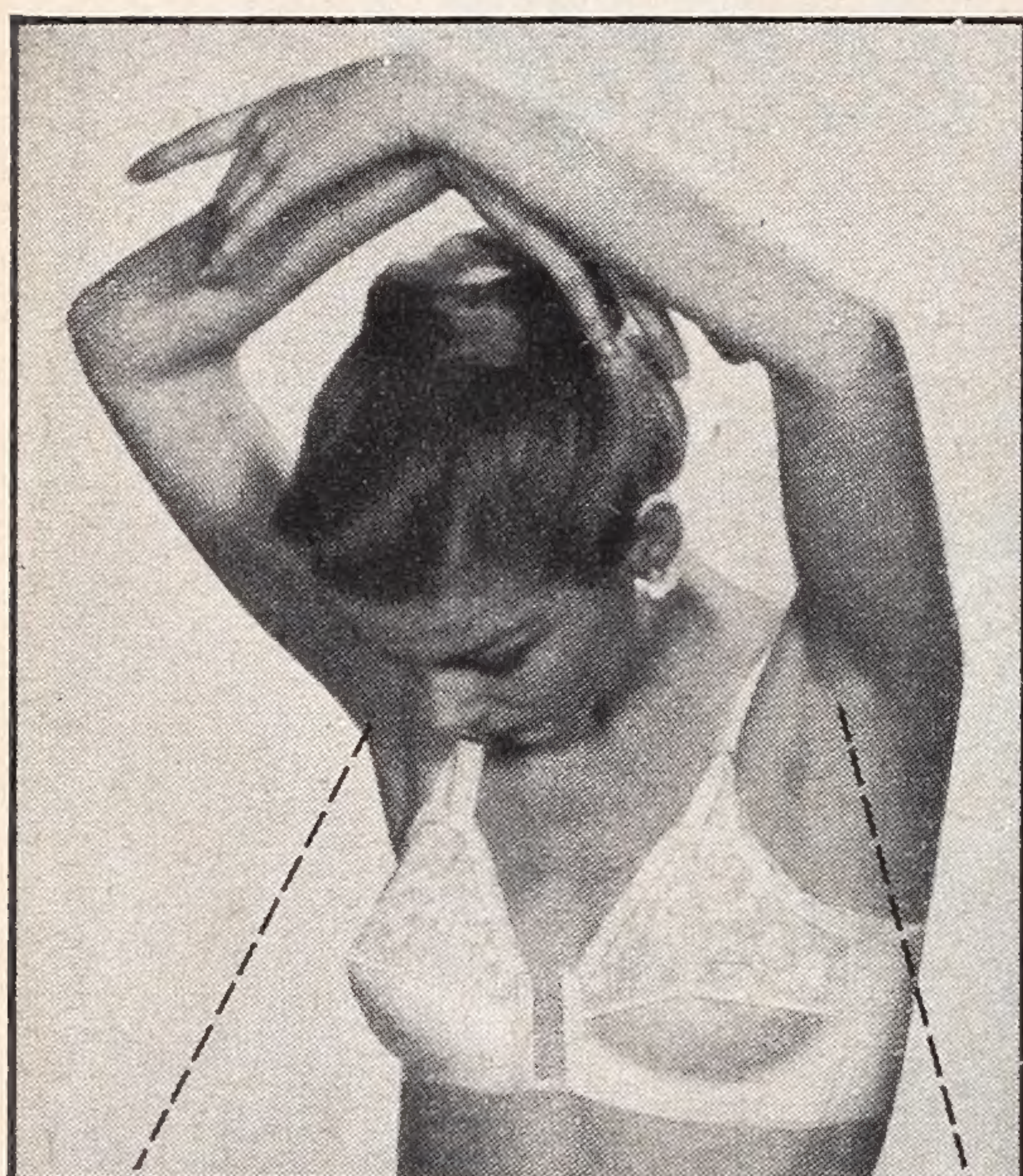
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PHOTOPLAY

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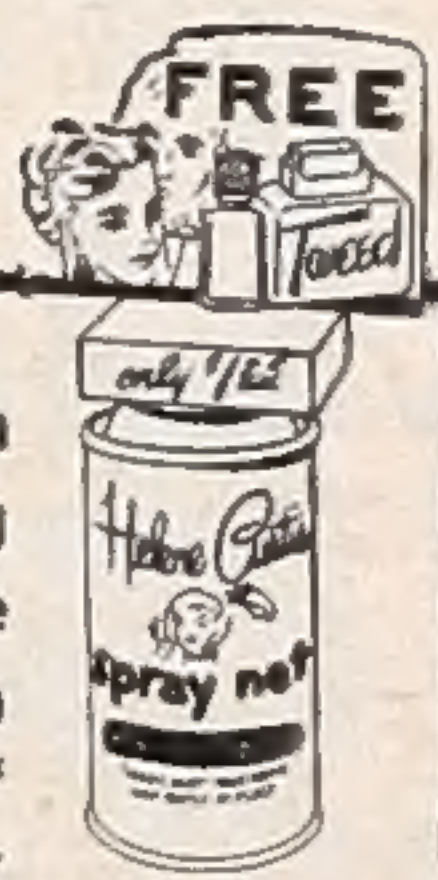
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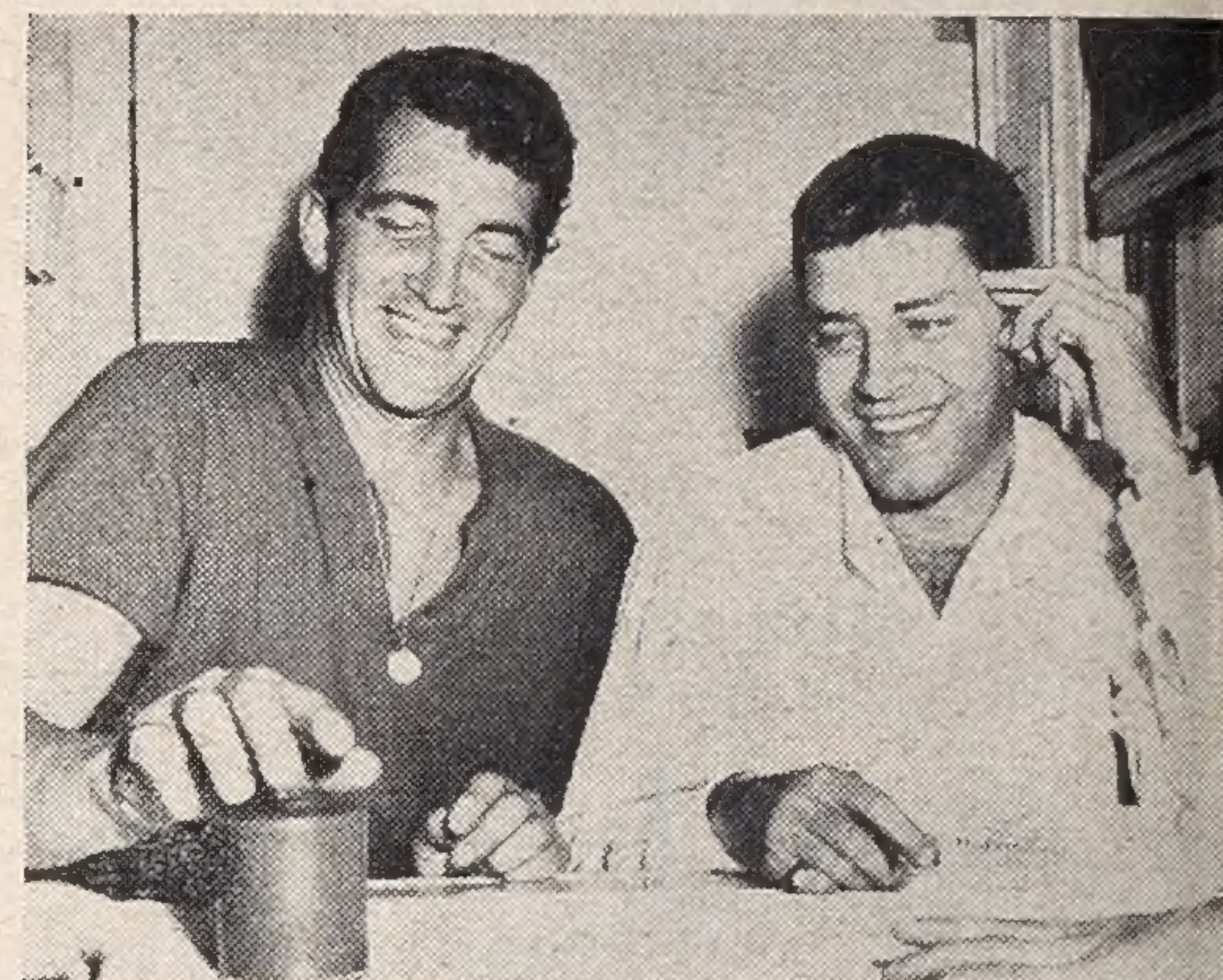


Pert Pat Crowley has it, says Sidney

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Kim Novak's a lady with a sentimental habit



For Dean and Jerry, only illness could part them

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I THINK Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher always look as if they're getting ready to go into a song. What's wrong with teaming Debbie and Eddie in a collegiate-type musical? . . . It appears to me Cleo Moore should be taller, and I'm a shortie . . . These days when any producer is casting any important role for an actor he wants Marlon Brando. Not long ago Marlon was considered difficult to cast and work with . . . Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess beginning to look more like each other—which can't hurt either . . . Leslie Caron is at her best when she's on her toes . . . I wish it could be arranged for the average guy to spend a day with Terry Moore. He'd wind up exhausted. Terry is on the go, go, go . . . Shelley Winters is never at a loss for words. She'd make a good m.c. for a benefit show . . . I guarantee you one of the hottest dance numbers ever put on celluloid is Marilyn Monroe's "Heat Wave" in Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business" . . . While Ethel Merman was having dinner at Chasen's, a producer stopped at her table and tried to whisper something to her. The Merm

squawked: "Don't lower your voice to me" . . .

Of all the new chicks I'd say the cutest and most talented is Pat Crowley . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernand Lamas hold hands in restaurants while waiting for the food to arrive . . . The best movie to date for my money (and I paid to see it) is "On the Waterfront" . . . I don't want to believe but rumor has it that Elaine Stewart going to crop her hair. I'll never forgive her . . . I hate people who say they don't want to see a certain type of movie. Nevertheless, I want a vacation from the Hollywood war-story movie . . . Jeff Chandler told me: "I'll tell you a sure way of knowing when you're a movie star. People laugh at what you say, even when it's not funny" . . .

You can't name a better actor consistently giving us fine performance than Richard Widmark. The right role in the right picture and he'll win an Oscar . . . I always felt that only illness could part the Martin-Lewis team . . . Donna Reed's s.a. has been used to film advantage yet . . .

JUDY GARLAND JAMES MASON

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wonder what those actors who win public and critics' acclaim in a Broadway show think when they don't get the chance to play the parts in the movie version . . . What am I saying? The answer is they become Hollywood haters . . . Robert Wagner is still R. J. to those who knew him when . . . I'm forever surprised at seeing Jeanne Crain stroll into a store with three or four kids tagging along. I still regard her as the innocent ingenue. Guess I never grew up, and she did . . . However, when Mona Freeman walks into Schwabs, I'm very grown up . . . You can pick any face from the silent pictures (with the exception of Garbo) and I'll pick Ava Gardner's . . . Yvonne DeCarlo is sort of a mystery to me: a traveling sometimes-actress with soto romances . . . Now Grace Kelly I understand. And I like her, without being a cheerleader . . . I'm still waiting for Frank Sinatra to record "It's All Right With Me" . . . It might not be true, but I'll bet Guy Madison prefers to watch Westerns . . . Bob Hope claims TV is proof people would rather look at anything than each other . . .

I wonder if Rock Hudson's fans are disappointed now that he's developing

as an actor . . . Piper Laurie is apt to surprise me and prove to be an actress . . . I've a yen to see Katharine Hepburn in a picture . . . Include me in, as the expression goes, as a member of the Judy Garland fan club . . . Mott in an executive's office: "The hard part of making good is that you have to do it every day" . . . At the Cy Howard Gloria Grahame wedding reception when Gloria sliced the cake, she said "I hope Cy is the last man I marry."

I appreciate Liz Taylor's beauty but she doesn't send me. Yet many actresses who aren't beautiful, do . . . When there's a restaurant scene in a movie, why doesn't the hero leave a tip for the waiter? Some hero! . . . John Wayne claims the toughest assignment an actor can have is to play a scene with an animal. It seems people love animals more than they love actors . . . Kim Novak is a sentimental handholder, if you're interested . . . Actresses who make buddies of the hairdressers are lonely . . . Falsies for actresses are well-known, but Julie Harris in "Climate of Eden" does something different. Her derriere is built out to make her more sexy. That's Hollywood for you . . .



Rumors: Elaine Stewart, Bob Evans



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Sure, Ireland Must Be Heaven

...for

Rock Hudson's staying there

BY CHARLES FITZSIMONS

● If there is anyone anywhere in the United States who doesn't believe that Ireland is The Emerald Isle and merely another name for Heaven, just let him talk to Rock Hudson. Rock will change his mind in a hurry.

For the past months, Ireland's been home to Rock, who's co-starring with Barbara Rush in "Captain Lightfoot." I came along to work with Rock on his Irish brogue, to make sure he played his part with an authentic accent, not with the stage Irish accent that is so often adopted.

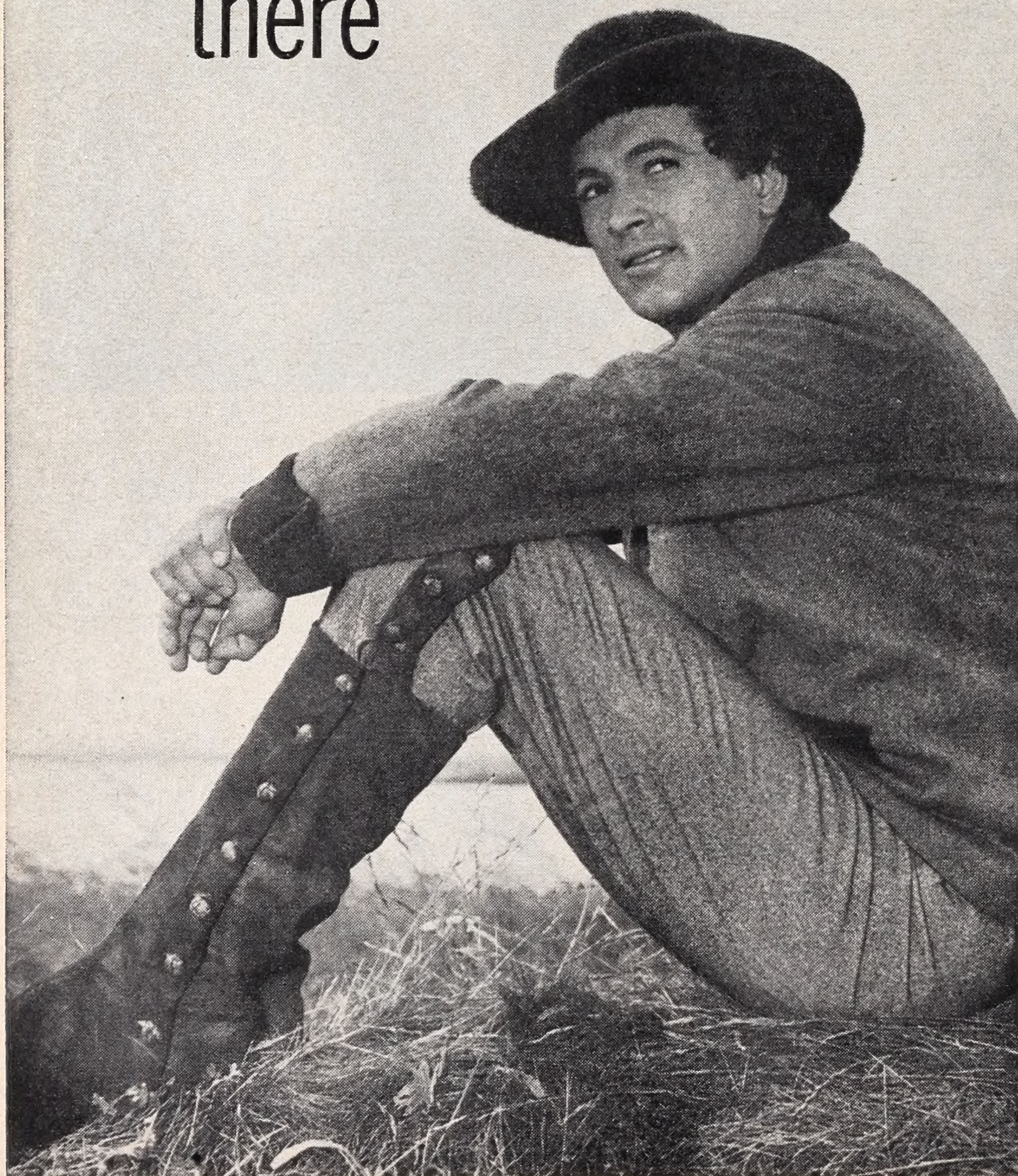
I must confess that when I was hired as dialogue director, I was concerned about how we would work out together. I'm about Rock's own age and an actor of considerably less boxoffice standing (Ed. note: You've probably seen Charles in "The Black Shield of Falworth"), and I wondered how Rock would take direction from me. Yet, despite the possible antagonism that might have arisen from such a situation, Rock took direction as if I were John Ford and this were Rock's first movie. And I think you'll agree when the picture is released (probably next year) that he has succeeded in capturing the true flavor of Irish speech.

In fact, Rock enjoyed himself so much in Ireland that trying to keep up with him wore the rest of us completely out, ruined our diets and was probably the best thing that had happened to us in years! We found more wonderful restaurants in Dublin than I knew existed, including "Bentley's," the favorite of our company, and we even discovered pizza in the land of brown bread and stew.

It happened when Rock and his favorite girl friend Betty Abbott, who had toured Italy with Barbara Rush before they came to Ireland, suddenly got

(Continued on page 11)

Rock's been working in Ireland on "Captain Lightfoot." But it wasn't all work, according to dialogue director Charles FitzSimons





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strong craving for real Italian food.

The three of us were walking down the main street of Dublin and I tried to explain to Rock that "the closest pizza place is in Italy if you go south or in New York City if you go west."

Unconvinced by that kind of logic, Rock wouldn't give up so easily. "In a city like Dublin there must be . . ."

"Rock," I cut in. "This is Ireland. Brown bread, stew, potatoes in any form, yes. But not pizza! Not here. You'll ask someone and they'll think you're crazy."

After unsuccessfully looking for an hour, Rock changed tactics. Instead of

looking for an Italian restaurant, he started looking for an Italian! Hardly ten minutes had passed when he suddenly crossed the street and asked an elderly newspaper vendor if he knew a good place to get spaghetti.

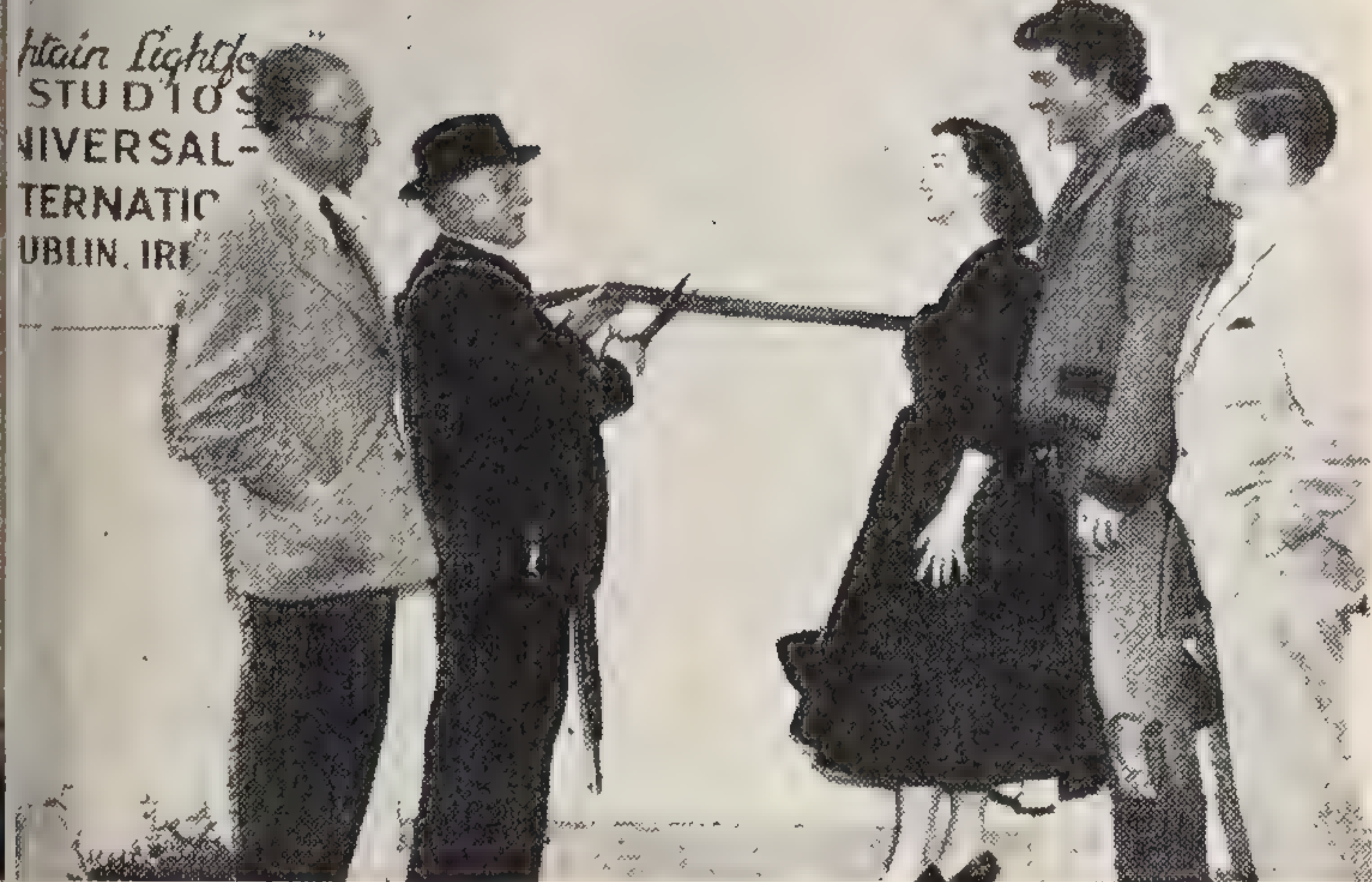
"Si, si, signore, a wonderful place. Just like in my native Roma," he replied enthusiastically and gave Rock the address.

The food was delicious.

And Rock went even one step further—he found peanut butter in Dublin, which I can assure you is really an accomplishment.

So far, Rock has enjoyed his stay in

Ireland immensely, and the feeling is mutual. Undoubtedly, he is of top popularity here, even more so, I believe, than in the United States. That goes for the movie fan—who's very much like those in the United States, though probably not quite as demonstrative—and for the aristocracy who had a chance to make his acquaintance. Many went out of their way to show their hospitality. Lord Mount-charles the Earl of Slane, for instance, on whose estate I succeeded in getting permission to shoot, invited Rock to the Meath Hunt Ball, the biggest hunt ball of the year. Rock has had dinners ar-

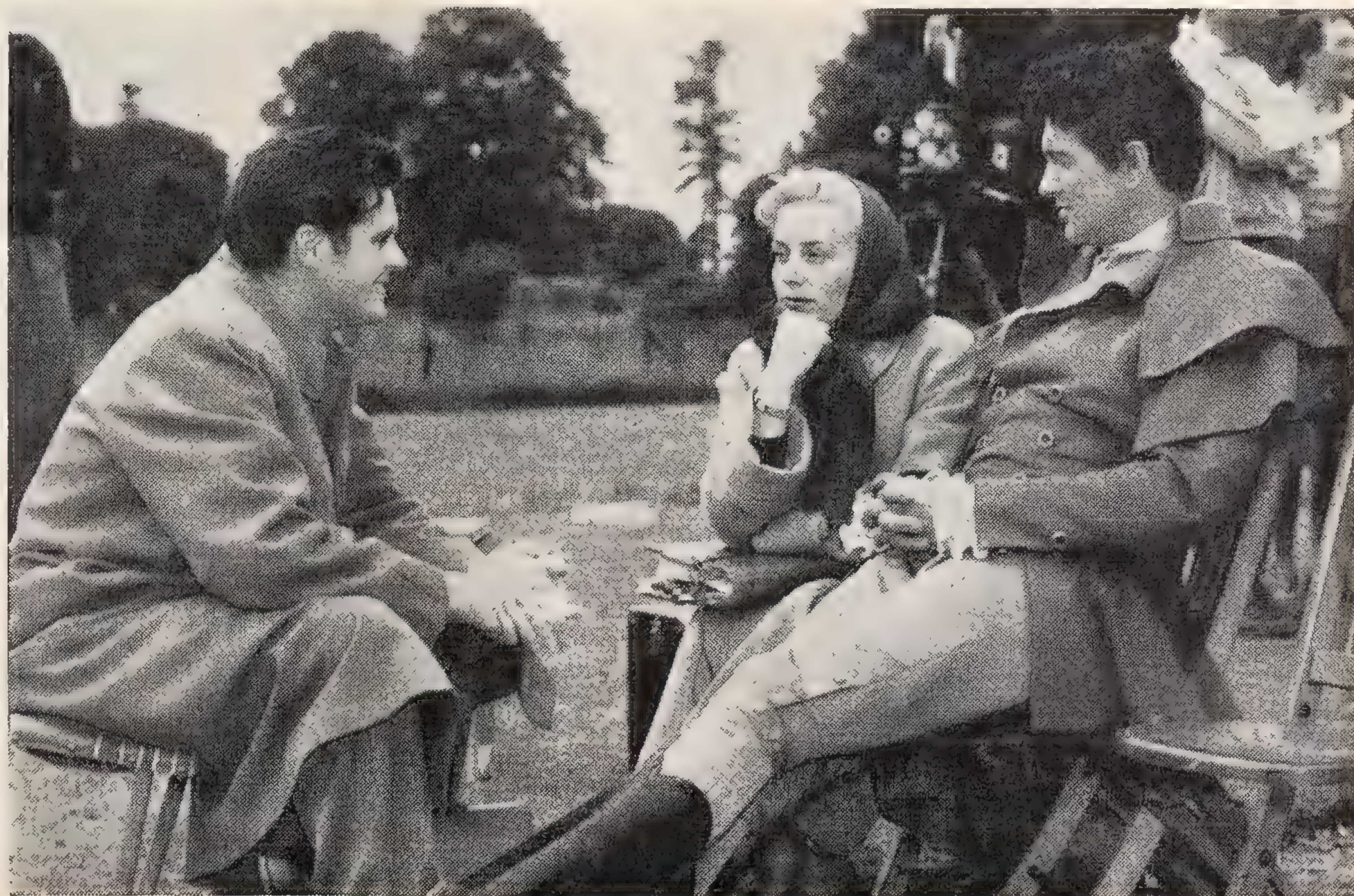


Director Douglas Sirk, Barbara Rush, Rock and Charles FitzSimons stand by as Mayor Alfred Byrne of Dublin officially opens U-I's "Captain Lightfoot" studio. It was formerly a sports arena



Rock, chatting with Director Sirk on beach, is thoroughly charmed by Ireland—and the Irish are charmed by him

Rock and Betty Abbott, inseparable companions, explored countryside in free time. "wonderful companionship," says Charles, who helped Rock master the Irish brogue





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I think Rock himself is enjoying everything in Ireland except Irish coffee, and he's more than made up for this gripe by his fondness for the local chocolate and other foods. Strangely enough, although Rock says he has "eaten his way across Europe," he has actually lost weight, probably due to all the excitement of meeting new people and seeing new places day after day.

In many respects, Rock and the Irish are mutually surprising to one another. Take the matter of Rock's enormous height, for instance. After seeing Rock, most members of the company referred to themselves as "little people," the Irish pet name for the fairy folk.

Even more surprising to the Irish was Rock's informality in dress. Not long ago I overheard two young girls talking at the Shelbourne Hotel. They had spotted Rock just as he entered the hotel after work. He had switched from his uncomfortable 1812 uniform to blue denims and an open-necked, multicolored sport shirt. "That's Rock Hudson, I bet you," said one of them.

"Poppcock. He looks like Rock all right. But he wouldn't walk around dressed like that. . . ."

"He's an American, you know."

"Oh well, I guess you may be right then."

But Rock has been surprised by some Irish costumes, too. We came across a group of young men dressed in kilts and armed with bagpipes. Rock promptly walked over and good naturedly inquired, "What part of Scotland are you from, folks?"

"Scotsmen?" one man burst out. "We're Irish, man!" I quickly pulled Rock aside and explained that the Irish wear kilts, too. Only instead of wearing tartan kilts as the Scotch do, they stick to plain colors.

Before "Captain Lightfoot" started shooting, Rock and Betty, along with Barbara Rush, Hal Mendelsohn and Rollie Lane from the Universal-International publicity department toured the southern half of the island for three days.

Rock, Betty and Barbara were awed by the beautiful countryside and particularly with the Blarney-castle surroundings—wide, green lawns traversed by little streams, huge sycamore trees, softly rolling hills.

Originally, all three had planned to kiss the Blarney stone but, by the time they finished the long climb to the top of the castle, the girls' knees were

shaking from fatigue. They took a look down from the breathtaking height and decided to forego the difficult job of kissing the stone. But Rock went through with it in fine form.

When shooting started on the picture, sightseeing ended for Rock. He had to learn the most scenes of the picture, and he had to learn the Irish dance he had to practice the "Coranto," an Irish folk dance he does with Barbara Rush.

Rock is one of the few actors I know who has never been late, never come to the set without thoroughly knowing his lines, which gives him little time for anything but his work.

But evenings and Sundays give him some free hours.

Rock and Betty Abbott spend a lot of these hours together. They have been to all the theatre openings at the Abbey, Gate and Gaiety and seen a lot of shows of most visiting artists at the Theater Royal, Dublin's Radio City Music Hall.

On Sundays, they enjoy the golf at the croney Country Club, a converted castle that has a golf course, tennis court, swimming pool and a good night club.

Rock and Betty have also had fun on occasional shopping sprees. Rock has been looking for Wedgwood china for his mother, and Irish white tile which is known as "Bawneen," for himself.

Rock and Betty are almost inseparable. There is a wonderful easy relationship between them, based on a unique compatibility and warm companionship. They laugh at the same things and react readily to each other's slightest suggestion in an almost telegraphic manner.

For instance, one afternoon the two of us were sitting on the set. Rock suddenly got up, walked over to a table about twenty feet away, picked up Betty's handbag. He gave it to me, pulled a box of matches out of his coat pocket and lit one. The instant he gave her the bag she opened it and fished out a cigarette. Yet, all the while neither said a word.

"How did you know she wanted a cigarette?" I asked him.

Rock smiled. "I just knew."

Whether they have any marriage plans, I don't know and they're not saying. But obviously they are good for one another. Such companionship is rare.

As for my own feeling about Rock, I'm grateful for the chance to be a friend of his. He has genuine candor and humor which makes him a wonderful person to know.

THE END

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No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated, or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

No tooth paste kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—gargle with Listerine, the most widely-used antiseptic in the world.

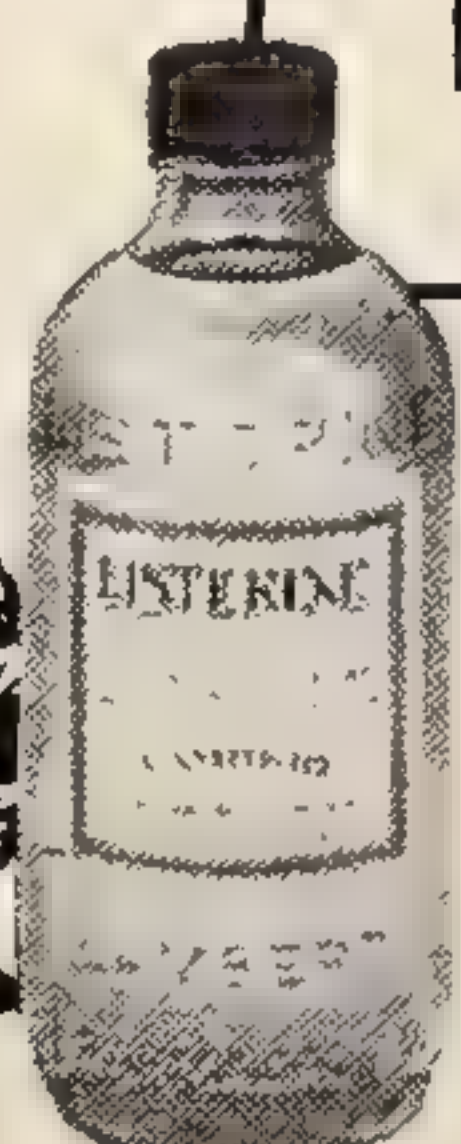
Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODORS CAN START



**and for COLDS and SORE THROAT
(DUE TO COLDS)**



A Product of The Lambert Company

GARGLE LISTERINE... Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

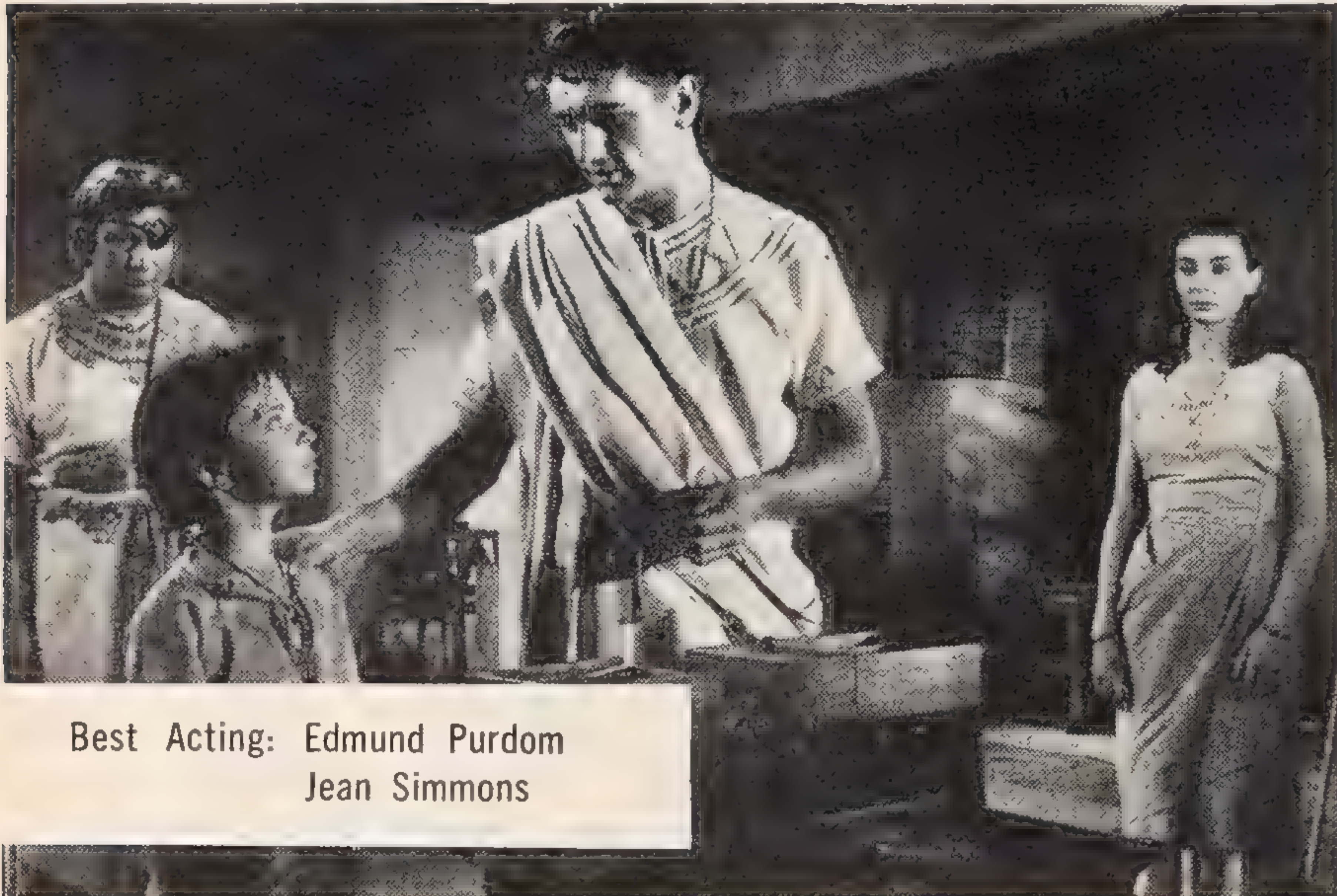
WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR



Best Acting: Edmund Purdom
Jean Simmons

The Egyptian

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COI

✓✓✓✓ Against brilliant settings that re-create ancient Egypt in fascinating detail, Edmund Purdom dominates a big cast with his dignified portrayal and fine appearance. There's enough plot for three movies. First, the foundling hero is adopted by a physician, who teaches the boy his own profession. With a "university" friend (Victor Mature), Purdom escapes disaster; then he becomes physician to the Pharaoh (Michael Wilding). In the second phase, he's ruined by a frankly evil courtesan (Belinda Lee). And in the third, rich and disillusioned, he is drawn by Mature, now leader of the army, and Gene Tierney, a princess, into a plot for power. Jean Simmons is gentle yet spirited as his tavern-girl sweetheart; Peter Ustinov, slyly amusing as his scoundrelly servant. FAMI

With Peter Ustinov, Edmund meets Jean's son, Tommy Rettig



Brigadoon

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, ANSCO COL

✓✓✓ The width of the CinemaScope screen enables Gene Kelly to present a near-copy of the musical fantasy as it appeared on Broadway. Backgrounds are painted, with dream-like beauty; after each number, the players seem to pause, as if applause might demand an encore. Gene is a New Yorker tired of modern hurly-burly. With pal Van Johnson, he goes on a hunting trip in the Scottish Highlands—and comes upon the mysterious village of Brigadoon, where life is lived as it was two centuries ago. Gene shares romance, dances and lilting songs with Cyd Charisse, a lovely village lass. Van remains a skeptic, though he joins in heartily on the liveliest music-fest. In an imaginatively done New York interlude, Elaine Stewart is seen briefly as Gene's frivolous fiancée. FAMI

Cyd and Gene sing their love in "The Heather on the Hill"



Dragnet

WARNERS, WARNERCOL

✓✓✓ As both star and director, Jack Webb brings his typical *Joe Friday* case to the screen. It isn't a mystery. From the start, the audience knows the guilty parties in a gangland killing; Jack and pal Ben Alexander are equally sure, but must find enough evidence to convict. As on the TV program, the accent is on the cops' dogged follow-up of every clue, with only occasional outbursts of violence. There are many good character sketches: Stacey Harris as a supposedly hypochondriac racketeer; Virginia Gregg as the widow of the murdered man; James Griffith as a timid eye-witness. Though Ann Robinson makes a pretty police-woman, for *Friday* it's business as usual. The famous underplayed dialogue is effective, but the camera's sometimes used awkwardly. FAMI

Guided by Georgia Ellis, Ben and Jack find a murder weapon

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 26

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 38

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 39

Here's the "Inside" Story on Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ News from Playtex Park... some of the world's largest-selling girdles ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Top Designers Give
Top Honors To
Playtex Girdles

Jeanne Campbell, Editor
and many others

Arrow Narrow Is Your
New Silhouette

an arrow, suppleness
and with a dramatic
action—that's
figure. You
it's there, for
time.



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side it!
It's pure, figure-slimming
latex outside, with kitten-
soft fabric next to your

Madeleine
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shapes you
a comfort-
action to
match."
Among
famous
played the
you'll find
Carolyn Schum-
Greta Plattery,
Bentley, Oleg Cassin-



You're looking at the famous Playtex
Magic-Controller! Kitten-soft fabric
inside, magic fingers, and a non-roll
top to control those "Calorie-Curves"!

The one and only Girdle with
Miracle Latex on the
outside... kitten-soft fabric
on the inside...
and not a single stitch,
seam or bone
anywhere!

No other girdle whittles away so many inches...
yet stays so comfortable! *Only* Playtex
has the slimming power of miracle latex *plus*
kitten-soft fabric inside to caress your skin.
Washes and dries in a flash. Slip into a freedom-
giving Playtex Girdle soon... and get that
slimmer—trimmer look—*no matter what your size!*
PLAYTEX fabric lined Girdles & Briefs, \$4.95—\$7.95.
Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—
at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You'll love the new PLAYTEX® *Living*® BRA!
It's "custom-contoured" of elastic and nylon to flatter,
feel and fit *as if fashioned for you alone!* Only \$3.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

MOVIES

CONTINUED

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR



The Gambler from Natchez

20TH, TECHNICOLOR

★★★ A tale of romance and vengeance in old New Orleans makes a nice, swashbuckling vehicle for Dale Robertson and Debra Paget. Dale's out to get the miscreants involved in the murder of his father, an honest gamblin' man. As each is disposed of, Dale ticks him off in *Monte Cristo* style. His job's complicated by the fact that the leader of the villains (Kevin McCarthy) has a winsome sister (Lisa Daniels), with whom Dale fancies himself in love. But Debra, a river-bred spitfire, puts up a game fight against her rival. In the role of Debra's dad, Thomas Gomez gives one of his engaging character portrayals. The plot's worked out neatly, in a pleasantly light vein, while the movie-goer's eye is soothed by swirling cloaks, sumptuous period gowns and flashing swords.

FAMILY

Debra resents Dale's interest in aristocratic Lisa Daniels



Rogue Cop

M-G-M

★★★ A fast, slick cops-and-robbers yarn gives Robert Taylor a strong assignment. He's a crooked police detective, loved but little respected by kid brother Steve Forrest, a staunch young patrolman. Janet Leigh, decorative as ever, turns in her most persuasive acting so far, playing a night-club singer who wants to forget her sordid past. Trouble explodes when the brothers arrest a murderer. Only Steve can make the identification. Gangleader George Raft warns Bob to keep his brother's mouth shut—in order to keep him alive. Continuing her new sexy approach, Anne Francis takes a surprise role in the climax, as Raft's alcoholic girl friend. The crime-does-not-pay moral is often pointed up in flatly sentimental dialogue, but these interludes never slow the action.

FAMILY

Maltreated, Anne hears Janet and Bob offer to protect her



Naked Alibi

U-I

★★ Police-department heroes certainly have the spotlight this month, though in this thriller Sterling Hayden doesn't hold his official position for long. He's fired from the force for apparent brutality, especially while trying to pin the murder of detective Casey Adams on Gene Barry. In California, Gene's considered a respectable citizen, married to Marcia Henderson. Trailing him toward Mexico, Sterling finds him in a cheap border-town, where he's a free-spending, shady character. As Gene's deluded sweetheart, Gloria Grahame gets more of the pushing-around that is her usual lot in movies. Eventually, she decides Sterling is a more lovable type and joins forces with him in his campaign to unmask the killer. Matter-of-fact and unassuming, the story packs a modest punch.

FAMILY

There's a motive in Gloria's affection, Sterling suspects

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 26

• BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 38

• MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 36

at your **Ben Franklin**
and **Scott** stores

New Colgate Dental Cream with GARDOL*

ECONOMY SIZE

63c

ALSO

47c, 27c and 15c
SIZES

Get a new
Tek®

for every member
of the family
Adult and Junior Sizes . . 29c



CLEANS YOUR BREATH...
while it **GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**



**Works instantly to stop
Bad Breath!**

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more — helps keep you socially acceptable. Tests show Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth.



**Works constantly to stop
Tooth Decay!**

One brushing with New Colgate Dental Cream guards against decay for 12 hours or more. Night and morning use guards teeth all day—all night. In this way, Gardol works around the clock to stop the action of decay-causing enzymes. In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for the hundreds of people in the group using Colgate's with Gardol. In fact, no new cavities whatever for 4 out of 5.

GARDOL

Colgate's miracle
ingredient makes it
doubly effective!



HOW GARDOL WORKS:

Every time you brush your teeth with New Colgate's, Gardol binds itself to your teeth...remains active for 12 hours or more. That's why Gardol, Colgate's long-lasting anti-enzyme ingredient, gives the surest protection against tooth decay ever offered by any toothpaste—leaves your mouth cleaner, fresher for 12 hours or more!

Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. Thus, morning and night brushings with New Colgate's with Gardol give continuous protection around the clock.

*COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR
SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

**ONLY COLGATE'S
GIVES YOU FULL GARDOL PROTECTION
AGAINST TOOTH DECAY!**



BUTLER BROTHERS Headquarters in Chicago



Though he's a Connecticut Yankee, young Ben goes west again in "Hell's Outpost"

He's No
Turkey!

That was Ben Cooper's nickname in "Johnny Guitar," but fans chose to change it. They call him terrific!

IN the language of show business, a "turkey" is a hopeless flop. Cast as a character called *Turkey* in "Johnny Guitar," Ben Cooper turned this jinx word into a good-luck charm. His success came as a complete surprise to both Ben and his studio. It was one of those amazing incidents that every so often remind Hollywood who's boss around here. Who? Why, you, of course.

In another Western a few years ago, a husky young man rode across the screen briefly in the role of Jesse James. He was an unknown; he had been given no advance publicity. But when "Fighting Man of the Plains" was released, PHOTOPLAY and 20th were deluged with letters demanding, "Who played Jesse James?" It was Dale Robertson, and that flood of fan mail made him a star.

As for young Ben Cooper, he was just one of Scott Brady's gang in the Joan Crawford movie—a spunky lad who met a pathetic death. But as soon as the picture was released, hundreds of letters began pouring into the PHOTOPLAY offices. Even in a minor role, heralded by no big build-up, Ben Cooper's wistful smile

spelled "star material" to the fans, who can't be fooled. As the picture continued its run, not a day went by but dozens of readers asked, "Who played *Turkey*? . . . How old is he? . . . Where can I write to him?"

When twenty-one-year-old Ben Cooper checks in for a new film at Republic, in North Hollywood, he brings along an imposing lot of experience for so young an actor. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, brought up in New York City, he went out for his first professional role when he was only eight. The stage version of "Life with Father" was being cast, and the producers were on the lookout for youngsters to play the numerous Day children. Ben was asked to memorize a few lines for his audition. While he was at it, he casually committed the whole play to memory—and the dazzled producers gave him one of the top child roles.

After that, he went into radio, switching to television in 1947. Like Charlton Heston and Jack Lemmon, Ben had a good, solid reputation on tv before Hollywood discovered him. It happened this way. An actor friend of his wanted to make a

screen test and asked Ben to appear with him in the scene. Willingly, Ben fed his pal the required lines.

Then Republic began casting "Thunderbirds." Producer-director John Auer had borrowed that test from another studio. Like the movie-goers who were later to see "Johnny Guitar," Auer found his eyes straying to the young man doing a supporting role. Ben had done a pal a good turn, but, ironically, it was Ben and not his friend who was signed by Republic.

The newcomer made five other movies, including John Derek's "The Outcast," before he won the lucky role as *Turkey*. Considering the country-wide popularity of "Johnny Guitar," Ben's happy to be cast in another Western, "Hell's Outpost." In this present-day story, he's a carefree Jack-of-all-trades. New England-born and New York-bred, Ben is still no tenderfoot, but an ardent horseman, often seen cantering around the Hollywood Hills on his own mount, Gypsy.

With bright talent to match his grin, he's ready to prove that all those sharp-eyed fans know a star when they see one. Incidentally, he's a fancy-free bachelor.

I dreamed I was a living doll

in my maidenform bra



dream of a bra: Maidenform's exciting new Pre-lude™ bra in embroidered broadcloth. Also in stitched broadcloth or embroidered nylon taffeta. . . from \$3.00



Both hands of Mrs. Janice Mulcahey were soaked in detergents. Only her right hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! We believe this is the most important skin news in years.

Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

Three times a day, they soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated.

The results were astonishing. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, red, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. *Not even 100% lanolin did better* (no hand care has more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula, perfected over fifty years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems a woman has to face. It's your *guarantee* of romantically lovely hands.

If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN



There's no reason why the Keels shouldn't be happy—with Howard's career soaring

THE TWO BIG PREEMS of the month followed each other by one night. Scarcely gave the glamour-dolls time to change duds! First was not truly a premiere, but it might as well have been, judging from the stars who turned out (most of whom had seen it before—as who hasn't?) and the reaction of all to the all-time great "Gone with the Wind." Now it's even more wonderful in its wide-screen revival. The scent of magnolia blossoms filled the forecourt of the Egyptian Theatre—the entire place had been decorated with the beautiful blooms. Also part of the "decor" were the ten Academy-Award Oscars the picture had won in various categories when it first came out! Fifteen years ago Cammie King, then four, played Clark Gable's little dotter. On this starry night, Cammie King, now 19 and complete with her best beau, Bart Burnap, acted as hostess for the festivities! Shirley Temple (with hubby Charles Black) was only eleven when first she viewed "Wind," but this time 'round, Shirley's a momma who is still resisting movie offers. She wore a stunning halter-necked, clinging gown of white crepe and sported a huge diamond pin. Clark Gable wasn't there—but The King got the biggest audience hand of all when his handsome kisser first appeared on screen. That figgers!

Momma still doesn't approve of Pier Angeli's romance with James Dean, but that didn't stop 'em from being a two at the show. Screams and shrieks, my Leah, greeted Liberace when he showed up in his white suit, white shoes, black checked tie and cummerbund! He brought his sister Mrs. Anson Cole. Jane Powell and Pat Nerney (natch!) who admitted they'll be marrying any minute, the Howard Keels, Thomas Mitchell, Guy Madison, Greg Peck, Clifton Webb with his mater, Gene Kelly and his lovely Betsy, who wore a stunning outfit patterned with Chinese symbols, Jon Hall and Linda Danson, Bob Stack beaming Rosemary Bowe, Robert Dix with Luana Lee, Melinda Markey with Dick Anderson, Suzan

Ball and Dick Long, the Ronald Reagans—and of course, producer David Selznick—were in the throng. Jennifer Jones presented David with a baby girl the next day. We wondered that night if she'd be called *Scarlett*?

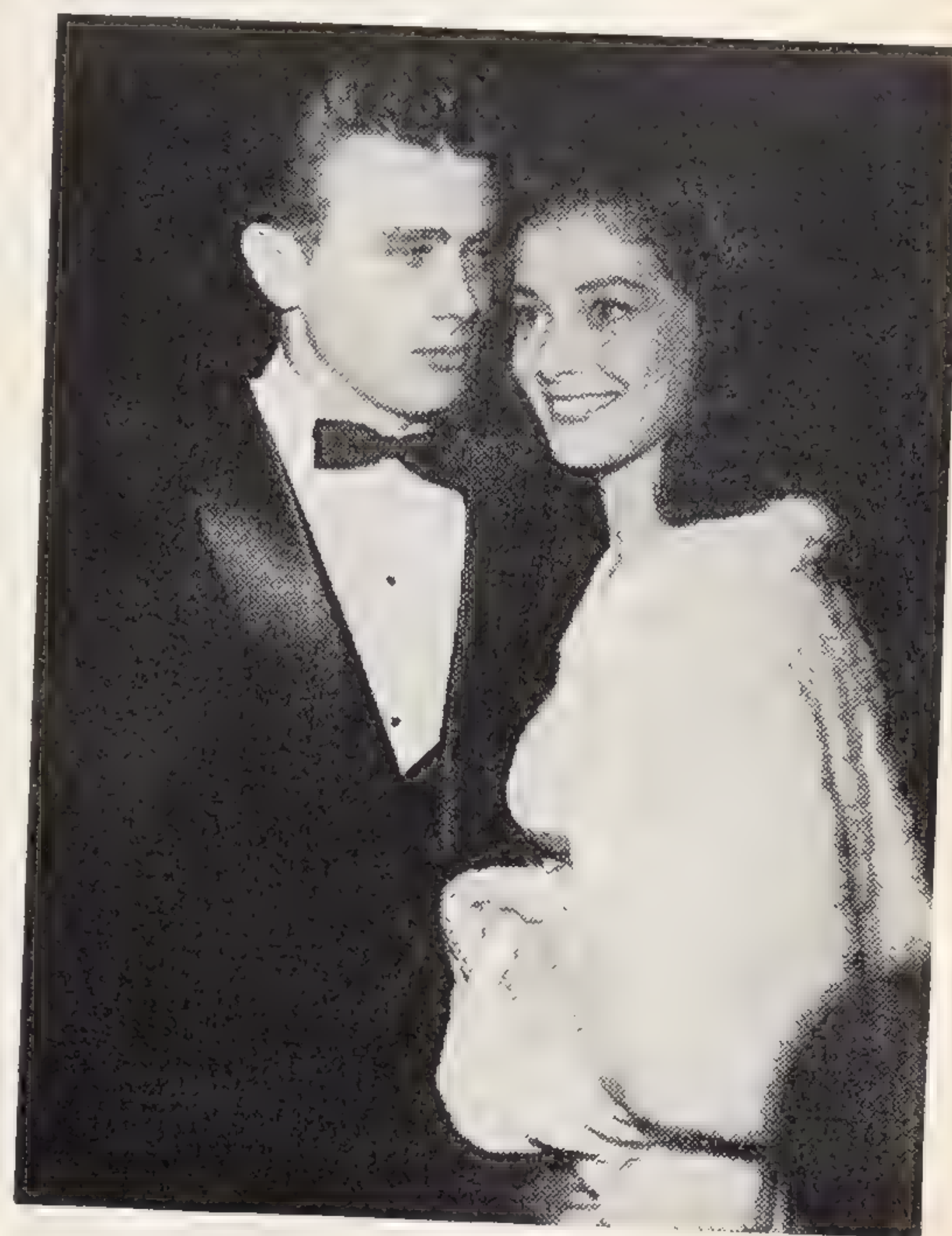
Few hours, it seemed, later, Hollywood Boulevard was ablaze with lights and fancy people again when a plushy mob descended on the Paramount Theatre to enjoy Alfred Hitchcock's thriller, "Rear Window." This time the biggest hand went to someone on the way in to the theatre—and I do mean lovely Grace Kelly. She was on Oleg Cassini's arm—and the utter simplicity and taste of her getup smartly outshone the most elaborately gotten up fashion plates! La Kelly's blond hair was combed softly up and away from her face—and uppish in back. Her gown was black, with snug-fitting bodice, full skirt. Top was V-necked and low in front, trimmed with a huge white collar that fell over her shoulders, drooped low in back where it was cut square. Grace's only jewelry was large pearl, button-type, earrings. Anne Baxter was wearing a full-skirted white gown, criss-crossed across the bust into a halter-neck, and oh, so low in back. This was topped by a tiny matching jacket with elbow-length sleeves. Anne was *also* wearing a diamond ring on one of her toes—very much in evidence through her sandals.

Other shenanigans included an impromptu performance by Georgine Darcy, who is *Miss Torso* in "Rear Window." Georgine insisted on doing the same dance out in the *street* that she does in the picture! Zsa Zsa Gabor, in flowing chiffon with flowing blue scarf, posed in the foyer, while lover-boy Rubirosa eyed the passing parade of pretties. Aldo Ray eyed Zsa Zsa, then asked someone, "Who is that blond over there?" Cary Grant persuaded Betsy Drake, who never wants to attend premieres, to go to this one. She looked lovely in black lace—and a gorgeous diamond pendant. Rosie Clooney was

(Continued on page 23)



A rare night out for the Gene Kellys, and Betsy steals the show with oriental outfit



Lovely Pier Angeli's not hiding the facts! Current favorite is N. Y. actor, James Dean



More fabulous than the tales of the Arabian Nights
... more exciting than the travels of Marco Polo...
more spectacular than the splendors of Kubla Khan!

WALTER WANGER'S

The Adventures of **HAJJI BABA**

Photographed with the revolutionary new anamorphic lens in

CINEMASCOPE

Color by **DELUXE** Laboratories



Who's HAJJI?

Hajji was the most romantic barber (and masseur) who ever lived, the joy-boy of every beautiful babe who ever lost her veil, the hot-shot of every harem from Ispahan to Istanbul!

starring
JOHN DEREK • ELAINE STEWART

with AMANDA BLAKE • THOMAS GOMEZ • ROSEMARIE BOWE

Directed by DON WEISS • Screen play by RICHARD COLLINS • Music written & directed by DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Produced by Allied Artists Pictures Corp.
Released by 20th Century-Fox

In the Wonder of 4-Track High-Fidelity, Directional **STEREOPHONIC SOUND**



Hear NAT KING COLE
sing the nation's
newest song hit—
"Hajji Baba"!

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Continued



Shirley Temple's refusing all movie bids—too busy starring as Mrs. Black

in black lace, too. Jimmy Stewart and his Missus got a tremendous hand; so did Kirk Douglas and bride, Anne Bydens. Others glimpsed: the Brod Crawfords; Jose Ferrer; Vera-Ellen, in slinky black, with Richard Gully; Jerry and Patti Lewis; Joan Crawford in bouffant white, with Chuck Walters; Lori Nelson with Perry Coe; Marla English in a black lace number cut down to *there!* She was with Larry Pennell. Caught a look at Joanne Gilbert and Pat Crowley (Pat in a fluffy dress of bright pink)—but not their escorts. Marisa Pavan was with Perry Lopez; Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger—and oh, scads more turned up.

Now to that dinner-dance at the Dean Martins', who had a hundred "over to the house," provided a seven-piece danceband, sumptuous food, put their guests at individual flower-laden tables for ten—and "wrapped the whole thing up" in a pink-and-white cellophane tent to match the flowers on the tables! After dinner, Jerry Lewis ran one of those crazy home-movie features he's always making. This one was called "Confidential" and consisted of intimate interviews with a lot of chums, many of whom were at the Martins' that night. Jeanne Martin wore a luscious white gown, with a long stole of lime-green satin. Patti Lewis was in white lace. Lana Turner with Lex Barker, beautifully blond again, was in a short evening gown of black lace and chiffon; Vera-Ellen, too, was in chiffon and lace—gray chiffon and gray lace. Bing Crosby brought tall, blond Betty Ute—but he left early. The Gordon MacRaes were there, and the Forrest Tuckers, (Continued on page 91)

Exciting things happen
when it's

Evening in Paris



Cologne, \$1.00, \$1.75
Perfume, \$1.00 to \$15.00
Improved-formula Face Powder
in 6 stylist shades, \$1.00
(all prices plus tax)

Today, Tonight—wear it and
see why more women use
Evening in Paris than
any other fragrance
in the world!

BOURJOIS Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.

When are you really grown up?



There was a time when you wanted things to prove your maturity... like high-heeled slippers or the key to the front door. But all these hard-won privileges seem unimportant when you're really grown up. Then you make your decisions because they're best for you—not just to prove a point.

Take sanitary protection, for example. Almost every girl, every woman, who uses the internal method has made the grown-up decision to adopt it because she honestly believes it's best for her. She may have learned about it from a friend, from her doctor or from a Tampax ad. But basically, she has weighed the advantages of Tampax herself. Here they are:

- (1) Tampax prevents odor from forming.
- (2) Tampax is both invisible and unfelt when in place—does away with the whole belt-pin-pad harness.
- (3) Tampax is easy to dispose of.
- (4) Tampax is so small, month's supply slips into purse.
- (5) Tampax can be worn in tub or shower.
- (6) Wearer's hands need not even touch the Tampax.

Tampax is available at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Unpredictable Shelley and Farley keep tongues busy. Can they pick up where they left off?



For Dragnet's Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne, recent denials haven't dimmed those torches



Grace Kelly, Oleg Cassini only have eyes for each other, but are things as romantic as they look?



HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

THE INCREASING SIGNS of a real altar-bound romance for Betty Hutton and Alan Livingston, since Alan publicly admitted a divorce in his family may be in the offing. Betty's been on the bounce and go so much that her attachment was one of Hollywood's better-kept secrets, but an announcement before Christmas wouldn't amaze anybody who knows the score... About Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini and how Oleg's having to buck the most dangerous of all rivals—career. Whisper is that he's already figured in one joust—Gene Tierney's career—and been unhorsed, so if he and the glamorous Gracie do finally make it to the hitching post, ole debbil Career will still be the Guest in the house. Meanwhile, both he and Miss Kelly, according to the best Hollywood precedent, scoff merrily at the gossips and aver with one voice: "Marriage? Why, we're not even thinking about it!"

About the likelihood that Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher will reach

the Mr. and Mrs. stage before 1955 is very old. After Eddie went to Europe in midsummer, Debbie definitely gave the heave to the local wolfpack, refusing all dates that might have been construed as romantic pairings. Although these two have known each other casually for more or less five years, things didn't become really serious for them until last summer... About Victor Mature's recent suspension from 20th and his still-more recent separation from wife Dorothy, which everybody thought was just another family spat. But it was a lot more serious, for Dorothy, after six years of marriage, is talking divorce... About Gloria De Haven's uncontested divorce from wealthy New York realtor Martin Kimmell... About Olivia de Havilland's plans to become Mrs. Pierre Galante, with the tying of the knot appearing more and more remote—but you never can tell with Livvy. Sy Bartlett, for whom she made "That Lady" in Spain, writes from London that she's never been more radiant... About

BY FLORABEL MUIR

whether June Haver, as many will tell you, has already written finis to her acting career to devote herself exclusively to Fred MacMurray and the youngsters, who are crazy about her.

About the analysis made by Luis Dominguin, the much-feted Spanish bullfighter, of Ava Gardner. Speaking through interpreter Annabella—Tyronne Power's ex—he said: "Depend on one thing about Ava. If she ever marries, it will be for love alone." The famed matador, who is one of the most fascinating and interesting Latins ever to sojourn in Hollywood, had the money-conscious film capital winging when it learned that his fee in the bull ring is thirty thousand American dollars for each appearance. At those prices, small wonder he brushed off movie offers.

About Julia Adams' confiding to intimates: "Maybe in the next year or so I'll retire and become a Florida housewife as Mrs. Ted Williams—make a home run, so to speak." . . . About the wiseacres who predicted that Geary Steffen would remarry long before Jane Powell found a new mate following their matrimonial bust-up. They reckoned without the persuasiveness of Pat Nerney . . .

About the whirlwind round of attention bestowed by Johnnie Ray on his ex-bride Marilyn Morrison as summertime waned into autumn, which set the whisperers to whispering almost out loud that this pair might try it again. "We just like being together," says Marilyn. "Johnnie's really a wonderful guy." . . . About the torch that Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne are carrying for each other despite all denials . . . And about shilly-shallying Shelley Winters' frank confession, putting the lie to all other romantic gossip about her: "The only man I'm in love with is Farl," meaning Farley Granger. "And as for Vittorio Gassman, I can't even remember what he looks like." Which recalls that it was while she was seeing Europe for the first time with Farley that she first met Vittorio in Rome. Incidentally, look for a new Shell when Charles Laughton's "Night of the Hunter" reaches the theatres. "That man can haul acting capabilities out of me that I never suspected I had," she tells you very happily. She got the job with Laughton because he remembered how beautifully she played *Portia* and *Ophelia* in his Shakespeare classes.

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...following the trail of hate their outlaw guns had blazed! One for all and all for trouble, fighting for the lips that were promised to the one who got through—alive!

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GEORGE NADER · WALTER BRENNAN
NINA FOCH · JOHN MCINTIRE

WITH CHARLES DRAKE · JAY SILVERHEELS · NESTOR PAIVA

Directed by RICHARD CARLSON · Screenplay by GEORGE VAN MARTER and FRANKLIN COEN

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AFRICA ADVENTURE—RKO. Written and narrated by Robert C. Ruark; documentary.

AIDA—I. F. E. Directed by Clemente Fracassi: the players: *Aida*, Sophie Loren; *Amneris*, Lois Maxwell; *Radames*, Luciano Della Marra; *Amonasro*, Afro Poli; *Ramfis*, Antonio Cassinelli; *The Pharaoh*, Enrico Formichi. Ballet Corps of the Rome Opera. Principal dancers: Alba Arnova, Victor Ferrari, Ciro di Pardo. The singers: *Aida*, Renata Tebaldi; *Amneris*, Ebe Stignani; *Radames*, Giuseppe Campora; *Amonasro*, Gino Bechi; *Ramfis*, Giulio Neri; *The Pharaoh*, Enrico Formichi. Italian State Radio Orchestra of Rome

BRIGADOON—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. *Tommy Albright*, Gene Kelly; *Jeff Douglas*, Van Johnson; *Fiona Campbell*, Cyd Charisse; *Jane Ashton*, Elaine Stewart; *Mr. Lundie*, Barry Jones; *Harry Beaton*, Hugh Laing; *Andrew Campbell*, Albert Sharpe; *Jean Campbell*, Virginia Bosler; *Charlie Chisholm Dalrymple*, Jimmy Thompson; *Archie Beaton*, Tudor Owen; *Angus*, Owen McGivney; *Ann*, Dee Turnell; *Meg Brookie*, Dody Heath; *Sandy*, Edie Quillan.

CANGACEIRO—Columbia. Directed by Lima Barreto; *Teodoro*, Albert Ruschel; *Olivia*, Marisa Prado; *Captain Galdino Ferreira*, Milton Ribeiro; *Maria Clodia*, Vanja Orico; *Bandits*, Ricardo Campos, Adonira Barbosa, Neusa Veras, Ze do Norte.

DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia. Directed by Robert Hamer: *Father Brown*, Alec Guinness; *Bishop's Secretary*, Ernest Clark; *Parkinson*, Sidney James; *Lady Warren*, Joan Greenwood; *Bishop*, Cecil Parker; *Flambeau*, Peter Finch; *Inspector Valentine*, Bernard Lee; *French Inspector*, Gerard Oury; *Vicomte*, Ernest Thesiger.

DRAGNET—Warners. Directed by Jack Webb: *Sergeant Joe Friday*, Jack Webb; *Officer Frank Smith*, Ben Alexander; *Captain Hamilton*, Richard Boone; *Grace Downey*, Ann Robinson; *Max Troy*, Stacy Harris; *Ethel Marie Starkie*, Virginia Gregg; *Adolph Alexander*, Victor Perrin; *Belle Davitt*, Georgia Ellis; *Jesse Quinn*, James Griffith; *Roy Cleaver*, Dick Cathcart; *Lee Reinhard*, Malcolm Atterbury; *Chester Davitt*, Willard Sage; *Ray Pinker*, Olan Soule; *Captain Lohrman*, Dennis Weaver; *Fred Kemp*, James Anderson; *Fabian Gerard*, Monte Masters; *Mr. Archer*, Herb Vigran; *Mrs. Caldwell*, Virginia Christine; *Walker Scott*, Guy Hamilton; *Wesley Cannon*, Ramsey Williams; *Lt. Stevens*, Harry Bartell; *Booking Sergeant*, Herb Ellis; *Interne*, Harlan Warde.

EGYPTIAN, THE—20th. Directed by Michael Curtiz; *Merit*, Jean Simmons; *Horemheb*, Victor Mature; *Baketamon*, Gene Tierney; *Akhmaton*, Michael Wilding; *Nefer*, Bella Darvi; *Kaptah*, Peter Ustinov; *Sinuhe*, Edmund Purdom; *Taia*, Judith Evelyn; *Mikere*, Henry Daniell; *Grave Robber*, John Carradine; *Senmut*, Carl Benton Reid; *Thoth*, Tommy Rettig; *Nefertiti*, Anitra Stevens; *Lady in Waiting*, Donna Martel; *First Princess*, Mimi Gibson; *Egyptian Dancer*, Carmen De Lavallade; *Nubian*, Harry Thompson; *Priests*, George Melford, Lawrence Ryle; *Libyan Guards*, Tiger Joe Marsh, Karl Davis; *Ship's Captain*, Ian MacDonald; *Sinuhe (age 10)*, Peter Reynolds; *Officer*, Michael Granger; *Nubian Prince*, Don Blackman; *Governess*, Joan Winfield; *Death House Foreman*, Mike Mazurki.

GAMBLER FROM NATCHEZ, THE—20th. Directed by Henry Levin: *Vance Colby*, Dale Robertson; *Melanie Barbee*, Debra Paget; *Captain Barbee*,

Thomas Gomez; *Yvette Rivage*, Lisa Daniels; *Andre Rivage*, Kevin McCarthy; *Claude St. Germaine*, Douglas Dick; *Cadiz*, John Wengraf; *Pierre Bonet*, Donald Randolph; *Renard*, Henri Letondal; *Garonne*, Jay Novello; *Josh*, Woody Strode; *Etienne*, Peter Makos; *Raoul*, Ivan Triesault.

HIGH AND DRY—U-I. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick: *Marshall*, Paul Douglas; *The Skipper*, Alex Mackenzie; *The Mate*, James Copeland; *The Engineer*, Abe Barker; *The Wee Boy*, Tommy Kearns; *Pusey*, Hubert Gregg; *Campbell*, Geoffrey Keen; *Miss Peters*, Dorothy Alison; *The Reporter*, Andrew Keir; *Sarah*, Meg Buchanan; *The Laird*, Mark Dignam; *Dirty Dan*, Jameson Clark; *C.S.S. Skipper*, Moultrie Kelsall; *Sheena*, Fiona Clyne; *Barmaid*, Sheila Shand Gibbs; *Campbell's Secretary*, Betty Henderson; *Hailing Officers*, Russell Waters, Duncan MacIntyre; *Inverkerrian Driver*, Roddy MacMillan; *Highland Innkeeper*, Jack MacGuire; *The Constable*, John Rae; *Skippers*, Jack Stewart, Eric Woodburn; *Inspectors*, Douglas Robin, R. B. Wharrie; *Hired Car Driver*, David Cameron; *Postmistress*, Catherine Fletcher; *Harbour Master*, William Crichton; *Aircraft Pilot*, Andrew Downie; *Gillie*, Herbert C. Cameron; *Davy MacDougall*, Gilbert Stevenson.

HUMAN DESIRE—Columbia. Directed by Fritz Lang: *Jeff Warren*, Glenn Ford; *Vicki Buckley*, Gloria Grahame; *Carl Buckley*, Broderick Crawford; *Alec Simmons*, Edgar Buchanan; *Ellen Simmons*, Kathleen Case; *Jean*, Peggy Maley; *Vera Simmons*, Diane DeLaire; *John Owens*, Grandon Rhodes; *Bar-tender*, Dan Seymour; *Matt Henley*, John Pickard; *Brakeman*, Paul Brinegar; *Prosecutor Gruber*, Dan Riss; *Davidson*, Victor Hugo Greene; *Russell*, John Zaremba; *John Thurston*, Carl Lee; *Lewis*, Olan Soule.

NAKED ALIBI—U-I. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Joseph Conroy*, Sterling Hayden; *Marianna*, Gloria Grahame; *Al Willis*, Gene Barry; *Helen*, Marcia Henderson; *Det. Lt. Parks*, Casey Adams; *Petey*, Billy Chapin; *Capt. Kincaide*, Chuck Connors; *Lt. Fitzpatrick*, Bud Wolfe; *Sgt. Jenkins*, John Day; *Commissioner O'Day*, Fay Roope; *Goodwin*, Frank Wilcox; *Matthews*, Don Haggerty; *Babcock*, Stu Randall; *Felix*, Richard Beach; *Tony*, Don Garrett.

ROGUE COP—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Detective Sgt. Chris Kelvaney*, Robert Taylor; *Karen Stephanson*, Janet Leigh; *Dan Beaumonte*, George Raft; *Nancy Corlane*, Anne Francis; *Patrolman Eddie Kelvaney*, Steve Forrest; *Ackerman*, Robert Simon; *Detective Myers*, Robert Ellenstein; *Father Ahearn*, Anthony Ross; *Selma*, Olive Carey; *Johnny Stark*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Langley*, Vince Edwards.

SHIELD FOR MURDER—U. A. Directed by Edmond O'Brien and Howard W. Koch: *Barney Nolan*, Edmond O'Brien; *Patty Winters*, Marla English; *Mark Brewster*, John Agar; *Capt. Gunnarson*, Emile Meyer; *Girl at Bar*, Carolyn Jones; *Fat Michaels*, Claude Akins; *Laddie O'Neil*, Larry Ryle; *Cabot*, Herbert Butterfield; *Packy Reed*, Hugh Sanders; *Assistant District Atty.*, William Shallert; *Ernest Sternmueller*, David Hughes; *Manning*, Richard Cutting.

STEEL CAGE, THE—U. A. Directed by Walter Doniger: *Warden Duffy*, Paul Kelly; *Mrs. Duffy*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Louis*, Walter Slezak; *Sorry*, George E. Stone; *Marie*, Elizabeth Fraser; *Older Brother*, John Ireland; *Younger Brother*, Charles Nolte; *The Leader*, Lawrence Tierney; *Square*, Lyle Talbot; *The Artist*, Kenneth Tobey; *The Chaplain*, Arthur Franz; *Shorty*, George Chandler.

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Once reported in love with the Oscar she received for "The Bad and the Beautiful," Gloria Grahame decided that Cy Howard was a nicer man to have around the house

WHIRLWIND WEDDING

IT'S COURTSHIPS that are traditionally conducted in whirlwind style, but that meant nothing to Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard. They spent more than a year and a half courting; then, over one breathless weekend, Gloria became Mrs. Howard.

A producer-writer in movies and TV, Cy was one of Hollywood's outstanding eligibles. Gloria, too, has a special distinction: as much acting ability as sex appeal—and plenty of both. At the beginning of last year, the Grahame-Howard duo already seemed serious. But the two were in no rush for the altar. Cy had been married once, to pretty Nan Wynn. Gloria looked back on broken marriages to Stanley Clements and to director Nicholas Ray. From her second marriage, she had a son (now eight), whose happiness she had to think about earnestly.

Engagement rumors began to fly late this summer, while Gloria located in Arizona for "Oklahoma!" She and Cy issued denials; he created further confusion (deliberately, perhaps) by dating other girls. But one Saturday the pair showed up at Santa Monica's marriage-license bureau. They were married next day at the Beverly Hills mansion of the groom—who was so nervous that the ceremony took place an hour ahead of time. Even the honeymoon was whirlwind. The newlyweds had to cancel a cruise to Hawaii and settle for a few idyllic days at Carmel, before being summoned back to work.

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Nothing sad about Johnnie Ray when he talks about ex-wife Marilyn and the future

BY
MIKE CONNOLLY

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

"AS LONG AS you're dating your ex-wife all the time, why don't you re-marry her?" I asked Johnnie Ray. I had cornered the Nabob of Sob on the set of Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business," in which he's co-starring with Marilyn Monroe, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Dan Dailey and Ethel Merman. It's Johnnie's first movie. He was nervous. An assistant director was signalling him to get back before the cameras for a scene with Marilyn. But I had him by the collar.

"I'm traveling all the time," said the Tearful Earful. "You can't make a marriage if you're on the road nine months out of the year."

"You're not traveling now," I countered. "This picture has a six-month shooting schedule and you'll be stuck here in Hollywood for months. Come on, Johnnie, why don't you marry the girl?"

Director Walter Lang was having some trouble with the next set-up. So the assistant gave Johnnie a green light to relax for a while. The Squealer's Delight shrugged his eloquent shoulders. "Okay," he said. "Let's go in a corner and talk about it."

Off in a corner of 20th Century's fabulous set the Cry Guy let his hair down and said, "It's true that I'll be in Hollywood

quite awhile for this musical. In fact, this is the longest time I've ever stayed put anywhere. But it wasn't that way when Marilyn and I were married. We traveled then, for many months. We traveled all over the country: Chicago this week, Buffalo next, then Syracuse and then double back to Omaha. It was too tough a schedule for Marilyn. She wasn't always in the best health. I had to leave her behind some weeks, with only her sister to look after her, in towns where she was a total stranger. And then before and during the trying period when we lost our baby, I wasn't with her at all! It was just too tough for her.

"Marilyn needs companionship and a good deal of warmth and love and tenderness. I think I give her plenty of that—when I'm here. But it's not often that I am here, except for this present stretch, and it just isn't fair to ask a girl to join me in my kind of life. She doesn't like it, neither do I. And why get married when you and your wife see each other only once every three months? I don't want that kind of marriage.

"So here we are, making this big movie here in Hollywood. What happens now? It's my first picture. If I'm a success in it and can make this my home base, I'll stay

in Hollywood. Then we'll see how it works out.

"Meanwhile I've been dating no one else but Marilyn during my stay here. I love the girl. I have no desire to date anybody else. In other words, it's a case of not being able to live with her and not being able to live without her.

"There's so very much that goes into making a happy marriage. The most important thing, I think Marilyn and I discovered, was being together. We couldn't be together and that's why we broke up. It isn't fair for a man to ask his wife to lead the life of a gypsy, which is exactly the kind of life I'm leading now.

"If I thought we could be compatible insofar as my professional life is concerned, and mutually understanding of the demands of being in the limelight, I wouldn't hesitate a moment to seek a reconciliation with Marilyn. But right now I can't think about it. My career comes first, and Marilyn agrees to this, too. In other words, the public dictates my life. And if the public accepts me in this and future movies, so that I can make my home here in Hollywood and just travel a few weeks out of the year, then I will base my life here—with Marilyn."

Thus spake the Anguished Bard.



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red that really stays that way on your
lips...won't go dull or lifeless ever.

BRIGHT 'N CLEAR keeps your lips
velvet soft...more youthful...smoother
and lovelier hour after hour.



Debbie Reynolds, co-starred in "Athena," MGM's musical romance in color.

Modern Lowboy in blond oak, with convenient drawer in base. Model #2920. **\$79⁹⁵***

DEBBIE REYNOLDS agrees: Planning is the first step to happiness

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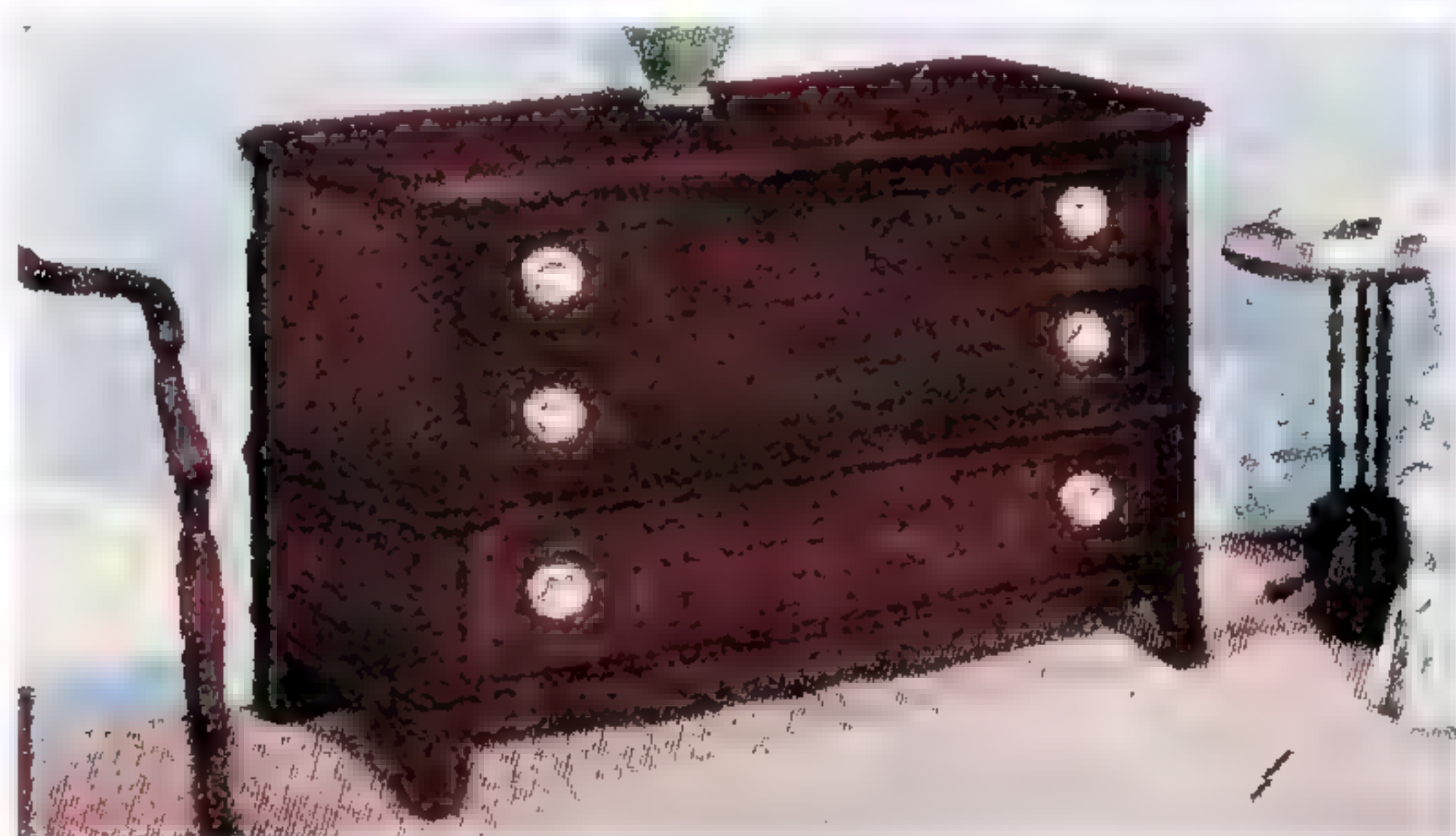
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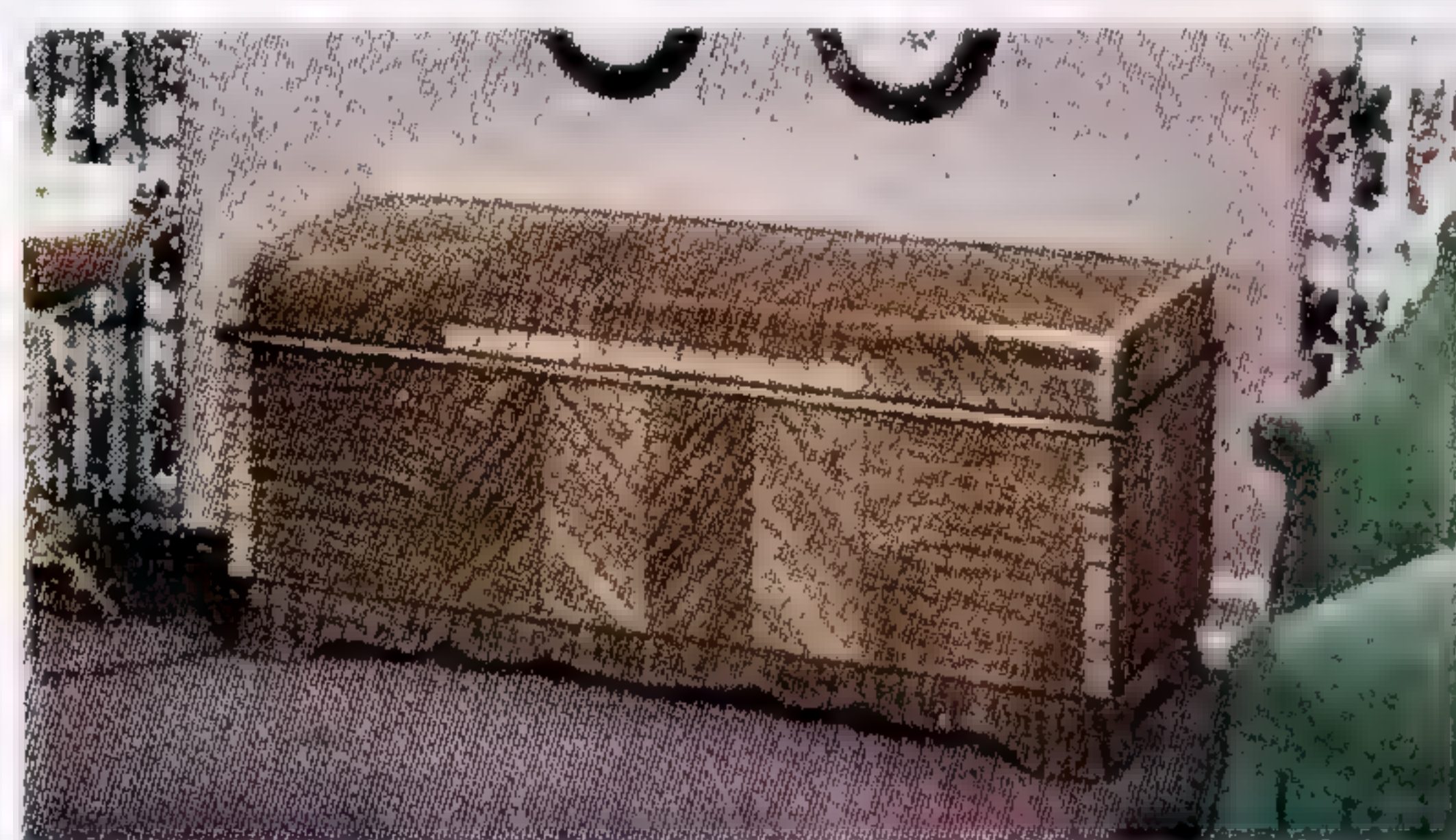
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READERS INC...



SOAP BOX:

I was in the middle of production on a picture called "Pickup on South Street" when one of the 20th Century-Fox press agents came down to visit the set. "I've just seen the rushes," he told me. "And you, my girl, are going to be Hollywood's next sex queen."

I shuddered. "Not me," I said. "I refuse, thank you."

Furthermore, I'll always refuse this particular title. It's my theory that you don't have to be sexy to be sexy. Confusion? Well, let me explain. So many people seem to think of sex appeal in terms of sultry looks coming from beneath inch-



Be yourself, insists Jean

long eyelashes; half-closed eyes and half-open mouth; form-fitting, low-cut gown. Granted, the picture draws whistles. But is it real? I don't think so.

Talk to a fellow like Bob Wagner, for instance. He'll tell you that as far as he's concerned there's nothing more glamorous to a man than a girl with a fresh, well-scrubbed appearance. Talk to a sophisticated like Clifton Webb and he'll tell you that a happy, well-adjusted outlook on life is what counts in a man's search for a fascinating woman.

A girl should make the most of her looks and personality, but the foundation for self-improvement comes in the form of the adage, "Be yourself." Let your sex appeal be subtle. You'll find it's more effective.

JEAN PETERS

I recently saw "Magnificent Obsession" and wish to say that in my opinion U-I has never produced so great a picture with so fine a cast.

Jane Wyman played her role beautifully (as she does all her roles). But what really surprised me was the way Rock Hudson and Barbara Rush handled their parts. I've never seen two such comparatively new stars give such superb performances.

I vote for more and better pictures for Rock and Barbara.

STEPHANIE WISE
Boston, Massachusetts

Everyone keeps insisting that Marlon Brando should be cast with such actresses as Marilyn Monroe or Terry Moore.

Mr. Brando is a genius . . . I'm afraid even Miss Monroe doesn't have enough equipment to hold her own with Marlon . . .

SONIA JENSEN
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

My husband and I were discussing some of the current movie actresses' style of dress and haircuts (?). Seems some are getting more masculine by the hour. It suddenly came to me why all who are males admire Marilyn Monroe. You can tell she is a *woman*! When will we women wake up!

A READER
Lafayette, Louisiana

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have always been two of my favorite personalities, but something happened this past weekend to make me like them even more.

. . . Saturday, a friend and I went to the El Capitan Theatre to see Dean and Jerry as they left the Comedy Hour rehearsal.

When Dean left about 9:00 he was very friendly and signed autographs and posed for pictures. Minutes ticked off, and it was 9:45 before Jerry appeared at the stage door. But he wasn't the same wise-cracking comedian I've seen in the movies. He could hardly lift his feet to walk to his car, and as he signed our autograph books, he spoke, "I've never been so tired in my life." He didn't even have an answer ready when his wife quipped, "That's the way I like to see you—bright, alert."

This was another Jerry—tired and serious, worried about the show. . . . I saw the show yesterday and the last nine minutes were ad lib—very strenuous ad lib. After the show . . . tired as he was, Dean signed over a score of autographs and posed for almost as many snapshots. But when the tall, slender Jerry left, the fans made room for him as he was helped to his automobile. "Which car is mine?" he queried.

As he left, the fans waved goodbye. I thought of just how much people like Dean and Jerry give for the people . . . these boys, and all entertainers, deserve all the praise and respect we, their audience, can give them.

JUDY KLESTER
Los Angeles, California

I was shocked with the stunt Terry Moore pulled recently at Las Vegas in her night-club appearance. I have always thought of Terry as the "girl-next-door"



Two minds about Terry

type, but no girl next door would wear a dress like the one Terry appeared in. I think she wore it to get back at the people who made her leave her fur bathing suit at home . . . and to get publicity. I think this is a cheap trick for a little publicity. . . .

TERRY MONDABAUGH
Des Moines, Iowa

I have just finished reading "Terry Can Take It" and see nothing about the cute fur suit that is sexy. Other Hollywood stars . . . can wear practically nothing and people don't criticize them. Why criticize Terry?

SHIRLEY AND RENA
Brooksville, Florida

I simply must express my opinion of the picture layout on Debra Paget. . . . Who ever puts a pound of make-up on to step into a shower?

A PHOTOPLAY FAN
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

. . . I have been patiently waiting for someone besides myself to notice the great resemblance between Cornel Wilde and Tony Curtis. Since no one seems to, I've decided to speak up.

MILLICENT KAUFMAN
Dallas, Texas



Tony Curtis and Cornel Wilde: look-alikes?

I wish you would tell some of these directors to leave Bob Wagner's hair alone.

It never fails—every time I see a movie with him they either bleach it or give him a permanent or a wig. Why don't they leave the poor guy alone?

DOROTHY DALTON
South Boston, Massachusetts

We're writing this, I know, for all the kids in Pittsburgh. We think Marlon Brando is the greatest that ever lived. We don't want him to change. We have had enough of actors such as Bob Wagner. All the cats around here are real crazy about Marlon. . . .

CHARLENE MASSIOLI
LORRAINE MASON
McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania

. . . I would like to say that in my opinion Bob Wagner doesn't have to worry in the least about becoming a star. . . . In my book he's already tops.

MARY McNALLY
Dallas, Texas



READERS INC...

Continued

... Have you noticed that Grace Kelly and Janet Leigh look enough alike to be sisters?

BEVERLY ROBERTS
Decatur, Illinois

Just saw "Apache" and thought it was wonderful ... but somebody goofed, who ever heard of an Indian with blue eyes? Burt Lancaster did a very good job though. ...

JACKIE FROST
Kansas City, Missouri

You've made many hearts go aflutter with the exceptionally fine cover-photo of Rock. Thank you so much!!

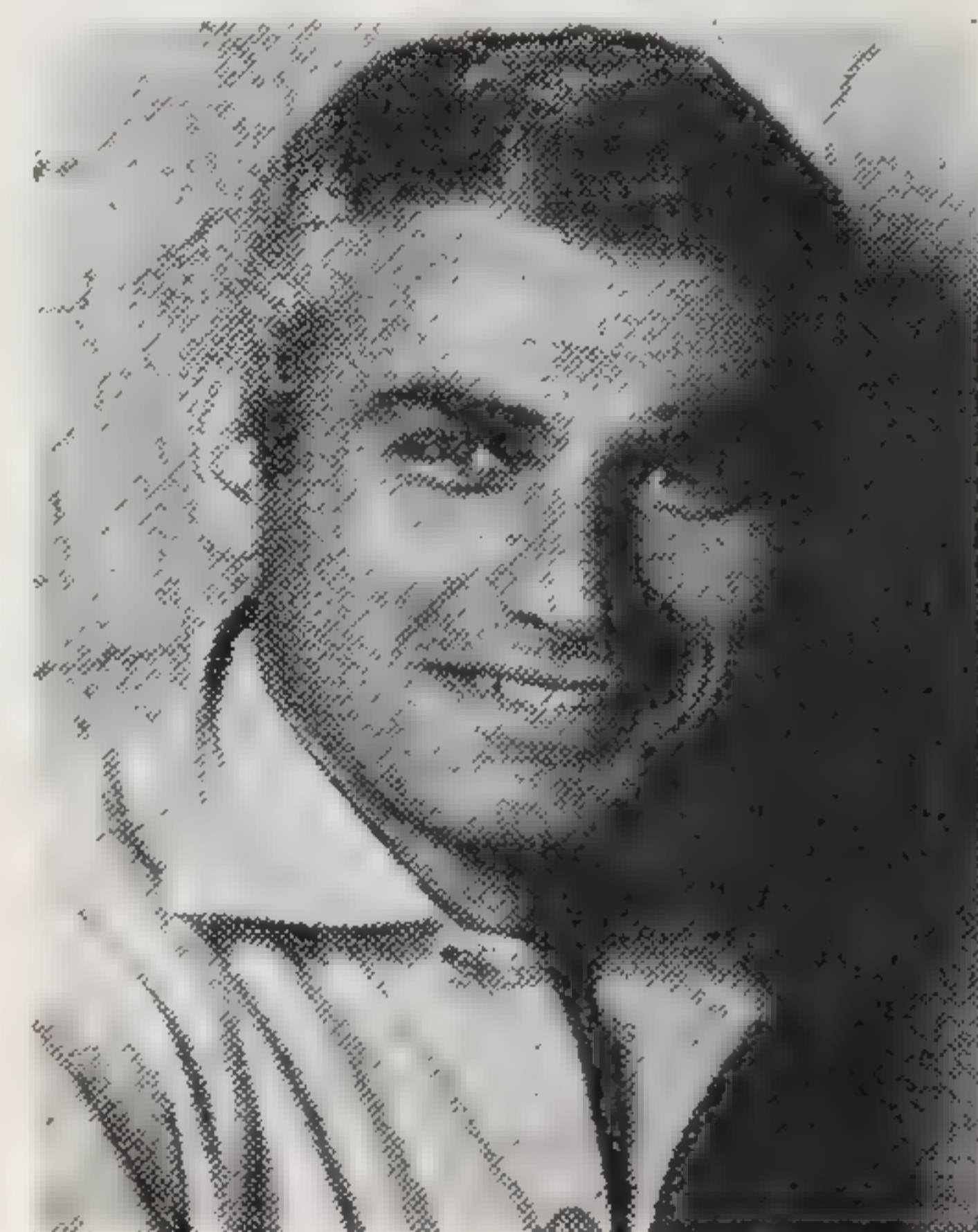
CHRISTINA HORN

CASTING:

Why hasn't anyone thought of making a movie on the life of Charles Lindbergh? I think Guy Madison would be wonderful as Lindbergh.

JEAN BETHKE
Eimnath, Colorado

Warners is planning to film "The Spirit of St. Louis." No cast yet. ED.



Chandler: the guy's a doll!

Please! Please! Please! Let us have Jeff Chandler in a musical. I've never seen such a big handsome brute sing such sweet little love songs.

I've got his first record ... and I'm really looking forward to many, many more.

JUDY SMITH
Arlington, Texas

We heard that the movie version of "Guys and Dolls" is to be made. Here are our suggestions for the four leads: Sky Masterson, Jeff Chandler; Miss Adelaide, Sheree North, Terry Moore or June Haver; Nathan Detroit, Frank Sinatra; Sarah Brown, Debbie Reynolds.

EMILY GROSS
INA MAE HORWITZ
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Many of us think that the role of Sky Masterson in "Guys and Dolls" could be played by none other than that wonderful guy, Jeff Chandler.

PAM RUTLEDGE
GRETCHEN HARIE
Vancouver, Canada

In answer to the above suggestions on casting of "Guys and Dolls," the coveted part of Sky Masterson is already given to Marlon Brando; other casting has not yet been completed as we go to press. ED.

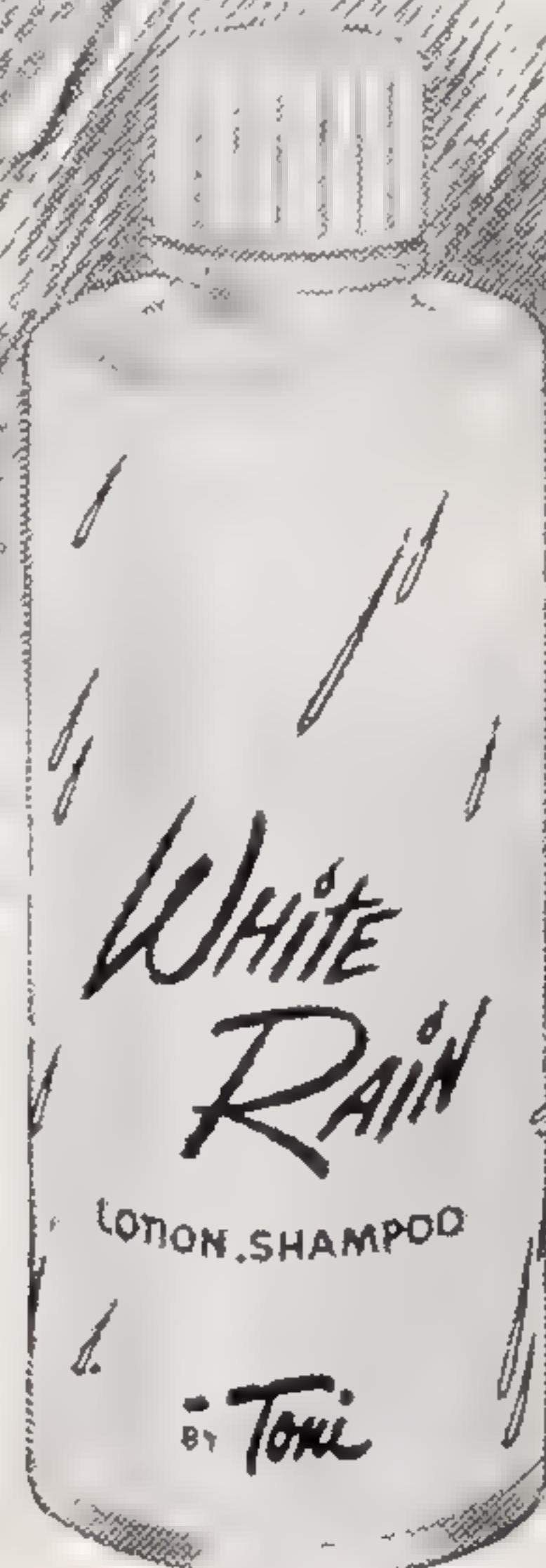
(Continued on page 34)

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86.5% at other times.

So many women are benefiting by this sanitary practice—why deny yourself? What greater “peace of mind” can a woman have than to know ZONITE is so highly regarded among nurses for the douche?

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READERS INC...

Continued

QUESTION BOX:

After reading “Gone with the Wind,” which is one of the best books I have ever read, I was wondering whether it will be remade.

SUE AND RHONDA SHAPIRO
Elmhurst, New York

Could you please tell me in what year the film, “Gone with the Wind,” was made? And what are the leading stars doing now?

PEGGY HOYT
Gainesville, Florida

Plans for a musical version of “Gone with the Wind” so far haven't passed the talk stage—and may be further delayed by M-G-M's official re-release of the original picture, a terrific hit in 1954, as it was in 1939. What are its stars doing now? Vivien Leigh (Scarlett) has recently been acting on the London stage, but Hollywood would love to lure her back. Clark Gable (Rhett) is starting his new 20th contract with “The Tall Men.” Leslie Howard (Ashley) was killed in a wartime plane disaster. Olivia de Havilland (Melanie), after long inactivity, is making a comeback in “Not as a Stranger.” ED.



Bright newcomer: Russ Tamblyn

I have recently seen “Take the High Ground” with Dick Widmark and Elaine Stewart. Would you please tell me something about Russ Tamblyn who played a young soldier in it? How old is he? Is he married and where could I write to him? Does he have any more pictures coming up? I thought he was just wonderful . . .

MARGIE MCCANN
Helena, Kansas

Please tell me who played the part of Gideon in “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers.” Let's hear something about him. He's pretty sharp.

PENNY BRYAN
Houston, Texas

The “sharp” young man is Russ Tamblyn, who's 5' 10" tall, single and will next be seen in “Many Rivers to Cross.” If you want to write him, you can write c/o M-G-M. ED.

I have just seen “Demetrius and the Gladiators.” . . . I noticed in the movie that the chair in which the emperor sat has S.P.Q.R. above it. What do they stand for? . . .

EVELYN ZAMBA
Detroit, Michigan

“Senatus Populusque Romanus” (the

Roman Senate and People). ED.

Could you please tell me if Gilbert Roland played in “Red Garters”? If not, who was the actor that looked like him?

MARCUERITE MCBRIDE
Sweetwater, Texas

His name is Gene Barry. ED.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could tell me the name of the theme song from the movie “The Wild One.” Also, has it been recorded?

MARIE NICOLETTI
Mount Vernon, New York

Leith Stevens' music for the Brando film was recorded by Decca under the movie's original title, “Hot Blood.” ED.

Could you settle an argument . . . Who played the groom in the movie, “Father of the Bride”?

CECILY JOHNS
Wichita, Kansas

It was Don Taylor. ED.

I want to ask a favor of you. There are about 45 men in our motor pool and we all took a vote to find the most popular girl star or stars as it turned out. The winners were Audrey Hepburn, Terry Moore and Debbie Reynolds. Now all we need is their



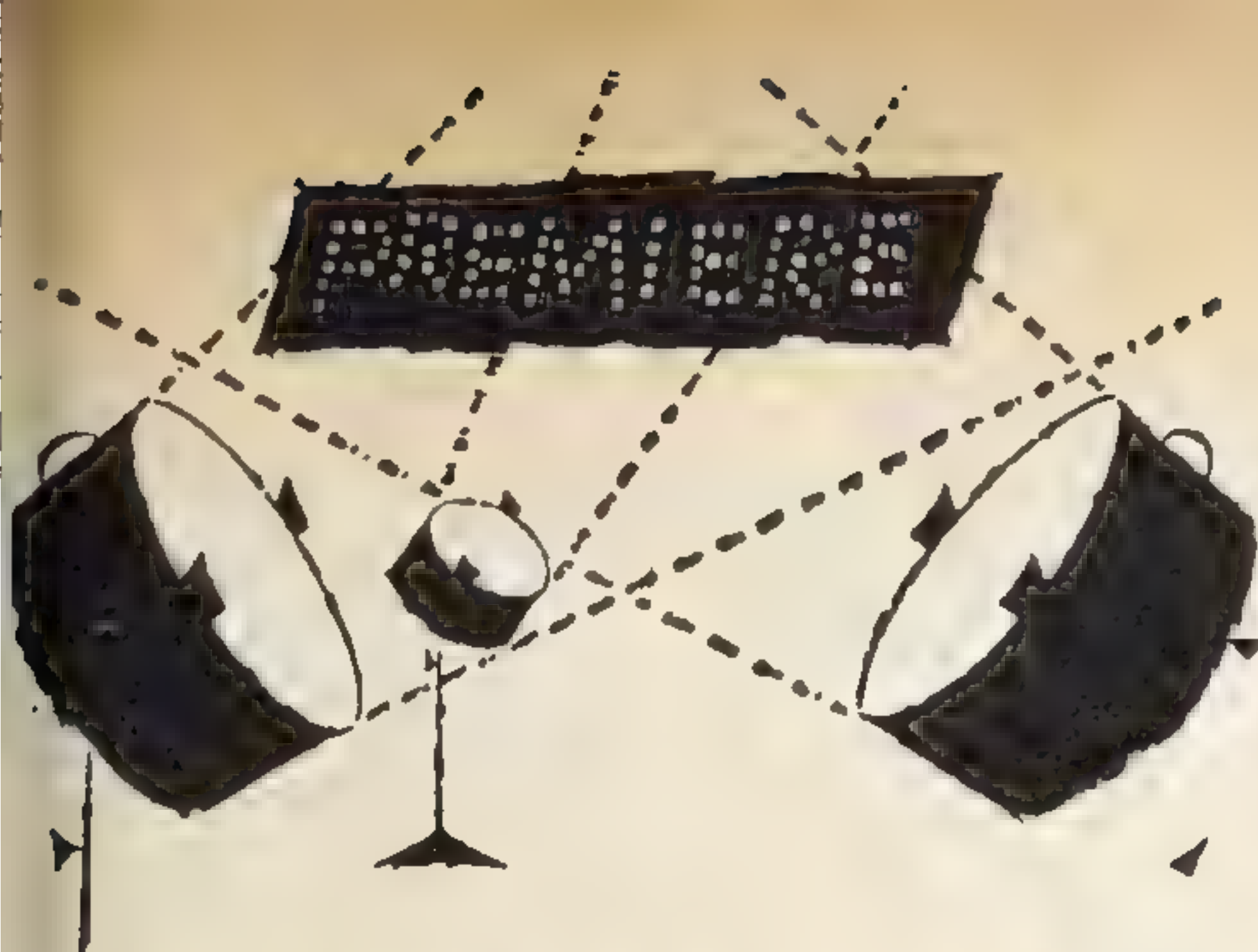
Lucky Audrey's the winner again

addresses so we can write to them. I hope you will help us out. A lot of us don't get too much mail and it would sure help if we could write and maybe even get an answer from our dream girls. . . .

PFC. ROBERT W. MILLER
c/o P.M. San Francisco, California

You can write to Audrey, c/o Paramount; Terry, c/o 20th Century-Fox; and Debby, c/o M-G-M. ED.

We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive, asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. For a list of studios turn to page 108. ED.



THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

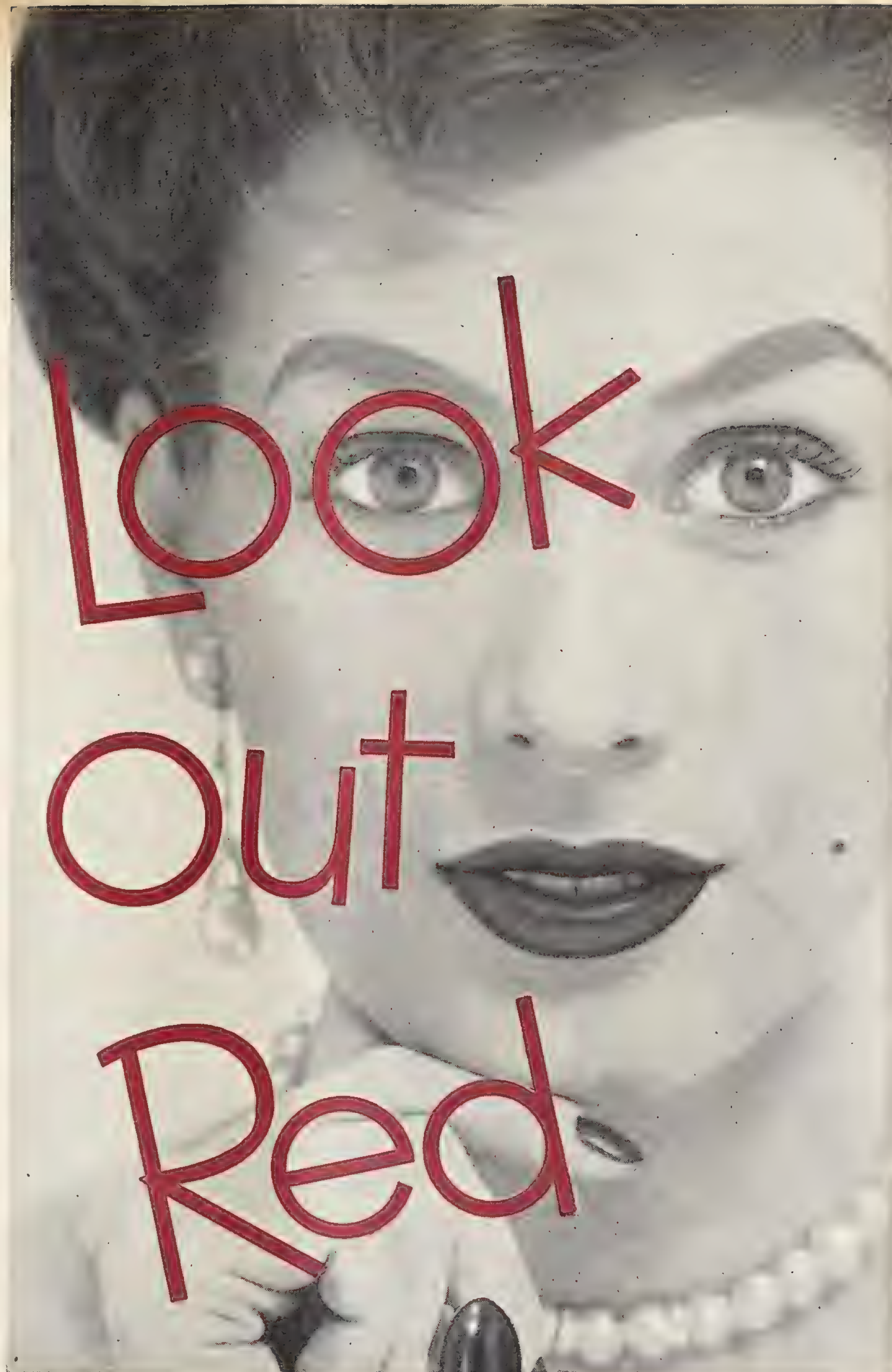
BY

SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

The young man walking down the crowded hot pavement was feeling pleased with himself and, to tell the truth, he had every right to be. Here he was back in New York, that wonderful town—his home town—on a personal appearance tour. He was talking on air. He felt tall enough to look down on the Empire State Building. What a way to come home: a new contract with the studio, his movies selling well and an enthusiastic reception from the fans that would make everyone happy.

The publicity people had mapped out every minute of his visit: breakfast interviews, guest appearances on radio shows, autograph parties—the whole works. But this one afternoon he had insisted was to be his, to do as he pleased. For these few hours, he left the clamor and excitement of the Times Square area to walk once more along the noisy, shabby streets of the neighborhood in which he had grown up. Funny, how *it* looked the same—how different *he* was. Suddenly, he was painfully aware of the fact that his clothes were new and expensive, and he was almost as self-conscious of his well-soled, polished shoes as he had once been of his tattered sneakers. Outwardly he had changed, but there was a stab of recognition inside as he watched the boys in the street playing kickball, as he saw the kids troop to the candy store, as he listened to the idle gossip of the mothers standing by the baby carriages in front of the apartment houses. He turned the corner and (Continued on page 37)



Slow down—this is a red you have to see! A bright, blazing, stop-and-look red . . . hard to miss, but awfully easy to wear. For Look-Out Red is *all* red—no trace of orange or blue—and perfect with every stitch you own. It's a Cashmere Bouquet red that *stays* red and stays *on*—hour after hour!

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Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

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Continued from page 16

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Aida

I.F.E., FERRANICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Lovers of grand opera will find a rare treat in this rendition of Verdi's highly melodious classic. It's even calculated to please movie-goers with no special fondness for opera—there's not one heavy-weight diva in sight. Handsome and accomplished players act the leading roles, while outstanding Italian singers lend their beautiful voices to the sound track, in an excellent job of dubbing. Voluptuous Sophia Loren, with dusky make-up, is the captive Ethiopian princess, loved by the young Egyptian general (Luciano Della Marra), enemy of her people. Lois Maxwell is majestic as the jealous high priestess, and Afro Poli cuts an imposing figure as the Ethiopian king, Aida's father. Though the arias are naturally all in Italian, between them a spoken English commentary explains the story. Rich color; lavish settings. **FAMILY**

Shield for Murder

U.A.

✓✓ This slam-bang thriller starts right off with a cold-blooded killing. As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien murders a petty crook, robs him of \$25,000, then claims the victim was shot while resisting arrest. When it becomes known that the cash (supposed to be delivered to a big-shot gambler) is missing, O'Brien falls under suspicion. At first, he's defended by his friend and grateful protege, detective John Agar. O'Brien's fiancée also remains loyal. In this role, her first lead, dark-haired Marla English shows wistful appeal. **FAMILY**

High and Dry

RANK, U-I

✓✓✓ Here's an ingratiating comedy in the whimsical British manner, with Paul Douglas' stoutly American voice sounding among a swirl of Scottish accents. He's a wealthy businessman who wants a load of modern household appliances delivered to his newly bought castle in Scotland. The assignment is grabbed, through trickery, by Alex Mackenzie, tippling skipper of an ancient "puffer"—a shallow-keeled, barge-like little boat. Douglas goes into action when he hears that this beat-up craft has actually managed to get stuck on a subway! By hired plane and by taxi, he chases the puffer on its leisurely course, finally getting aboard in a hopeless effort to goad Mackenzie into some American speed and efficiency. Little Tommy Kearing is delightful as a very junior member of the puffer's crew. **FAMILY**

Cangaceiro

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ It's fascinating to see how our southern neighbors go about making a Western. Produced in Brazil, this vigorous tale of adventure has the general outline of an American horse opera, but a totally different atmosphere. In the days when the outlaw (the *cangaceiro* of the title) ruled the backwoods, leader Milton Ribeiro and his bandit army ravage a country town and kidnap the lovely schoolteacher (Marisa Prado) for ransom. Suffering a combined attack of conscience and love,

a handsome young outlaw (Albe Ruschel) risks his life in a wild attempt to take the girl back to civilization. Striking shots of faraway wide open spaces and the strains of Brazilian folk songs accompany the chase and the romantic romance. **ADULT**

The Steel Cage

✓✓ An off-beat sort of prison picture stars Paul Kelly as the famous Ward Duffy of San Quentin, with Maurice O'Sullivan appearing briefly as his wife. It's a three-part film. In the first episode, Walter Slezak is a master chef likely to resort to violence when his cooking is criticized. The second has the suspense you expect of a behind-the-bars story, with John Ireland and Lawrence Tierney among convicts planning a prison break. And the third proves the most interesting. Given too little opportunity in movies, Kenneth Tobey now scores as a cynical artist, giving life for a crime of passion. As an innocent new chaplain, Arthur Franz persuades Tobey to refinish a chapel mural of the Last Supper—with shocking results. All three stories would have looked better if handled with more imagination. **FAMILY**

Human Desire

COLUMBIA

✓✓ A mournful story of infatuation lies between Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame and Burt Lancaster in a fateful triangle. Glenn's an ex-GI returning to his job as a railroad engineer. Brod, also a railroad man, has an ungovernable temper and a too-youthful wife (Gloria). When Crawford murders his wife's former lover, Gloria is forced to help cover up the crime, and Glenn, struck by his sudden emotional attraction toward her, is drawn into the scheme. So the stage is set for more bloodshed. Kathleen Case has a pallid role as the sweet girl who wishes for Glenn's deliverance. **ADULT**

The Detective

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Alec Guinness' delicate comedy style is nicely suited to the role of *Father Brown*, eccentric English priest whose hobby is playing detective. In this quaintly mannered British movie, he's pitted against our old friend the debonair international crook, master of disguise. Peter Finch is suavely attractive as Alec's adversary. He has stolen a valued crucifix, but Alec is interested less in recovering the loot than in saving the soul of the thief. Joan Greenwood gives cool charm to the role of a high-born lady who lets Alec use her treasures as bait. **FAMILY**

Africa Adventure

RKO, PATHECOLOR

✓✓ Well-covered by movies in recent years, the continent of Africa again takes the star role, this time in a record of a safari made by columnist Robert C. Ruess. Its foreword promises an unusually realistic picture of life on the jungle trails, but it simply delivers, in amiable and amusing fashion, more shots of the varied wild life, along with humorous details of everyday living on safari. **FAMILY**

slowly strolled toward the movie theatre where he had so often longed to enter . . . and so seldom had the price.

Suddenly he was catapulted back through time. Standing in front of the theatre were two young teenagers. He recalled, vividly, times when he had wanted to go to the movies as much as they did now.

And then one particular memory hit him with all the impact of the years in which it had lain hidden. He saw himself as a boy again, coming to a decision, running to his apartment house, furtively entering his mother's room and rummaging through her well-worn purse, extracting one of the rare quarters that never stayed there for more than a few hours. Then he raced back to the theatre, paid the admission



A wonderful guy to talk to, says Shirley

and hurried in—only to learn that the magic of the movies cannot erase feelings of guilt and shame. He remembered the hours searching for bottles in trash cans, to make up that quarter.

He remembered the boys from this block who had begun by stealing pennies, or quarters, and had moved on to more profitable areas of operation. An overpowering feeling of gratefulness shook him free from his memories.

In New York, anything can happen. Maybe that's the reason why the two teenagers in front of the theatre didn't show any special surprise when their admission into the theatre was paid for by the stranger—TONY CURTIS.

THE END

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific Coast area at 5:30 P.M., P.S.T. Sundays. Also to "Shirley Thomas Reports" on Weekend, 4-6 P.M., EST over NBC Radio. Consult our local newspaper for time and station.

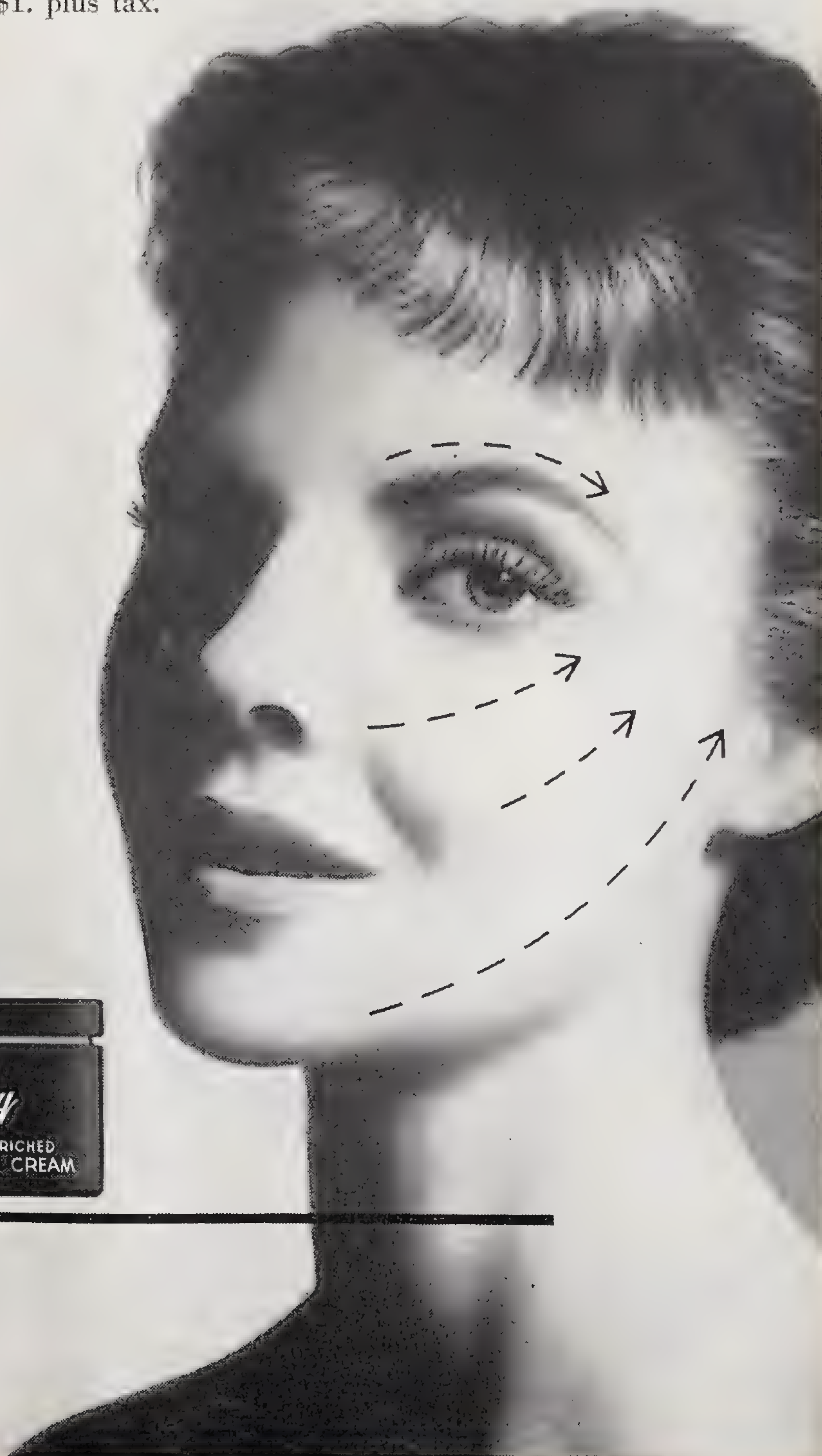
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 14.



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ ABOUT MRS. LESLIE—Wallis, Paramount: Shirley Booth's charm and superb acting sustain a rambling love story in which she recalls her affair with a married man (Bob Ryan). (A) August

✓✓✓✓ ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE—U.A., Pathecolor: Dan O'Herlihy is the famous castaway in a strong, completely believable version of the desert-island tale. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ APACHE—U.A., Technicolor: As a proud Indian warrior who won't accept defeat with the rest of his tribe, Burt Lancaster's a realistic, unglamorized figure. So is Jean Peters as the girl sharing his outlaw life. (F) August

✓✓✓ BETRAYED—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Exciting if not too convincing thriller of World War II. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Vic Mature are Dutch underground agents. (F) October

✓✓✓ BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Tony Curtis attains knighthood to avenge his family, save England, win Janet Leigh. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ BROKEN LANCE—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Unusual drama of discord in a Southwestern family. Cattle baron Spencer Tracy browbeats his eldest son (Widmark), favors his youngest (Bob Wagner), whose romance with Jean Peters brings on a crisis. (F) October

✓✓ BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Too-talky suspense film. Rory Calhoun, alleged killer, and sheriff Steve McNally invade Jean Simmons' isolated ranch. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ CAINE MUTINY, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Good acting gives power to the filmed best-seller. Van Johnson, goaded by Fred MacMurray, leads the mutiny against a psychotic Navy captain (Humphrey Bogart). (F) August

✓✓ DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I, Technicolor: Slightly pretentious Western. Rory Calhoun tries to retire from gunfighting and rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. (F) October

✓✓ DUEL IN THE JUNGLE—Warners, Technicolor: Vivid African backgrounds enhance a routine melodrama. Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain track a man who faked his own death. (F) October

✓✓✓ FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS—U-I: A snafu lands Don O'Connor in an all-WAC unit, but the talking mule helps him lead the girls to victory in mock battle. Affable fun. (F) October

✓✓✓ GARDEN OF EVIL—20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lusty action, magnificent Mexican locales. Cooper, Widmark and Susan Hayward seek gold, fight Indians. (F) September

✓✓ HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's whalers in the Arctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzel's dad. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Greer Garson teaches at a boys' school, makes a romantic choice between Bob Ryan and Barry Sullivan. Sentimental, humorous. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ HIGH AND THE MIGHTY, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Gripping story of aviation. Pilots John Wayne, Bob Stack fight to get a crippled trans-Pacific plane to land. Passengers' reactions vary vividly. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ HOBSON'S CHOICE—U.A.: Warm, witty British comedy. Pompous Charles Laughton bullies his three daughters, gets his comeuppance from the eldest (Brenda de Banzie), after she marries John Mills. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

✓✓✓ JOHNNY DARK—U-I, Technicolor: Lively yarn of sports-car racing. Aided by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August

✓✓ JOHNNY GUITAR—Republic, Trucolor: Joan Crawford's the dashing, gun-toting heroine of a wildly off-beat Western. Sterling Hayden helps her defend her gambling house. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Bright pageantry. George Sanders as Richard; Rex Harrison as Saladin, gallant foe; Laurence Harvey, Virginia Mayo as young lovers. (F) October

✓✓ LAW VS. BILLY THE KID, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: More legend than history; Scott Brady as a glorified outlaw. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U.A.: Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpa. Adrienne Corri's a wistful heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

✓✓ LITTLEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Pleasant child-and-animal yarn, filmed in Mexico. Young Andres Velasquez steals a beloved horse that's been mistreated. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U-I, Technicolor: Moving personal drama. Rock Hudson's a playboy who, blaming himself for Jane Wyman's blindness, becomes a dedicated surgeon. Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer also do a tender love story. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—G-B-D: Mad, totally plotless French film, recalling silent slapstick comedies. Everything goes wrong on Jacques Tati's shore vacation. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia: Smashing melodrama of the racket-ridden docks near New York. Marlon Brando serves the gang, then fights it, influenced by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. (F) September

✓✓✓ PUSHOVER—Columbia: Tough, crisp tale of crime. Hunger for money and for Kim Novak, a bandit's girl, makes detective Fred MacMurray go wrong. Phil Carey stays straight. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ RAID, THE—20th, Technicolor: Excellent, fact-based Civil War film. Van Heflin leads fellow Confederates in a prison break and attack on a North Vermont town. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Technicolor: Ingenious thriller. Wheelchair-bound, James Stewart spies on city neighbors, suspects one of murder. Grace Kelly's his sweetheart; Wendell Corey, a detective. (F) October

✓✓ RING OF FEAR—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Mickey (himself) Spillane tracks down a homicidal maniac as Clyde Beatty's circus goes through its routines. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ SABRINA—Paramount: Audrey Hepburn's a charmer as a chauffeur's daughter in a slender comedy-romance. Bill Holden's a playboy; Bogart, a stuffy Wall Streeter. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Delectable, unusual musical. After frontier farmer Howard Keel brings home a bride (Jane Powell), his brothers all want wives, too. (F) September

✓✓ SUDDENLY—U.A.: Frank Sinatra's a psychopathic gunman hired to kill the President of the U. S.; Sterling Hayden, a doughty local cop. Moderate degree of tension. (F) October

✓✓ SUSAN SLEPT HERE—RKO, Technicolor: Debbie Reynolds sparkles as a "delinquent" in the temporary care of writer Dick Powell. Preposterous but amusing. (A) October

✓✓ TANGANYIKA—U-I, Technicolor: With Ruth Roman and Howard Duff, Van Heflin tracks down a crazed jungle dictator (Jeff Morrow) who has stirred an African tribe to war. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ UGETSU — Harrison and Davidson: Strange, beautiful Japanese film about peasant families caught in ancient wars. (A) October

✓✓✓✓ VALLEY OF THE KINGS—M-G-M, Eastman Color: High adventure, filmed in Egypt. Bob Taylor, Eleanor Parker look for a Pharaoh's lost tomb, also sought by robbers. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Fascinating documentary, showing drama, comedy and violence among wild creatures of America's great plains. (F) September

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DEAN AND JERRY

Dear Readers:

This is a letter of thanks! Thanks from a couple of grateful screwballs to the several thousand readers of Photoplay who took time from busy schedules to write letters asking Dean and me to please remain together as a team.

We couldn't attempt to put into words the deep feeling of gratitude we feel toward Photoplay and its readers for their response to the wonderfully warm story Maxine Arnold wrote concerning our problems and the possibility that Martin & Lewis were on the verge of splitting up as a team.

That story and the flood of letters that followed did more than any one thing to make us realize how foolish and petty our imaginary grievances were.

There have been reams of copy written purporting to tell the "Behind-the-Scenes" reasons for our so-called feud, but so far none of them have even approached the truth. The simple truth is this! It all started when Dean called me an imbecile. I told him to prove it and that's what we fought about. He did!! What's more we were very content with Dean being the romantic type and me being my normal idiotic self but when Marilyn Monroe picked me as one of the ten sexiest men in Hollywood, the Italian street singer flipped. He screamed bribery, fraud and demanded Marilyn be psychoanalyzed since no one in her right mind would consider me anything but an escapee from the booby hatch.

To wax serious again, we once more humbly thank our well-wishers for giving us the finest milestone in the careers of two very grateful guys.

Our warmest regards to all

Jerry



Shooting star: Carlos Thompson lives alone in an isolated canyon home and loves it—but he isn't being a hermit—just hunting!



Fish story—with proof: Kathryn Grandstaff and Marla English at Sun Valley, with activities director Don Anderson

Sporting **G**uys and **D**olls

Water ways: Jeff Richards and his bride Shirley have been in the swim ever since they met—practically live in the water





Iron man: Gordon MacRae is so crazy about golf he takes his clubs with him even if he's on location in a cornfield!



Net work: Tab Hunter wasn't taking any chances with movie career when he went on Lake Placid holiday, tennis, skating



Ski stunt: Wife Evie didn't rise to Van Johnson's lure when he wanted to teach her the art of skiing on water!

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

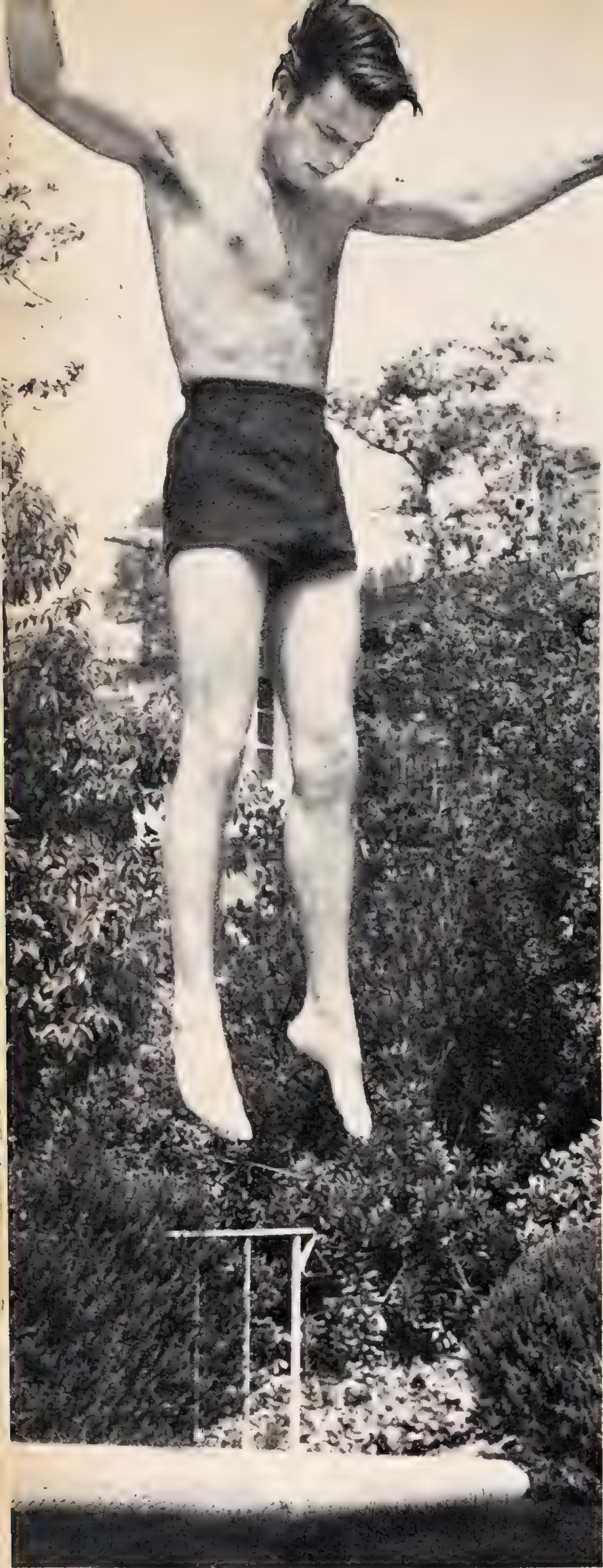
INSIDE STUFF

Sports of the Stars: Enthusiastic Robert Taylor introduced Ursula Thiess to his favorite spot and sport when he taught her how to fly-cast at Jackson Lake, Wyoming. Back in Beverly Hills, merchants got a big boot out of impatient Ursula and Bob shopping for Christmas-tree ornaments in mid-summer! Builders promise the happy couple their new home will be ready to greet Santa Claus . . . And while we're getting settled, rugged, romantic Carlos Thompson finally found a place for his gun collection. It's a small, isolated house in beautiful Topanga Canyon, and here's some sad news for Hollywood's lonesome ladies. Carlos, who's written three books (in Spanish) is about to begin his fourth. So his telephone's fixed for him to call out, but no one is able to get a call through to him!

Gals and Skis: With boyfriend Bud Pennell on location, lonesome Marla English took off on a fishing trip with starlet Kathryn Grandstaff. The fragile fisher-women learned how to bring in the big ones from Don Anderson, outdoors-activities director of Sun Valley, Idaho . . . But no one had to teach water-skiing to nautical-minded Jeff Richards and the former Shirley Siber. They met, married and honeymooned at Cypress Gardens, Florida, then rented a house at Manhattan Beach, California. Jeff and Shirley, who spend every weekend on their small boat, still aren't water-logged! . . . Neither is Van Johnson, super water-ski man who promised his Evie a diamond bracelet to learn the sport. Land-lover Evie said no! Late summer reservations at favorite Lake Arrowhead were made by Van before taking off for Europe.

Sight of the Month: Big he-man Gordon MacRae breaking in long curly hair, Levis and high-heeled "Oklahoma" boots on the golf course at Lakeside! Ever-present clubs went along with Gordy to picture's location site in Nogales, Arizona—"Just in case I come across a flat green spot in the cornfield!"

You certainly have got to admire Tab Hunter for turning down \$30,000 worth of acting roles in three pictures. Instead, he packed his tennis racket away in moth balls and took off for Lake Placid to brush up on figure skating. "The parts weren't right for me," confides Tab, "I've just finished two wonderful pictures, so why jeopardize the spot I'm in?" Why indeed when you have Tab's looks, his talent and his acting ability and you've saved your money—as he has! (Continued on page 96)



*"What's going
to happen tomorrow?"
I used to worry.
Until I realized
I was letting life
go by. So . . .*

TODAY—I'M LIVING IT UP

BY BOB WAGNER

● I came across Terry Moore in the studio commissary one lunchtime a number of months ago and she was looking pretty thoughtful. "One of the magazines wanted me to write a story about you, R.J.," she told me. "But I just couldn't do it."

"Why, Terry!" I teased. "And after all the things they say we've meant to each other!"

"But they wanted me to tell about the *serious* you," she grinned. "How could I? I've never seen you when you weren't on top of the world. I'll bet you were even born smiling."

That's me—the original laughing boy! Or so you may have heard. However, there are two sides to every story—even the one Terry didn't write.

If I give the impression that I'm enjoying life every minute, it's strictly on the level. I am. And when I say it's a gift, I'm not being flip. The ability to make the most of each day is a gift given to everyone. It's our job to learn to recognize it—to take advantage of it. I'll be the first to admit that it isn't always easy. I'm a fellow who knows and, more often than not, I've learned the hard way.

(Continued on page 105)

"IF I GIVE THE IMPRESSION I'M ENJOYING LIFE, IT'S STRICTLY ON THE LEVEL. AND WHEN I SAY IT'S A GIFT, I'M NOT BEING FLIP."



Bob's in "White Feather." Saks Fifth Avenue shirt





When his beloved wife died, Fred MacMurray retired from public life. But he came out again for June Haver

WHO SAID A



Arlene Dahl knew what she was doing when she let Lamas slip away once. Absence made his heart grow fonder!



Kirk Douglas liked to play but not, it seemed, for keeps. Until Anne Buydens appeared—and settled this playboy!

Don't know what it is about 1954, but it doesn't take a crystal-gazer to figure out that it's been a bull year in the Matrimonial Market! Hollywood has lost some of its best bachelor holdouts to marriage, and others are teetering on the edge of the Great Decision. Let's look at the record . . .

Who'd have taken any bets that the playingest boy of the playboys, and I do mean Kirk Douglas, would end up married to Anne Buydens? All in the

same year he'd dented young Pier Angeli's heart, caused a merry widow in Palm Beach to announce she was throwing over Jack Dempsey because she loved Mr. Douglas and ended up carrying on a courtship right under Hollywood's unbelieving nose. His midnight elopement with Anne Buydens to Las Vegas is history now, but if confirmed bachelors are going to carry on this way, how can we columnists fill our columns?

And Robert Taylor. He'd been dining publicly with Ursula Thiess ever since Barbara Stanwyck divorced him. But he was seen with Barbara just as much. On the old theory that there's safety in numbers, most of us had relaxed with the notion that Taylor didn't mean business in the marriage mart. But, whoops my dears, all of a sudden he turns up married to Ursula and happy as a sandboy with his new bride. He's even ready to settle down to

*Adam passed up Paradise because of Eve.
And the live-alone-and-like-it guys
are still following in father's footsteps!*

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

GOOD MAN IS HARD TO GET!



*Bob Taylor dated others and the columnists relaxed.
But they underestimated the charm of Ursula Thiess*



*Marlon Brando (with Rita Moreno on "Desiree" set) may
be hard to catch—but he's showing signs of weakening*

domesticity in a new house he's building for the new Mrs. Arlington Spangler Brugh, which is Robert's real name. And something new has been added to his outlook. He says he wants children, lots of them. Good for him, and good for Ursula.

Fernando (Continued on page 86)

John Wayne's experiences made him more wary of marriage. But Pilar has what it takes to take this he-man





She fell head over heels in love—
and landed in seventh heaven.
It took someone like Jeanne Crain
to make it her permanent home

● "If you know within your heart you are absolutely right about the way you should live your life—then go ahead, against all opposition, and live it!"

This is what Jeanne Crain says. This is what Jeanne, with all her heart, believes. This is the way, against all opposition, Jeanne has lived and is now living her shining-with-happiness life.

Ten, going on eleven years ago when Jeanne was just beginning in pictures (a bright beginning), she met and fell in love with Paul Brinkman and was warned against marrying him by her parents and by her studio. There were headshakings and ominous predictions concerning her happiness and her career, neither of which would be long for this world if she persisted in this folly.

Today, ten years later, Jeanne remembers and is gently amused.

"Paul was not particularly the One," she smiled to me one day, "as far as my family was concerned. I could see his wonderful qualities. I knew. But Paul *had* been sort of a playboy, I guess, and he was an actor—which was certainly not the type of man my (Continued on page 98)

No stranger to Paradise

BY FAITH SERVICE





The lap is Mom's!



A rakish three in dad's hat and cane



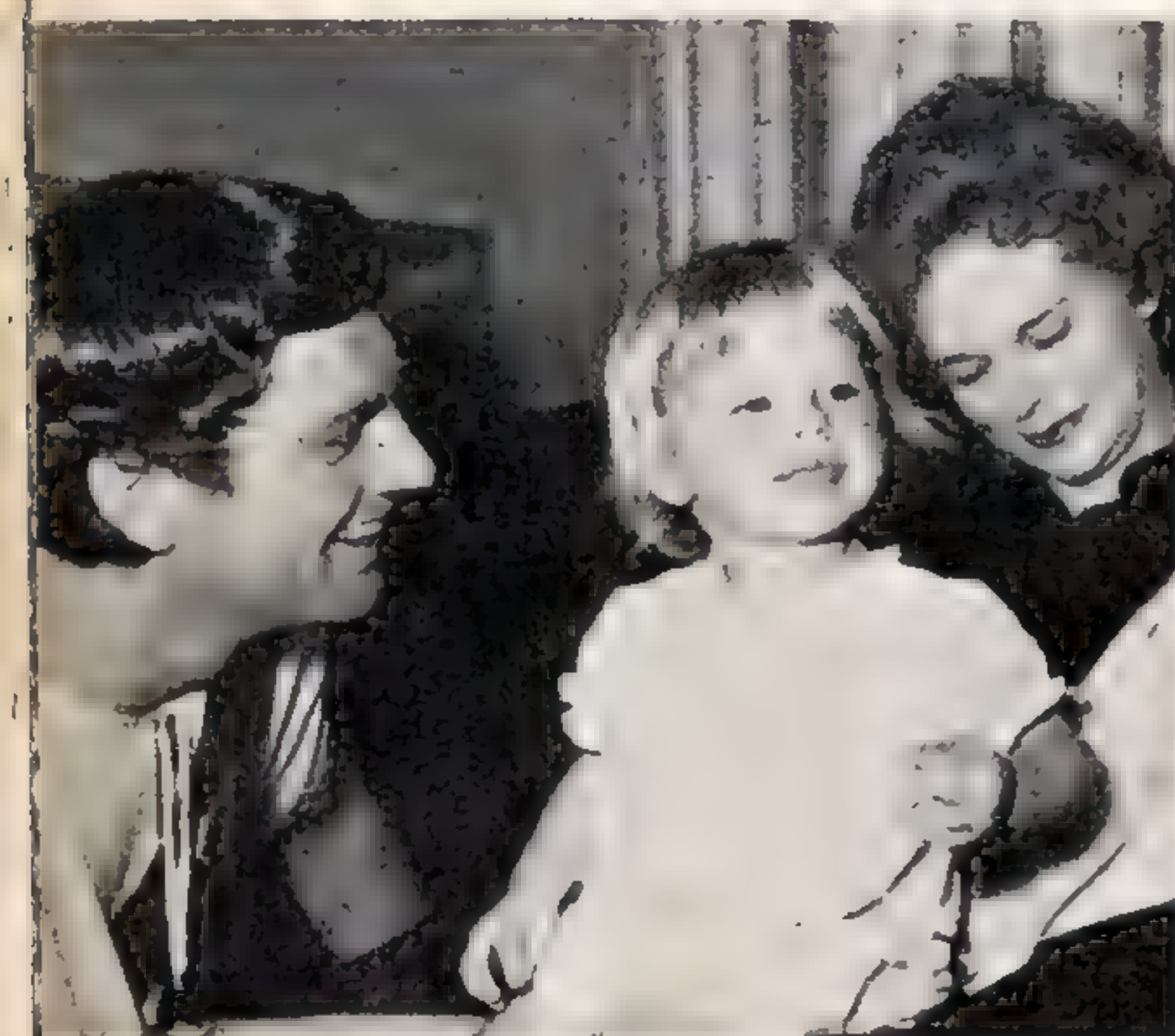
At age six. Dad's a writer



First love—cricket



With sister Barbara



Edmund met and married Tita, a dancer, in London. Above, with daughter Lilan

Nothing he does
can surprise his parents.
They've been
expecting things
to happen ever since
he was born!

getting to know Purdom

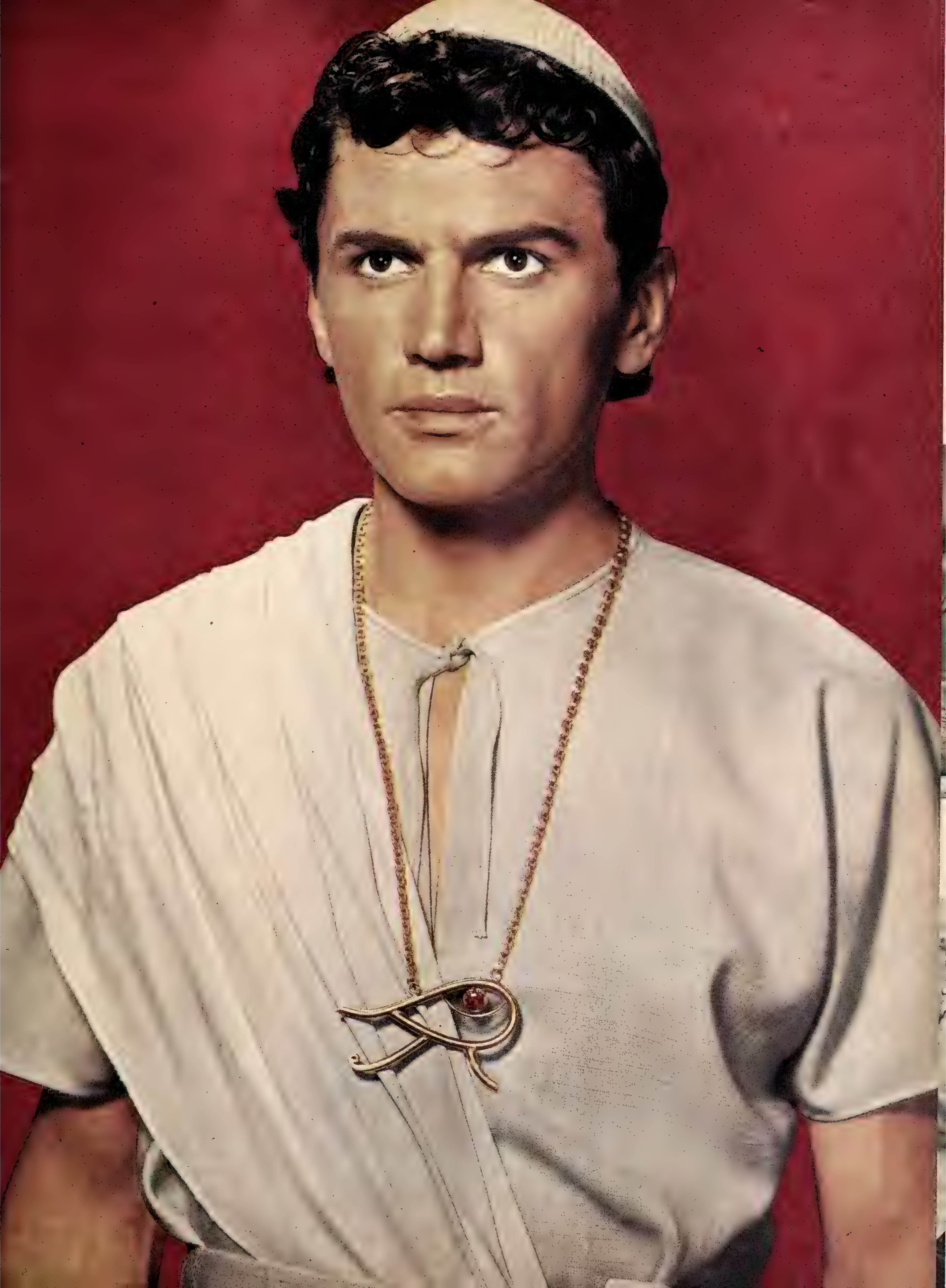
BY
MARTHA BUCKLEY

● It was with a somewhat hazy notion that the typical English schoolboy must fall into one of two categories—either he is like Little Lord Fauntleroy or Oliver Twist—that I made my way to the suburban home of the Charles B. Purdoms in search of facts concerning the childhood of their suddenly famous son, Edmund.

To my astonishment, the Purdoms' comfortable red brick house in the new town of Welwyn Garden City, some twenty miles north of London, bore no resemblance to Fauntleroy's mansion or Twist's tenement. It might, in fact, have been on a residential street in, say, Des Moines or Cincinnati or Hartford. Mrs. Purdom proved to be a motherly, friendly soul who promptly established me in a chintz-covered armchair in front of a crackling fire. As I sipped a cup of tea and chatted with this pleasant, middle-aged pair, hectic Hollywood and the meteoric rise to fame of Edmund Purdom seemed far more than just six thousand miles away.

I was equally astonished at the complacency with which his parents remarked on Edmund's stroke of luck—his overnight emergence (*Continued on page 88*)

Edmund Purdom, in costume for "The Egyptian"





Lori Nelson is in "Return of the Creature from the Black Lagoon"

A few weeks ago, my daughter Dixie—better known as Lori Nelson—missed out on a good role because the producer couldn't picture her as a tomboy.

Lori was terribly disappointed, but I had to struggle to keep from laughing right out loud. Lori is and always has been more of a tomboy than anything else, and for a long time I was positive she would never become a lady.

It is easy to see why the producer didn't think of Lori as a tomboy because she certainly doesn't look like one. Rather she seems to be a little Dresden doll—demure, shy and so very fragile. But nothing could be further from the truth!

I'll never forget the afternoon—she was about nine or ten—when I was looking for her on the empty lot behind the house. I didn't see Lori, but I finally spotted a group of her girl friends huddled in a circle, dis-

TOMBOYS MAKE WONDERFUL LADIES

BY MRS. LOREE NELSON

In those frilly petticoats and dainty dresses, Lori looks and acts like a lady. But there are still times when Mom isn't sure the lady is for real!

cussing their favorite subject: boys. "Where's Lori?" I asked.

One freckled-faced little tike pointed at a group of youngsters playing baseball in an adjacent field. "Over there."

I promptly found Lori—the only girl in the game—playing baseball with a dozen neighborhood boys. And that afternoon she was the only one who scored a home run!

While the other girls "talked boys," Lori was out there playing baseball or football—and holding her own in every respect. She still has a scar on her leg where she cut herself falling out of a tree house, had more cuts and bruises from toppling off bicycles, horses, roof tops and what have you than any other child I've ever seen. And I've worked as a practical nurse for many years.

Nor has she changed in that respect.

A few weeks ago I visited her on

the set of "Return of the Creature from the Black Lagoon." When I arrived at about a quarter to twelve, I couldn't locate her anywhere. "We didn't need her for an hour," the assistant director told me. "Why don't you look for her outside somewhere?"

Ten minutes later I found her playing football with some of the crew—dressed in a formal and high-heeled shoes.

Although I worried for years about Lori's tomboyishness, my husband Robert couldn't have been any more pleased about it. For him, she turned into the son he never had.

Take Robert's favorite sport, hunting. His collection includes almost any kind of gun from a Kentucky rifle to a Colt revolver. Lori not only can fire every one of his weapons like an expert, she can take apart, clean, give the nomenclature and explain (Continued on page 81)



A deceptive doll, Lori can take care of herself—she's an expert at judo!

One problem Mom never had—daughter Lori was always popular with the boys







Heaven in her arms: M-G-M star Ann hopes Timmy won't be an only child. She and Dr. Jim want a large family

Ann's bundle from Heaven

He's a lucky baby! Timothy Patrick with his parents, Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim McNulty



• The silver angels on the wall seemed to be dancing in the sunlight. Timothy Patrick McNulty chuckled—and his chubby arms and legs beat a wild tattoo on the soft pillows in his crib. Now a big, bouncing boy of four months, little Tim is a happy baby—with the look of the Irish. And well he might have—for there's a bit of both in the two people who are his world—tall Dr. Jim, his dad, and his dark-haired mother, Ann Blyth, whose lovely face has the look of being close to heaven these days. "The most wonderful thing in the world," Ann calls little Tim. And every day she thanks God for this small bundle of heaven. "When Tim was born," says Ann's beloved Aunt Cissy, "we had to tickle his feet to keep him awake while Ann fed him." But not any more. "He's growing so fast," moans Ann—the love of her baby shining in her eyes.

It's a happy home, the McNultys'—and there isn't a happier woman in Hollywood than tiny Tim's mother, Ann Blyth.

Leslie Caron's fringed bangs, hair brushed severely back from her face, emphasize her elfin charm



Mitzi Gaynor keeps her hair looking casual and natural with vigorous brushing



Audrey Hepburn stays boyishly beautiful with close-cropped hair, but this is not for older faces!



Take GLAMOUR To

Hollywood lets you in on the secret of what the stars do to create those sensational head-lines

● "The Hollywood stars have such beautiful hair," Susan, a teenage neighbor of mine, remarked one day. "What girl wouldn't love to have hair with that sort of glow. You know so many of the stars, is it an illusion? If not—how do they get it?"

No, not an illusion, for to the human eye as to the camera's eye, the hair of the Hollywood stars—despite long hours each week sitting under dryers and working under the burning, hair-drying Klieg lights, despite the bleaching and

the dyeing—does have the lustre, gloss and glow admired by Susan and thousands of her fellow teenagers.

"After dyeing my hair time and again, picture after picture for almost thirteen years, you would think," says Lana Turner, "that I wouldn't have one hair left."

You would think so. Yet Lana's hair is as luxuriant and shining-soft today as in her early teens before she began to dye!

How to have hair like the Hollywood



Ursula Thiess has the glossy hair that comes from frequent and careful shampooing



Debra Paget knows that dyeing, if done properly, often brings out hidden beauty

BY GLADYS HALL

Leslie Caron is in "The Glass Slipper,"

Audrey Hepburn, in "Sabrina,"

Mitzi Gaynor, in "There's No Business Like Show Business,"

Ursula Thiess, in "Bengal Brigade,"

Debra Paget, in "The Gambler from Natchez,"

Jean Simmons, in "The Egyptian,"

Elizabeth Taylor, in "Beau Brummell"

Jean Simmons agrees with the experts—staying under the sun too long dries up the hair

Elizabeth Taylor has "diamond-shaped" face, wears hair full above and below ears to reduce width below cheekbone line



Your HEAD

beauties on this page? This is the question.

For the answer, I went to the Hollywood experts who take glamour to the heads of the Hollywood stars—and keep it there. Notebook in one hand, pencil in the other, I talked with make-up directors and hair stylists at Paramount, 20th Century-Fox and Universal-International Studios. On a few minor points, the experts disagree, as we shall see, but on the importance of a frequent shampoo for (Continued on page 102)



The Rory Calhouns have six happy years together to prove that

● Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun, of Beverly Hills, California, have some very peculiar ideas about marriage. About their marriage, that is. They believe, for instance, that a man and his wife ought to prefer each other's company to that of anyone else in the world, bar none. They also believe this should be just as true ten years after the wedding day as it is ten days after it.

In addition, it is their firm belief that the first person singular, *I*, is a word best used sparingly in marriage; *we* is vastly preferable. These beliefs, they believe, will help them, God willing, to celebrate their golden-wedding anniversary.

Not that Rory and Lita Calhoun are stuffy about

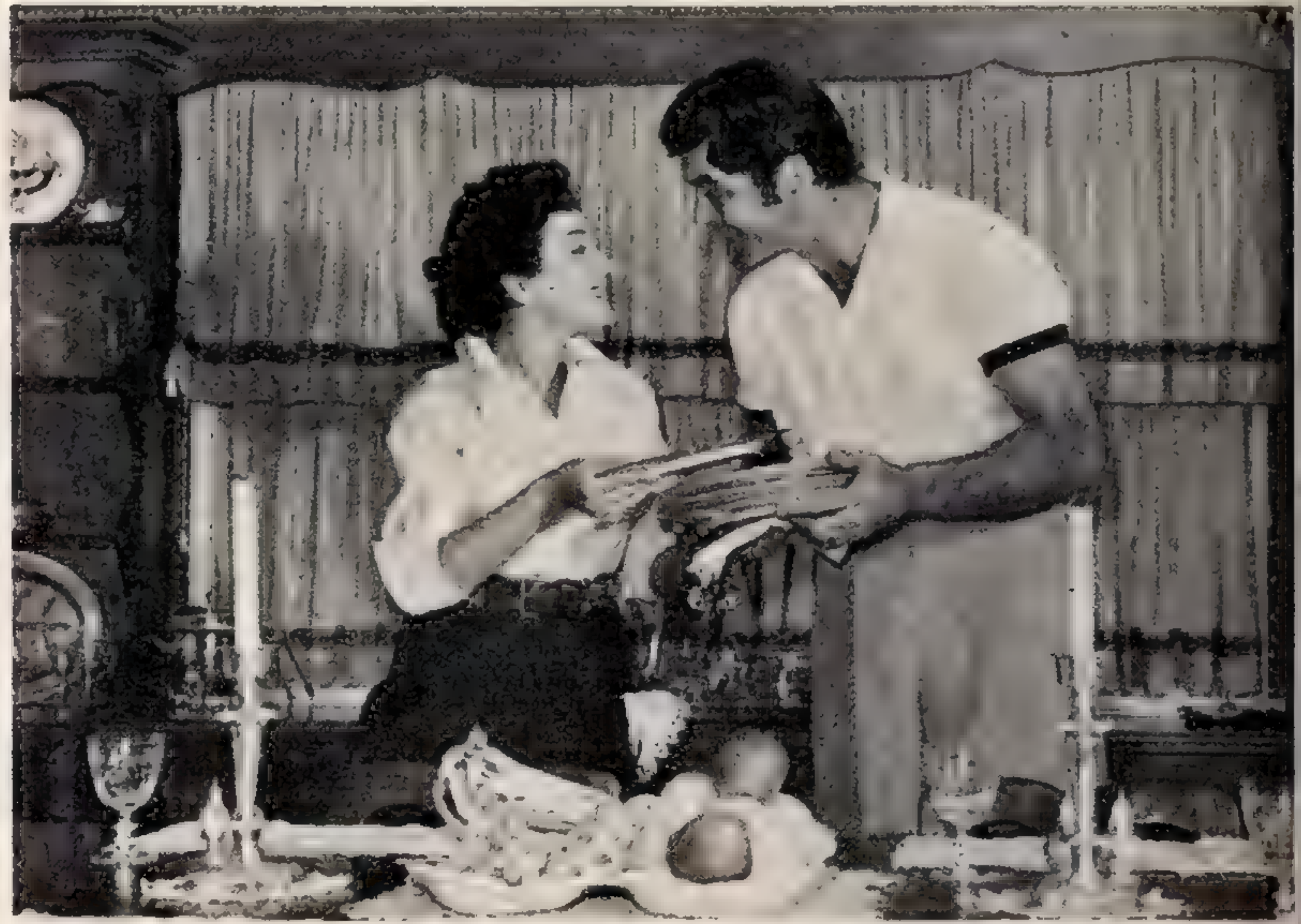
their opinions. You never saw two more relaxed and casual people. They're even shy about discussing their rules for a good marriage. "We don't want to set ourselves up as experts," Rory says. "We're not. We're just a gal and a guy that happen to feel a certain way about each other. Always have. Always will." His eyes, of that startling shade of greenish-blue, meet Lita's limpid hazel ones. "We're old-fashioned, I guess," he says simply.

Maybe this is one way in which it's better to be old-fashioned than modern. Certainly, watching Rory and Lita together, talking to them, getting to understand their two widely different personalities, you

Rory Calhoun is in "Four Guns to the Border"



"We're no experts on marriage," says Rory. "Just a gal and a guy that happen to feel a certain way about each other"



Lita and Rory have no servants. "When you do things around the place yourself, you take more interest in your home"



Lita, a dancer, has learned to rough it outdoors with Rory. And the lone ranger no longer balks at going out formal!



The Calhouns are no angels—both have hot tempers. But when a good, heated battle is over—all is harmony again

opposites can be lasting attractions

know that after six years of marriage they are still supremely happy. More important, you feel that there can't possibly come a time when they'll lose that happiness. It's so darned *solid*, their marriage, like a well-built, well-planned house. You might conceive of something shaking it, but never of anything actually tumbling it.

Yet, about seven years ago, it would have been hard to find two people more obviously unsuited to each other.

There was Rory—lonely, unsure of himself, doubtful of his fellow-man, not even certain that he would like to make acting his career. Born F. T. Durgin, he was black Irish, with all of the Irishman's mercurial temperament, moods and restlessness. His father a seaman, was drowned when Rory was but nine months old. His mother later married again, and Rory and his stepfather became good friends. Yet the boy must have felt some sense of insecurity because even at ten years old he used to leave his home in Santa Cruz for long, solitary rambles in the hills. Taking along a knapsack, .22-rifle and his (Continued on page 107)

SO GLAD THEY MET

By
Dan Senseney





BY RUTH WATERBURY

LOVE IS A COURSE IN WISDOM

*A very clear-eyed little girl
can once again face the future.
For when Jane Powell
lost her heart she found herself
—and a new love*

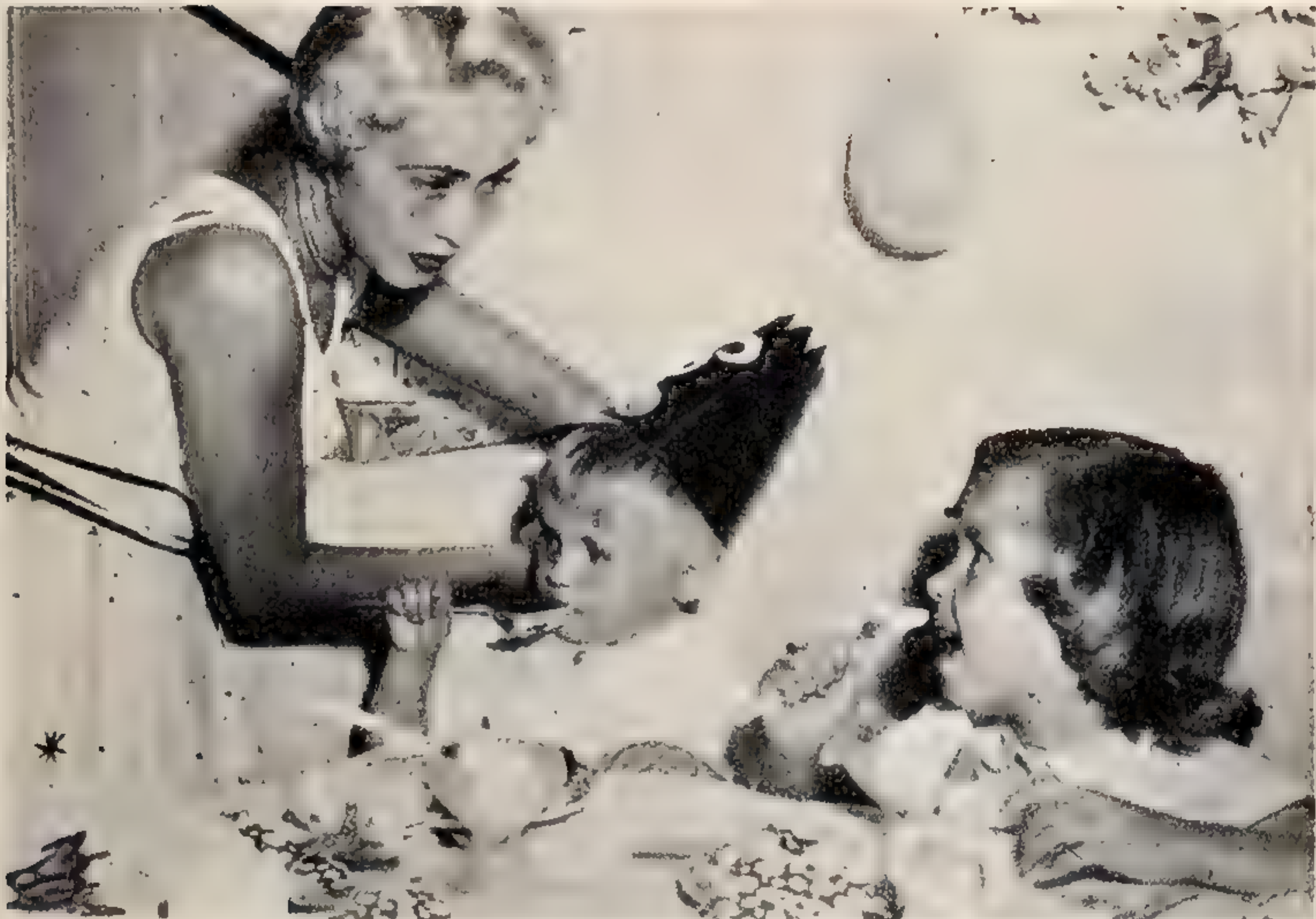
● Jane Powell hummed as she put olive oil on the steak and skewered the ends together so it would fit comfortably on the broiler. One last glance at the refrigerator to see that the salad was chilled and in to kiss young Jay and Sissy good-night.

They were still asking for one more glass of water as the doorbell rang. Handing the glass to the nurse and giving each youngster a quick peck on the cheek, she rushed to open the door.

Actually, this rushing of preparation for dinner hadn't been any different tonight than it had been on many nights during the months previous. Pat Nerney stood at the door as he had done on many another night. Jane greeted Pat and took his hat to the closet as she had a hundred times before. Life was nice; Pat's company comfortable; the children happily laughing their way to sleep in the other room and dinner practically ready to put on the table. Jane should have had an inner feeling of excitement, some premonition of what the evening held for her—but the plain truth is, she didn't.

It wasn't until Pat (Continued on page 84)

Jane Powell is next in "Athena"



While it was the companionship of her two children that eased Jane's loneliness, it was the love of Pat Nerney that healed her wounded heart. Above, son Jay with Pat's daughter Mona Jr.





Cyd Charisse, as a teenager, danced her way through Europe and the U.S. with the Ballet Russe, later taught ballet—won her way to fame dancing with Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly



Ann Miller's dancing won the attention of Lucille Ball—and a movie contract. In "Stage Door," with Ginger Rogers, Ann tapped into the limelight—and has been there ever since

Ballet Belles

With the rising popularity of ballet, Hollywood's taking stock of its dancing daughters—and rediscovering a lot of hidden treasures! Stars are dusting off their dancing shoes—ready and able to prove their terpsichorean talents. Others, like Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell and Jean Simmons are taking ballet lessons—for, as Ginny Mayo says, dancing is great for every girl whether or not she plans to make it her profession. And the chance to dance with such greats as Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly keeps these belles busy on their toes!

Cyd Charisse is in "Brigadoon;" Ann Miller, in "Deep in My Heart;" Virginia Mayo, in "The Silver Chalice;" Taina Elg, in "The Prodigal;" Rita Moreno, in "Garden of Evil;" Colleen Miller, in "Four Guns to the Border"

Rita Moreno studied with Rita Hayworth's uncle, Paco Cansino. She danced in two films, then went into dramatic roles. Rita's still hoping to get back on her feet!

Photographed at Nico Charisse Dance Studio



Colleen Miller was dancing at three, made it her career at fourteen, competed for "Miss America" title when she was sixteen. Now in movies, she's waiting for chance to dance



Shirt by Glad Rags, Beverly Hills

Virginia Mayo danced with the Municipal Opera Company in St. Louis. Then came Broadway and "Banjo Eyes," and the Diamond Horseshoe. Hollywood got her—kept her

Taina Elg danced through Finland into Sadlers Wells Ballet. Actor Mel Ferrer took her to see "Lili" in London. A studio executive saw her—now Taina's on her toes in Hollywood





**THIS IS
YOUR LIFE**

BY
RALPH EDWARDS

Ralph Edwards emcees "This Is Your Life" on NBC-TV, Wed. 10 P. M. EST, for Hazel Bishop Lipstick, Nail Polish and Complexion Glow

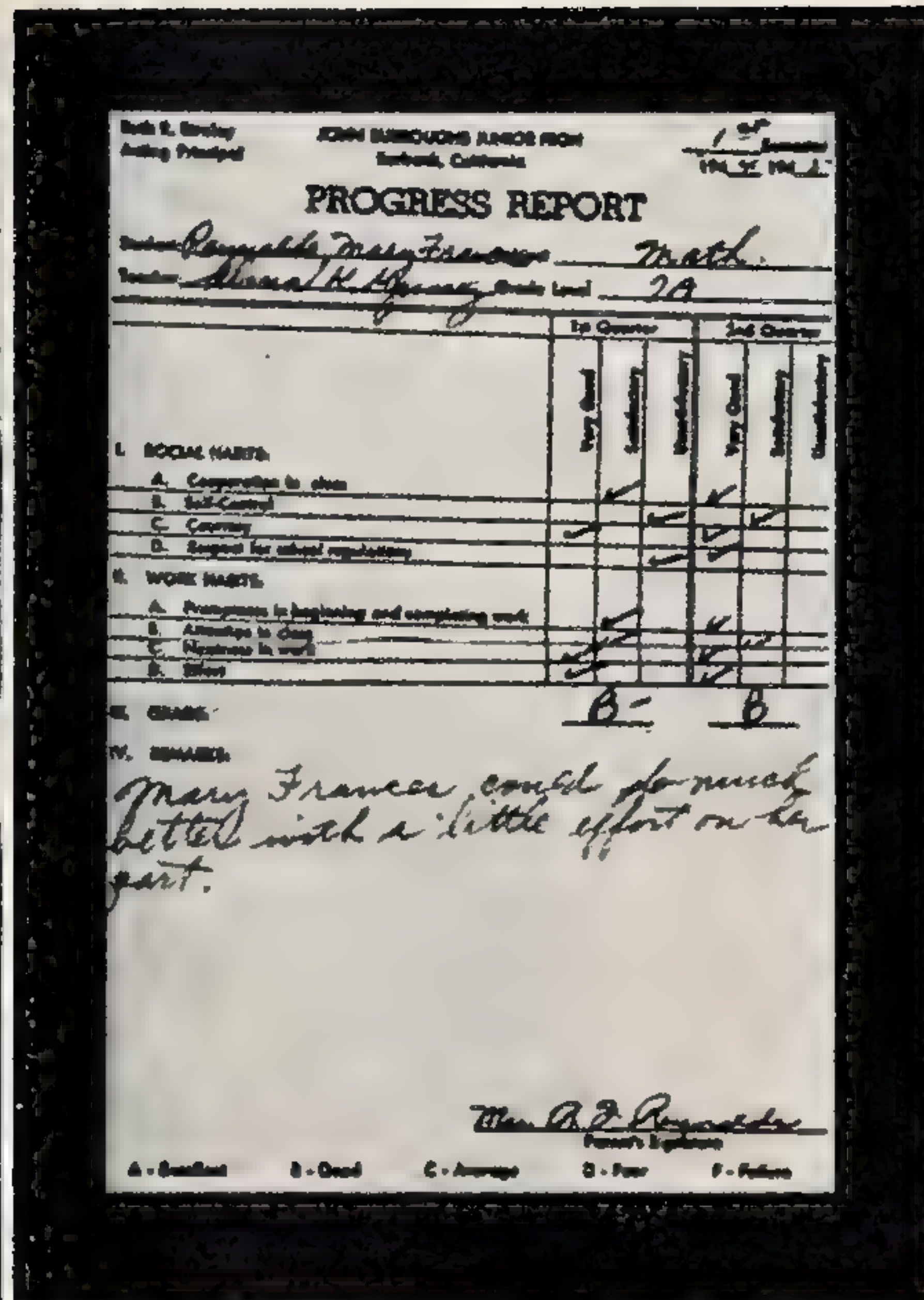
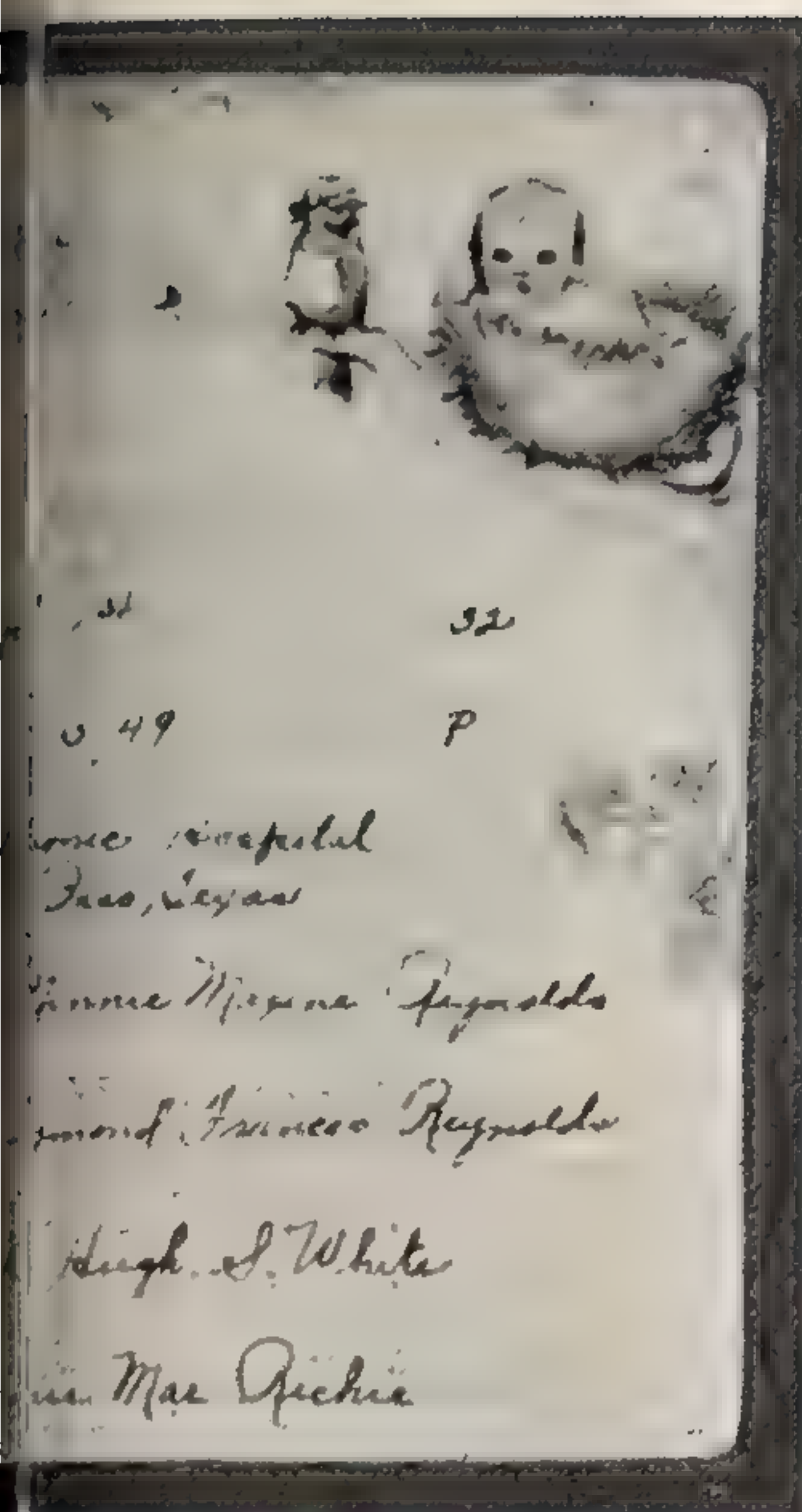
*On April Fool's Day, 1932,
a spirit of mischief was born.
And the warmth and
gaiety of Debbie Reynolds
has been tickling
the heart of the world
ever since!*



GLASSIER THAN LAUGHTER IS SHE

*Debbie Reynolds appears
next in "Athena"*



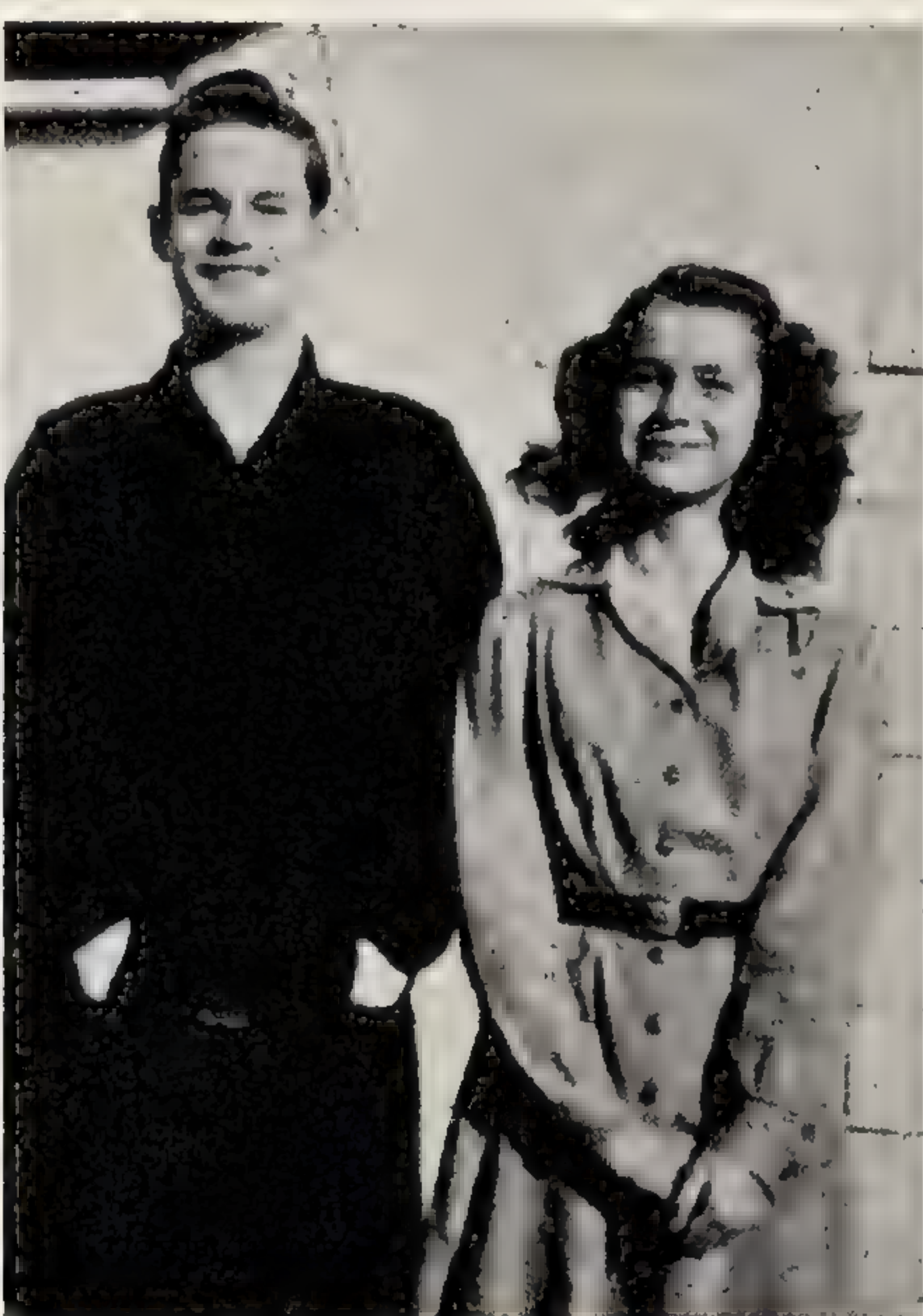


Baby Deb never cried—but, says Mom, she never stopped making a noise!

Five "monsters" heckled a happy Debbie—an impish brother and four stalwart uncles

Her report card speaks for itself. School was never dull for teacher in Debbie's day!

First date—a box of candy, a five-cent matinee and Debbie's beau went home broke!



Home, sweet home in Burbank. The family has lived here fourteen years

As girl scout, Bill's kid sister was breaking records winning prizes, merit badges

Leader of the band. Deb led fifty twirling batons at the head of all the civic parades!

Clowning at contest put her in movies! With Ann Harding in "Magnificent Yankee"

● For you, these are the green years—and no young star deserves them more. . . .

You're an April Fooler. You were born on the day that's dedicated to laughter, but in a depression year when there was little laughter in the land. Growing up, you have one desire—to make faces happier and hearts lighter, wherever you are.

You're enshrined in the mind of every son of Uncle Sam. You're the girl-next-door—to all that means Young America. Your laughter and your saucy sparkle endear you today to every family.

You believe in "lucky stars." And yours is guided by a faith as simple as it is strong. Your faith—that your

lucky star will guide you only as long as you deserve it.

You were born under a lucky Lone Star, where the hot Texas sun beats down on the sleepy Rio Grande. "El Paso," they call it south of the border. The Pass. And you followed your lucky star through that pass and into a magic land of laughter and escape. A land where Fate must have willed you to be—and where you reach millions with your happy message.

Your star was watching over you, even before you were born. During fateful hours, and weeks, when medicine's skill battled for your mother's life, Debbie Reynolds, and for your own. . . .

In March 1932, along with many others, your father,

Continued



Being in movies doesn't change Deb—she's still Dad's girl, getting up early to pack his lunch



The little bungalow has a pool now—to entertain old friends and new. And Mom's clever fingers are kept busy—no need now for Deb to wear made-over dresses!



But there's another side to Deb—a side the men in Korea, in the hospital wards—see and love



With "Singin' in the Rain," Deb moves into star ranks, wins PHOTOPLAY '52 Award for her acting

CLAYEYER THAN LAUGHTER IS SHE

Continued

Raymond Reynolds, a carpenter, has been laid off by the railroad. He works wherever he can. He's working now for a dollar a day, a 14-hour shift—at a filling station. Your parents and your two-year-old brother Bill live in a little two-room rock house behind the station. During the hot summer months they sleep under a canvas shelter outside. During the winter there's an old gas heater—that begins leaking deadly fumes. One day near the time when you are due to be born, your mother is rushed to the Masonic Hospital, overcome by the fumes. For a month doctors battle carbon-monoxide poisoning that threatens both of your lives.

They win. And on April 1 you arrive. Your name is Mary Frances, and as your mother Maxene Reynolds says,



Deb remains loyal to the Scouts—never refuses her aid. Above, at benefit, with Joe DiMaggio



The kid isn't clowning when she says, "I want a good marriage—like Bill's, and a baby like Gale"



Deb's still a tomboy, turning up her nose at glamour, preferring baseball with Bill to romance!



After Gene Kelly, she's a natural for song and dance role with Don O'Connor in "I Love Melvin"



With Dick Powell in "Susan Slept Here," Deb's dream comes true—she's hailed as hit comedienne!



"A wonderful, wonderful girl," says singer Eddie Fisher. And there's a new glow to the little Texas tomboy

you're born with a permanent smile.

"Frannie never cried. She made her noise after she was big enough to talk—and she hasn't stopped since. However, she made a distracting sound then, a happy gurgling 'Ooohhhh'—that went on all the time. Her brother would say, 'Make the baby shut up.' But when she got quiet, I'd know she was into something and then I'd really have to run. Still, she slept a lot, and today she can still fall asleep any time . . . and just about anywhere. This I've heard her explain with, 'My mother was gassed before I was born. I was born sleepy, and that's why I've been so sleepy all my life.'"

You were born wide awake, too, and yours is a happy-hearted clan, no matter how tough the times. You have

your family celebrations, even on a Thanksgiving when there's nothing in the cupboard to celebrate with, as your mother recalls. . . .

"Even if we didn't have a nickel, we managed to observe holidays and family birthdays some way. My mother would say, 'The kids won't remember whether they wore mended clothes, but they will remember the fun they had.' It wasn't always too easy. We took in washing for awhile; Dad worked for the WPA and we lived with my parents for two years after Frannie was born. Sometimes we couldn't afford a Christmas tree, but we'd manage some way to see that Santa Claus didn't disappoint them—even if the bike was secondhand. One Thanksgiving Day my husband took his gun and went out

hunting for a rabbit for dinner. He came back with a turkey instead. He said it was a wild turkey, but I've always suspected that it came off somebody's farm. We picked buckshot out of that turkey for a week."

Yes, your dress may be mended but you grow up with many memories of warm family fun. You also grow up surrounded by five monsters, your mischievous brother and four uncles, who heckle you. In kindergarten you love to play with the beautiful life-sized Shirley Temple doll that's there. You have no doll like that at home. But out of necessity you're early skilled in skinning a cat and catching a fast baseball, too. You knock yourself out trying to keep up with the boys. If they climb a tree, you have (Continued on page 109)



PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1954-55

In 1920, PHOTOPLAY magazine made its first Gold Medal Award. Now, for the first time, we are giving you, the readers, a chance to participate directly in selecting the outstanding male and female performers and the outstanding film of the current year.

The ballot below gives you the chance to register your opinion. Remember, your votes will determine the final awards.

As a guide to selecting your favorite stars and movies, we are listing, on these two pages, the movies released this year and the names of the featured players.

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1954

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER _____

BEST MALE PERFORMER _____

BEST FILM OF 1954 _____

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS,
Box 1291, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots
must be received no later than December 10, 1954. You
need not sign your name — but do mail your vote today!

STARS

Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Autry, Gene
Ball, Suzan
Barker, Lex
Baxter, Anne
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Booth, Shirley
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Burton, Richard
Calhoun, Rory
Caron, Leslie
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Clift, Montgomery
Clooney, Rosemary
Cochran, Steve
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Crowley, Pat
Curtis, Tony
Dahl, Arlene
Damone, Vic
Darvi, Bella
Day, Doris
DeCarlo, Yvonne
Douglas, Kirk
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Francis, Robert
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Garland, Judy
Garson, Greer
Grable, Betty
Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Stewart
Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Hepburn, Audrey
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kerr, Deborah
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando

MOVIES OF 1954

Lancaster, Burt
 Laurie, Piper
 Leigh, Janet
 Lemmon, Jack
 MacMurray, Fred
 Madison, Guy
 Martin, Dewey
 Martin & Lewis
 Mason, James
 Mature, Victor
 Mayo, Virginia
 Milland, Ray
 Mitchell, Camieron
 Mitchum, Robert
 Monroe, Marilyn
 Moore, Terry
 Murphy, Audie
 Nader, George
 Novak, Kim
 O'Connor, Donald
 O'Hara, Maureen
 Paget, Debra
 Palance, Jack
 Parker, Eleanor
 Peck, Gregory
 Peters, Jean
 Pidgeon, Walter
 Powell, Dick
 Powell, Jane
 Power, Tyrone
 Purdom, Edmund
 Reed, Donna
 Reynolds, Debbie
 Rogers, Ginger
 Rogers, Roy
 Roland, Gilbert
 Rush, Barbara
 Russell, Jane
 Saint, Eva Marie
 Simmons, Jean
 Sinatra, Frank
 Stack, Robert
 Stanwyck, Barbara
 Stewart, James
 Taylor, Elizabeth
 Taylor, Robert
 Thompson, Carlos
 Tierney, Gene
 Todd, Richard
 Tracy, Spencer
 Turner, Lana
 Wagner, Robert
 Wayne, John
 Webb, Clifton
 Webb, Jack
 Widmark, Richard
 Wilding, Michael
 Williams, Esther
 Winters, Shelley
 Wyman, Jane
 Wynn, May

About Mrs. Leslie
 Act of Love
 Adventures of Robinson Crusoe
 Americano, The
 Apache
 Barefoot Contessa, The
 Beat the Devil
 Beau Brummell
 Bengal Brigade
 Big Rainbow, The
 Black Shield of Falworth, The
 Brigadoon
 Broken Lance
 Caine Mutiny, The
 Carnival Story
 Casanova's Big Night
 Command, The
 Country Girl
 Creature from the Black Lagoon
 Dangerous Mission
 Deep in My Heart
 Demetrius and the Gladiators
 Desiree
 Dial "M" for Murder
 Dragnet
 Drum Beat
 Easy to Love
 Eddie Cantor Story, The
 Egyptian, The
 Elephant Walk
 Executive Suite
 Flame and the Flesh
 Forever Female
 Francis Joins the WACS
 French Line, The
 Garden of Evil
 Glenn Miller Story, The
 Green Fire
 Hell and High Water
 Hell Below Zero
 High and the Mighty, The
 His Majesty O'Keefe
 Hobson's Choice
 Hondo
 Indiscretion of an American Wife
 It Should Happen to You
 Johnny Dark
 Johnny Guitar
 Jupiter's Darling
 King Richard and the Crusaders

Knights of the Round Table
 Knock on Wood
 Little Kidnappers, The
 Living It Up
 Long, Long Trailer, The
 Lucky Me
 Ma and Pa Kettle at Home
 Magnificent Obsession
 Man with a Million
 Men of the Fighting Lady
 Money from Home
 Miss Sadie Thompson
 Naked Alibi
 Naked Jungle, The
 Night People
 On the Waterfront
 Paratrooper
 Passion
 Phffft
 Prince Valiant
 Purple Plain, The
 Pushover
 Rear Window
 Red Garters
 Rhapsody
 River of No Return
 Rob Roy
 Rose Marie
 Sabrina
 Saskatchewan
 Secret of the Incas
 Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
 She Couldn't Say No
 Son of Sinbad
 Star Is Born, A
 Student Prince, The
 Suddenly
 Susan Slept Here
 Them
 This Is My Love
 Three Coins in the Fountain
 Track of the Cat
 Vanishing Prairie, The
 Vera Cruz
 Walking My Baby Back Home
 White Christmas
 Wild One, The
 Woman's World
 Yankee Pasha
 Young at Heart

**Vote Today. Choose your Favorite Stars
 and Movie. Mail your Ballot Today!**

Judy's Painting



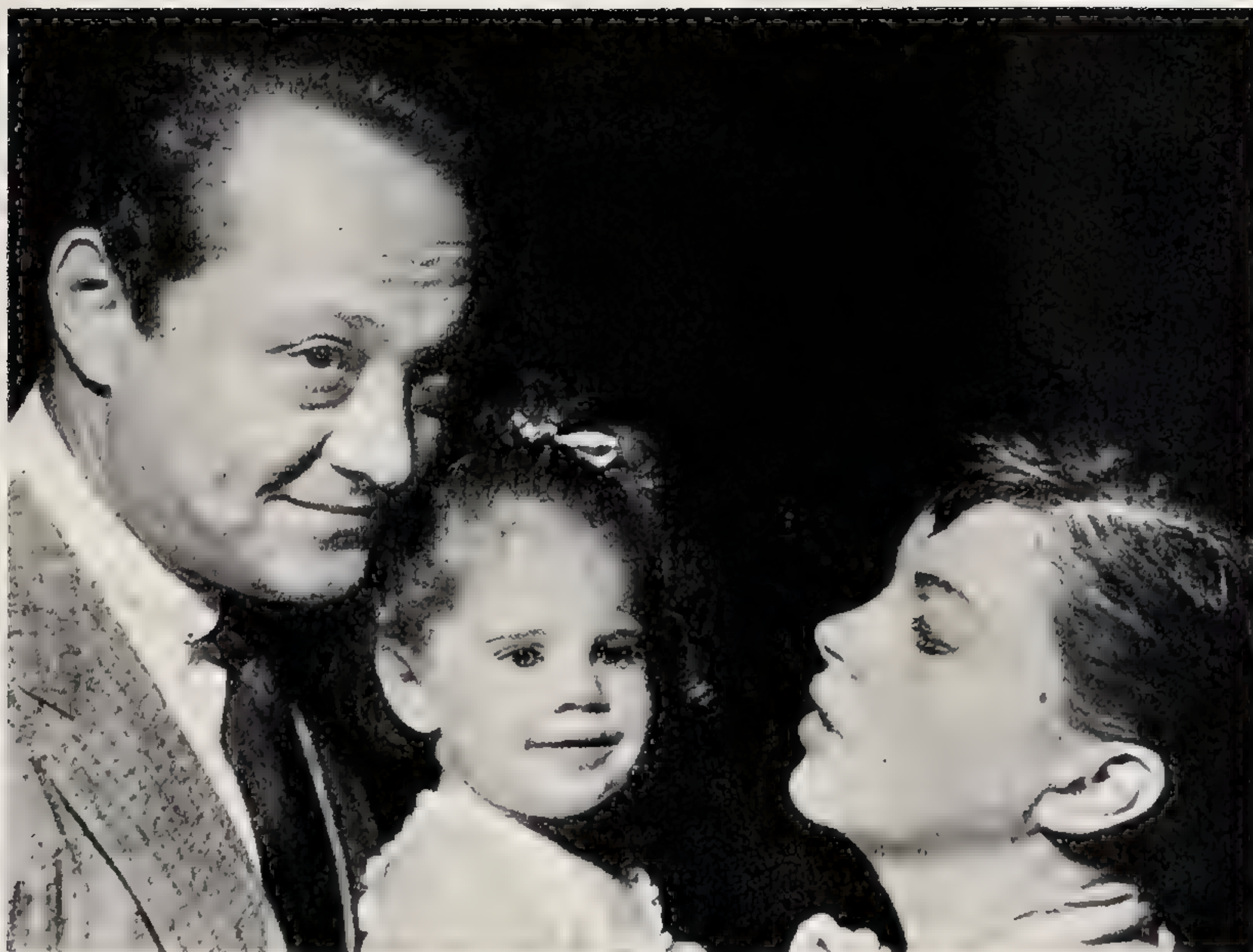
At a party, following completion of her film. The new Judy has learned to laugh at herself—to appreciate, at last, her great ability as an actress

*Out of anguish, tears
and determination
a picture was born.
But the greatest story
is not on film.
It is the story of a
woman's struggle against
age-old fears—
a story of Judy Garland's
greatest triumph*

*Judy Garland on set
of "A Star Is Born"*



the Clouds with Sunshine



The most important allies in Judy's fight against fears have been her love for her children (Lorna, above), the never-failing encouragement and understanding of her producer husband, Sid Luft

BY BUD GOODE

● The close-cropped, dark head of Judy Garland barely showed against the lighted screen of the projection room as she wiggled farther down into her seat. The credits flashed by for her latest motion picture, "A Star Is Born," and she twisted a little nervously in the theatre seat. Beside her sat Sid Luft, her husband and the producer who had staked his all on the fact that his wife, the woman he believes in so thoroughly, is the greatest performer of this generation.

The studio personnel in the projection room were tense—on this picture they had invested more than six million dollars and over a year of shooting time. It better be good! The picture opened and you could feel the tension ease as the audience began to forget themselves. Suddenly, over the sound track, came the sound of Judy's gay voice. Holding her sides, she was joining the others in the projection room in laughter. As the scene ended, she said over her shoulder, "I know this is terrible; I shouldn't be laughing at myself—but it's so funny it just slays me!"

As a team, Sid and Judy are unbeatable—he has made a career out of guiding her great talent

There is also a sadness in "A Star Is Born" that has the quality of a lonely child's tears. Judy, watching, sobbed quietly. Then as the tender love scene with James Mason came on, she exclaimed: "Watch this part! Oh, that Mason, he's great! Just great!" Finally at the end, the men who knew they had a great motion picture on their hands, heard her turn to Sid and say, "You know, I wasn't aware I was watching me. I

Continued





Judy and stand-in Betty O'Kelly share a joke on location. Judy wasn't fighting her uphill battle alone. The entire studio crew were pulling for her from their bootstraps

Judy's Painting the Clouds with Sunshine

Continued

completely forgot I was looking at Judy Garland."

Sid smiled gently at Judy and his face grew even prouder as he watched her receiving the compliments of the studio people. For Sid, as well as everyone else present, knew what a complete triumph this statement had been for Judy. After these brief two and a half hours of seeing a rough cut of "A Star Is Born," Judy Garland had given the first sign that she had an inkling of her own greatness, the first sign that she was beginning to appreciate her own abilities—her statement was the outward sign of confidence in herself, confidence in the Judy Garland who has for thirty-two years increasingly lived with fear.

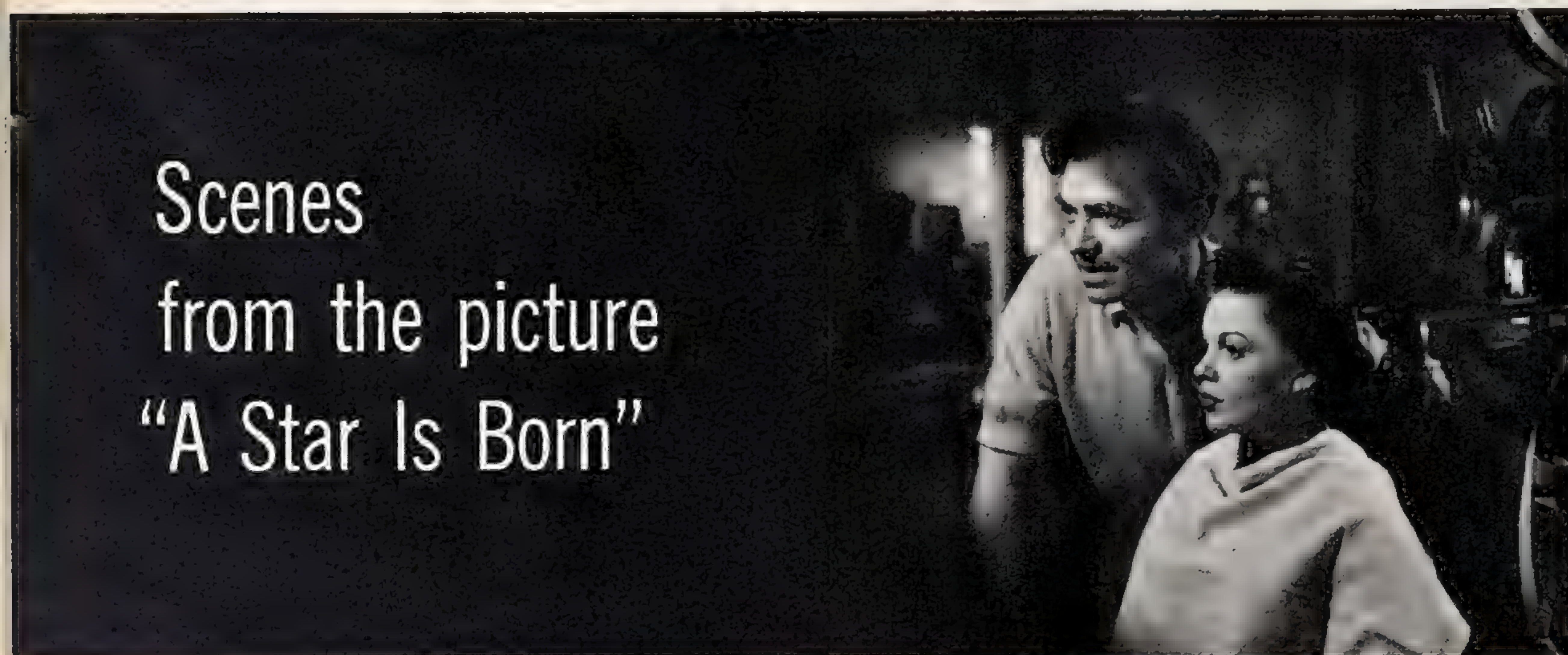
Just when this pattern of fear first began in Judy, perhaps even she couldn't tell you. There is little in her early childhood to indicate the complex, sometimes troubled, sometimes hysterically happy woman Judy was to become.

At the time Judy Garland was born Frances Gumm (her father had expected her to be a boy), the Gumm family

consisted of Mary Jane, seven years old, and Virginia, two. Judy's mother Ethel and her father Francis were owners and managers of the New Grand Theatre in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. As time came to obscure the events of Judy's childhood years, people came to assume that Judy had been raised by a vaudeville troupe practically out of a theatre trunk. This isn't true. Ethel Gumm was playing the piano in a vaudeville house when Francis Gumm met and married her, and for two years before Mary Jane was born, Francis sang and Ethel played the piano in vaudeville houses. But when Mary Jane was on the way, the about-to-be parents bought their theatre and settled down to raise their family.

Judy first sang on the stage at her father's Christmas program. She sang "Jingle Bells" and stopped the show. After this performance, Ethel, who loved the theatre, started training Judy just as she had trained Judy's sisters before her. By the time Judy was five, Virginia seven and Mary Jane twelve, the Gums had a *(Continued on page 74)*

Scenes from the picture "A Star Is Born"



James Mason as Maine, Judy as Esther.



"That Mason—he's so great," said Judy



The producer and the star. For Judy, her marriage to Sid Luyt is a real-life love story that spells success



"Lose That Long Face" number

Singing "Gotta Have You Go with Me"

A star is acclaimed—Judy, in Awards scene

Judy's Painting the Clouds with Sunshine

continued

dancing and singing trio who could stop anyone's show. But it wasn't until Judy was almost thirteen that the Gumm sisters came to be known to vaudeville.

A couple of years before this event—one that was to lead Judy to the entrance of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—the fateful decision had been made by Francis and Ethel to sell the New Grand Theatre, pack their two-seater Ford and with Granny Milne head for Los Angeles. There it was planned that they would buy another theatre in one of the small towns near the movie capital. It was at this point that perhaps fate, in its own peculiar way, tried to interfere—the night the Gumm sisters were to leave, all the money they had been saving for their trip was stolen. Perhaps in that hour of indecision, fate was rooting for the small town, far from the heartbreak and troubles that were to descend in Hollywood. . . .

In Lancaster, California, Francis Gumm managed his small-town theatre, and a few months later, the family was to move to Huntington, and Judy, along with her sisters, was to take up her regular schooling. Ill health plagued Francis Gumm and funds were soon running low as the depression years continued. Ethel Gumm worked out a routine for her daughters and soon they were entertaining wherever they could get an appearance to help with the finances of the family.

Then one night the Gumm sisters "wowed 'em." It was the night of a civic banquet at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. The crowd loved them and they couldn't tear themselves away from the stage until nearly midnight. Ethel, at the piano, gratefully handed over the girls' first check to Mary Jane, the oldest. The check was for \$1.50. The adulation that took place that night, however, was far richer—with it came inspiration and Ethel and the girls decided to try their luck on a nationwide tour.

On a bus to Denver, three excited young girls and a worried mother who had left an ailing husband behind planned and schemed and dreamed of the glory—and the money—that would be theirs. And this trip was truly to be different. There were triumphs in Denver; disappointments in Chicago, when their agent refused to handle them with a try at the Oriental Theatre—but, in turn, again the magic touch from the hand of fate helped out when a drummer at the Oriental tipped Ethel to a booking that fell through and the girls were hired as substitutes! The Gumm girls gave their all and the audience gave them applause and curtain calls. And a man by the name of George Jessel said it was too bad they'd be famous and be called the "glumm" or the "bumm" or whatever sisters in reviews. He picked the name Garland from the Chicago columnist Robert Garland. And Frances became Judy; Virginia, Jinny and Mary Jane took the name of Suzanne. Complete with their new names they

toured to Denver, Kansas City and then back home to father. Summer was at hand and the next booking was fabulous Lake Tahoe where the girls could work nights and rest days under the mountain sun.

Lake Tahoe's Lodge customers liked the Garland sisters but nothing much happened until the fateful day when Ethel piled the girls and their luggage into the family car. Jinny left her red hat box in the lobby in her hurry to respond to Ethel's pleading to get going. Judy, being youngest, was sent back for the box and it was at that moment that song composer Harry Axt, composer of "Dinah," introduced Judy to an agent.

Back in Los Angeles, and once again settled at home, the three girls began their more normal kind of existence—normal, that is, until about a month later when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer called the Garland home to find out about a girl called Judy whom they had heard could sing. Francis, Judy's father, was home and Judy was out mowing the lawn. He took Judy to the studio as she was and she sang. She sang her heart out with that natural *zing* that has since sent her soaring to the heights. Hearing her, Ida Mae Koverman, then Louis B. Mayer's beloved secretary, called Mr. Mayer on the telephone and asked if he could take time out for an unusual experience. He did. And Judy walked out of the studio with a seven-year contract. Her father was at her side. This was in October. In November, Francis Gumm died, leaving a disconsolate Judy to face her future.

Money worries beset the family and Judy, now a serious young lady with a pixie face, worried right along with her mother. When a check came from the studio each Friday, Judy, naive and more than a little uneasy, would debate each week whether or not to cash it. Both Ethel and Judy felt that the studio would want Judy to pay the money back when the bookkeeper found out that she hadn't done a lick of work for it. Finally, the studio wheels turned and Judy was called for her first role, to be followed soon after by a second, and finally she was set by Mervyn LeRoy as *Dorothy* in "The Wizard of Oz." Jinny by this time had married and Suzanne had settled down to keeping house. Life couldn't have been pleasanter with Judy singing and dancing her heart out, financial worries over, and fame and even more of a fortune waiting around the corner.

When then did fear take over and happiness escape just beyond Judy's fingertips?

Some say it started way back in her teens when Lana Turner was the sweater-girl darling of the Metro lots and Judy felt she was the ugly duckling who couldn't compete with such beauty. She wasn't even certain of her ability to sing and dance—consequently she'd spend fatiguing hours working and reworking the simplest (*Continued on page 93*)

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



Photographs by Christa at Ambassador Hotel's Palm Court

This month's Photoplay Fashion Award goes to two of the prettiest young "informals" destined to glide across the dance floor this coming holiday season. Left: May Wynn, who will next be seen in Columbia's "Violent Men," appears in sophisticated black velveteen, embroidered with tiny rose buds and fashioned in new holiday proportions. Flared skirt has its own taffeta petticoat.

7-15. In blue, black, red, purple, brown Merrimac velveteen. \$39.95. Who says opposites don't attract? Black crepe top and creamy taffeta skirt mix and mate to form the perfect dancing partner for Columbia's Lucy Marlow, soon to be seen in Warners' "A Star Is Born." The skirt's underscored by taffeta petticoat. 7-15. \$29.95. Gowns by Claudia Young of Young Modes. Ingber bag

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS



A pretty girl in a pretty gown and Paramount's Pat Crowley takes a quick last look before answering the door. Circling tulle skirt is held out wide on its own tulle underskirt; a zipper's behind the form-fitting velvet top. 8-16. In black with pink white underskirt. \$49.95. Fred Perlberg. Kayser gloves

Off to a good start are Paramount's Marla English of "Rear Window" and Dick Allan of 20th's "The Egyptian." Marla is wearing a delustered aqua satin strapless with softly flared waltz-length skirt. The fitted bodice is carefully adorned with tiny rhinestone buttons and overlap bow. 8-16. Also in red, emerald, peacock, blue, pink. \$45. Fred Perlberg. La Tausca pearls. Magid bag. Loose-fitting, milium-lined gray wool coat, Printz Biederman. \$69.95. Also in red, royal teal, tan, cognac, black, moss. All stars wear nylon tricot petticoats by Mojud. Dick wears tuxedo by FORMAL WEAR. INSTITUTE

IT'S TIME TO GO FORMAL



It's a lucky you to find yourself with an invitation to a formal. For the gowns this season are wonderful things. Shorter in length, as you may have noticed, twice as full—all the better to dance in—their whole purpose in life seems to be to accent a young figure, highlight it with a splash of lively color

Above: Paramount's star Joanne Gilbert shows why black has become a favorite of the younger set. Here, a black embroidered taffeta dinner dress with velvet-accented midriff. 7-15. \$30. Campus Juniors. Kramer jewelry. Right: Bare back, bare shoulders, tiny waist, swirling skirt . . . reasons why Paramount's Fran Lansing finds this a perfect party formal. Of pale blue net over nylon tulle with colored-sequinned bodice. Also in pink, white, aqua, champagne, black. 7-15. \$69.95. Kay Selig. Escort Dick Shannon, of Paramount's "Run for Cover" in tuxedo by FORMAL WEAR INSTITUTE

For Where to Buy
turn
to page 101



She'll be so proud, the girl who receives a Bulova 17-jewel "Goddess of Time," 4 diamonds, expansion band, \$71.50 with tax



For Him: Bulova's "23" jewel self-winding watch, shock-resistant, water-proof with bracelet-type leather band, \$85 with tax



IT'S TIME TO DRESS UP FOR



TV

For
Where to Buy
turn to page 101



PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Party plans mean dressing up. Miraslava of U.A.'s "Stranger on Horseback" wears a two-piece suit of black wool jersey that takes its shape from a matador's. 8-16. Also in red, turquoise, camel, olive green, gray. Blouse, \$8.95; pants, \$14.95. By Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl. Ciner Jewelry

Date night! Take your cue on what to wear from Mona Freeman of Warners' "Battle Cry," who chooses a coordinated top of orange wool jersey, teams it with a fully lined quilted skirt of patterned white cotton, with blouse-matching cummerbund. Blouse, \$10.95; skirt, \$17.95. 7-15. By Ilene Rickey

Gang's coming? Miraslava suggests slipping into long red velveteen lounging pants, practical because they're washable. 10-20. Also in black, blue. \$10.95. Shire-Tex slacks by Davenshire. Cotton print blouse in white with red/gray; brown/aqua; navy/gold. 30-38. \$3.98. By Ship'n Shore. Fashion belts

For moderns with taste: on page 78 (left), The Waldorf, Zenith's 21" TV, hi-fi Radio, Phonograph combination, in limed oak veneer with exposed oak solids. At right, the more conventional RCA cabinet-style, large screen TV. Left on this page, Admiral's giant 21" TV—the Del Monte—in mahogany finish. Below: Emerson's TV table model on revolving wrought-iron stand



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IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

(Continued from page 53)

the purpose of each tiny part in every one of them.

He first took her hunting with him when she was just a tike. They used to get up at four in the morning and drive out to Palmdale, Red Rock Canyon or Simi Valley where they could find rabbits. At seven Lori could already qualify as a sharpshooter. Today, when she and her father go out to the police range in Chatsworth, Lori hits the bull's-eye almost as often as a professional.

Fortunately, my husband has instilled within her a healthy respect for safety measures—though I haven't always approved of his methods.

Robert kept his guns loaded at all times, claiming this is safer than leaving them empty. "People get careless when they think they have nothing to fear from a weapon. Then, when they accidentally do have ammunition in a gun, it might prove fatal," he claimed.

He stuck to that theory until the evening a loaded gun went off accidentally and shot him through the arm. Thereafter he kept the ammunition out of his weapons.

Hunting is only one of the many sports in which Lori has a chance to show her prowess. At six, she was so good at trick horseback riding that her instructor Mark Smith wanted to team her with his boy's professionals. As a swimmer, she won many competitions, with the result that when she was 13, she was working as a swimming instructor after school for a children's nursery. But it's in judo that she really excels—and surprises everyone who has seen her in action.

Four years ago, when Robert became deputy sheriff for Los Angeles County, he received judo training as part of his instruction. But practicing at the police academy once a week wasn't enough for him, and he started to look for a partner closer to home. The choice, of course, fell on Lori—who was only too happy to oblige. Soon my husband as well as most of our neighbors and relatives began to have a healthy respect for Lori's abilities, but every once in a while she runs into a doubting Thomas who doesn't believe anyone as feminine-looking as Lori can defend herself. One such skeptic, Billy Dove's son, Bob Kennaston, wouldn't believe it.

We had Bob over one Sunday evening, and after supper he started to kid Lori about her judo. "I'd like to see you throw anyone my size over your shoulder."

Before Lori had a chance to answer, my husband spoke up. "I bet she could have you flat on your back so fast you'd never know what happened to you!"

Six-foot-two Bob thought this was a big joke and playfully chased her through the den and living room. Suddenly Lori stopped, turned, reached with one hand for his throat, grabbed his arm with the other, put her left leg behind his right and with the other kicked back his left leg. An instant later she applied a wrist lock that made Bob helpless—and he had to admit he'd underestimated my little "feminine" girl.

My husband, an engineer by degree, avocation and avocation, has always prided himself on his mechanical skill. Since he married a woman who still can't tell the difference between pliers and a wrench, he had no one with whom to discuss and share his mechanical problems—until finally he made a first-class mechanic out of his daughter. Today, she is equally at home repairing a clock or taking apart our power lawnmower.

About a month ago, Lori and I were

driving down Ventura Boulevard toward Studio City when our car started to sputter, vibrate and shake. Finally it came to an ignominious stop near one of the main intersections.

Lori got out, raised the hood and tinkered around the motor with parts I can't even describe.

Just then, a couple of high-school or college boys walked up, and seeing Lori bending over the engine nearly died laughing! The bigger one sounded very generous and very manly when he offered to take a look at the engine for her.

"No, thanks," said Lori. "I'll manage."

"If you don't trust him, I'll be glad to call a garageman," his pal suggested.

"That won't be necessary either. It's all done," said Lori as she slammed down the hood, climbed back into the car, dusted off her hands—and started the engine.

When we took off, I couldn't help overhearing one of the fellows say, "Well, I'll be darned."

In raising Lori, I had only one big problem. But it was one which continued for almost a year and a half: She became so ill we were afraid of losing her. When that happened, all caution and common sense went out of the window.

She had just turned seven when she came home from school one afternoon with a high fever and a sore mouth.

At the time an epidemic of trench mouth

was spreading through the valley schools and that's what we thought she had. Since we had just moved to California from New Mexico and didn't have a physician of our own, we got in touch with the city health doctor who diagnosed it as undulant fever and thought Lori might have gotten it from drinking raw milk.

The next day Lori felt worse. We took her back to the doctor. This time he diagnosed her symptoms as typhoid fever, the following day as diphtheria and the day after as small-pox.

By the fifth day—after five different diagnoses—we were desperate. Lori was so weak she could hardly move or talk. We called another physician, but he refused to take us when he found out we had already contacted the city health doctor. "She's his patient," he said. All our pleading was to no avail.

Really desperate now, we called the Children's Hospital—only to be turned down again, this time because my husband was employed.

Something had to be done, and quickly. Robert was furious, almost beside himself with worry, and wrapping Lori in a blanket, drove to the doctor who had earlier refused to take her because she was someone else's patient. He walked straight into the doctor's office and demanded Lori be treated.

Lori, it turned out, had a serious blood infection which might have been fatal if it had been left untreated much longer. In addition, rheumatic fever had set in, which added a second danger to an already precarious situation.

The doctor wanted to send her to a hospital, but at my insistence he let me take care of her at home. As a nurse, I was able to give Lori constant and loving attention, knew it would be more pleasant for her at home.

It took Lori a long time to get well. For a year and a half our lives centered around her. To look after her I gave up my job. We took her out of public school and hired a private teacher. Her every wish was our command. I knew this wasn't good for her emotional development, but it was necessary to her health.

Probably the hardest task in those days was to keep her from participating in sports. Her rheumatic fever made it necessary to prohibit exercise of any kind, and although Lori loved all sports, she had to sit and watch her little pals having fun playing games, while she moved slowly and cautiously. It was hard on her. It was harder on my husband.

Lori cried lots in those days. To divert her thoughts, I gave many little parties with cakes and ice cream for the neighborhood kids.

Yet two things quickly became apparent: Lori was rapidly becoming spoiled, and she was becoming overly dependent on me. Some corrective measures had to be taken.

My decision to send her back to the local grammar school after she had been at home so long was one of the most difficult in my life. I knew the handicaps she faced. It was like sending her out in the world, all alone and unprotected. Actually it was worse than it had been on her very first day in school.

The result was not a happy one. The year that followed was the most unhappy period of her life.

Having been away so long, she had a lot of readjustments to make. All the things I had done for her, she suddenly had to do for herself. She was unable to participate in most outdoor activities, which all of her friends were doing, and

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS OUR ADVERTISERS

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THE EDITORS

she never liked indoor things. This made her feel "left out."

To make matters worse, it so happened that during this same difficult time another girl, one of the leaders of a group that was later expelled, tried in every way to humiliate Lori, usually by starting "chants" about her inability to participate in any of the activities.

When Lori came home in tears day after day, my husband and I knew something would have to be done.

We went to see the principal, who called the trouble-maker into his office. "Why did you start those chants?" he asked her.

"I don't know," she said.

"You must have had some reasons."

"Well, I guess it was fun to see her cry."

Children can be cruel without meaning to be so. The principal knew it, my husband did and so did I. But how were we going to explain it to Lori?

At home that night, I had a long heart-to-heart talk with her. "The more you cry, the more the other children will tease you. But if you show them you can take all they can hand out and still come back for more, getting after you won't be any fun."

The following day I sent her right back to school.

But it didn't work out. The particular group kept after Lori, and although she fought her tears—successfully, most of the time—the strain on her was so great that I decided to take her out of public school once more. This time, instead of keeping her at home, I sent her to a parochial boarding school.

The sisters were wonderful to her. Under their close supervision and with the encouragement my husband and I could give Lori when she came home on weekends, she was so much improved after one year that we could finally send her back to public school again, this time permanently.

Lori's struggle to regain complete confidence took some time, however, and her inability to stand on her own two feet continued to crop out unexpectedly now and then.

During one of her earlier pictures, for example, she called me up one day, crying so hard into the phone that she had to repeat herself three times before I could make out that she wanted me to have lunch with her at the studio.

Rock Hudson saw me drive on the lot and, accompanying me to the set, briefed me on what happened. "The director scolded her and she broke into tears," he explained.

My sympathy was all with Lori. "She told me he was awfully rough on her."

"He wasn't rough on her at all," said Rock, who had gone through the same thing. "You won't like me for saying this, but I think Lori's been spoiled by the people who have worked with her. So far, every director has handled her with kid gloves because she's the baby of the lot. It's not good for her. Not in this business."

I couldn't help agreeing he had a point.

When I entered Lori's room, I found her surrounded by her hairdresser, her make-up man and a couple of other attendants, all sympathizing with her—and thereby making her feel all the more sorry for herself.

It seems the director had criticized her in a fairly strong manner for a slow wardrobe change and Lori had burst into tears—which ruined her make-up. The director was furious. "I give you just five minutes to get your face made up again and back on the stage," he ordered.

It had taken Lori ten. As a result the director lit into her again, and again Lori cried, but this time he gave her fifteen minutes to get back. This was where I came in.

"Remember when you were a little girl,

Lori, and the children made fun of you? The more you cried the more they teased you!"

And for the first time in years I became hard. "Now you wipe off those tears and don't cry again, no matter what happens. And when anyone yells at you, yell back!"

My advice may not have been ladylike, but that wasn't important at the moment. It had to be effective. Lori's whole new adjustment depended on it.

"When are you supposed to be back on stage?" I asked.

"I have another ten minutes."

"Be there in five!"

She was. Moreover, she strutted on stage with all the self assurance of a marine. When she faced the director, his mouth fell open in surprise.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" she demanded.

He still didn't believe what he was seeing.

"You're slower'n molasses," Lori laughed. "Let's get with it."

That's when the director walked over to Lori, put his arm around her and gave her a hug. "That's the spirit I wanted all along!" he said.

Thereafter they became the best of friends and worked as smoothly together as either could have wished for.

Through this little incident Lori overcame the biggest hurdle in her life. Thereafter she never again lost her self confidence. Instead, every time something like that happened, she conquered it, and each time she grew up a little more, gaining more and more of the assurance she had needed so badly.

One problem I never had with Lori: lack of popularity. At least not with boys! That's another reason why I can never understand the many references to her timidity, to her shyness. Maybe it comes from the fact that she's not as much of an outgoing or aggressively social person as so many women in her profession. That doesn't mean she's at the other extreme, withdrawn and shy and afraid of people. If that were the case, she could not be as popular as she is.

In school, with the exception of the year after her sickness, she always had more dates than free evenings, often to the regret and concern of her father and myself who would have much preferred to see her study a little harder—and get better grades.

Of course, like most young girls, she was always in love. Her first real crush, I think, was David Andrews, Dana Andrews' boy, who went to the same class with her when they were all of nine years old.

David used to bring her everything from red apples to chewing gum, take her to parties and movies. He spent more time calling her on the phone than I talked to my husband all evening. Their romance lasted several months—until the Andrews moved away from our neighborhood. Lori felt heartsick for at least three days!

There have been many romances since David—and a proposal or two.

Lori said just recently, "When I find the right man, I'll marry him tomorrow." But

at the same time she gives neither her self nor the fellows much of a chance to get to the point of asking her.

She has no preconceived idea of what she wants in a man, other than that he must love her, let her continue her career for a little while, and accept her "as is," without wanting to change her into a different person.

But she doesn't seem anxious to find him, perhaps because she is having too much fun being single. This way she can date Tab Hunter, of whom she is very fond, Rock Hudson, Bob Kennaston and the dozen other fellows she dates more or less regularly.

So far, both my husband and I have approved of all the fellows Lori has dated—with only one exception.

When she is working, we are always emphatic about having Lori home by a certain time. This particular young man—though always covered by convincing alibis—disregarded our wishes almost every time he dated Lori.

We never told Lori to stop seeing him. That wasn't the way we brought her up. But it didn't take her long to find out that this young man merited little respect from us, and on her own she decided not to date him anymore.

For many reasons we haven't told Lori how to lead her life. We think it's better to let her make her own decisions, to give her advice when she asks for it and in every way to treat her as an equal.

That's the nicest part about our relationship: We are pals, all three of us. We don't do things for one another out of a feeling of obligation; we do things because we want to do them. There's nothing too personal to be discussed, and everyone has an equal voice in all decisions that confront the three of us. The latter sometimes leads to confusing decisions.

A few months ago, just before we moved into our new home in North Hollywood, we had come to an agreement about everything concerning the house—exterior as well as interior—with the exception of the wallpaper in the den. My husband suggested a large pattern, I wanted a small print. Lori's word as the third party was to be decisive. She, too, liked the small pattern.

We hadn't lived in the house a week when we decided my husband had been right after all. The paper Lori and I had selected didn't fit as well as we had hoped from the sample. Result: The den had to be papered all over again. The only regret Lori had about having the work done twice was the expense involved in the replacement. Although the blood in her veins is English, Swedish and German, somehow a drop of Scotch must have intermingled.

I'd glad to say that Lori is happy living at home. Only once did she want to leave and get an apartment of her own, but by the time she'd packed her suitcases, she'd changed her mind.

For the time being, she wants nothing more than good roles, a new car, a swimming pool and the happiness of being young, being herself.

There's no particular man in Lori's life at this time. However, she wants to marry and have many children because she's been an only child. And she wants children while she's young enough to enjoy them.

I think she's ready for marriage. My husband doesn't. He hopes she'll wait another four or five years. But that's no surprise. After all, he is a typical father. He wants his daughter around just as long as possible. And in some ways, so do I. But the decision is up to no one but Lori herself. Whatever she decides, we'll be right behind her, cheering her on and helping whenever she asks for help.

THE END

UNITED NATIONS DAY

October 24

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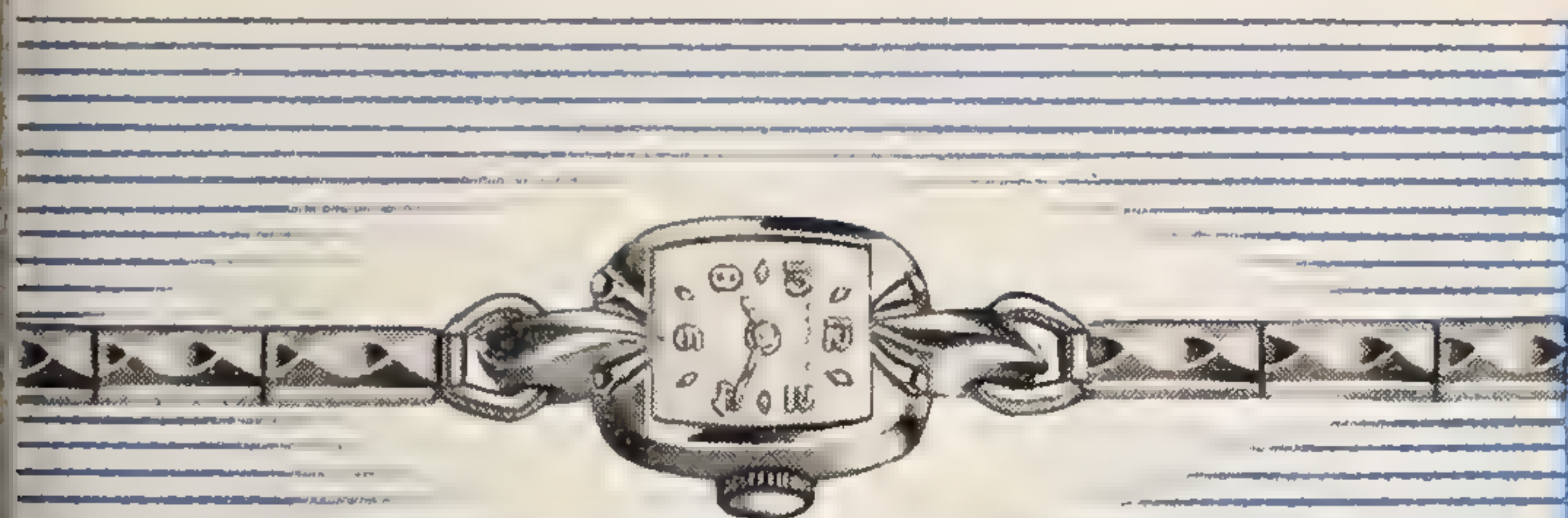
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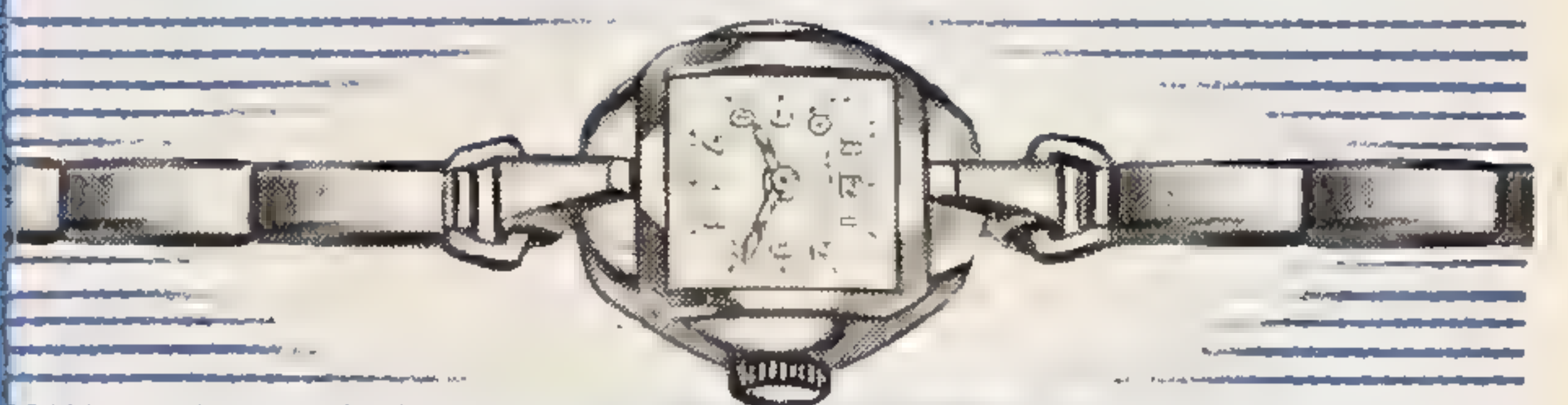


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HAMILTON—MOST TRUSTED NAME IN WATCHES

(Continued from page 61)

should have had an inner feeling of excitement, some premonition of what the evening held for her—but the plain truth is, she didn't.

It wasn't until Pat was seated opposite Jane, the steak had been eaten with the usual compliments to her cooking and coffee was before them that the conversation got around to personal plans.

"You've never been to Europe," Pat said casually. Jane nodded and then warmed to the subject. Europe—the place of her dreams, there were so many spots she'd like to see, so many places she'd been told about. Some instinct stilled her tongue as Pat casually put a little white box on the table and fingered it. She tried not to let her eyes appear to notice it.

Quite what happened next Jane can't recount. There was something about if she and Pat were married they could go to Europe on a honeymoon—and if she liked this ring she could try it on and see if it fit and then it could be an engagement ring, that is if she liked it and if. . . .

The words, the actions of the next few moments are just a blind groping for the recovery of the thrill she felt, the tightening at her throat that told her this love Pat had for her was for real. On the third finger of her left hand was a gold ring, flat at the palm with tiny strands of gold twisting into small cups, ten in all, each holding a diamond. These ten diamonds were so closely interknit that looking at them from the top they looked like one huge diamond. It was a humble Jane Powell, a girl who knew with her head what her heart had long ago told her to be true—a Jane Powell who was pledging herself to Pat forever and ever.

Actually Jane's answer to Pat that she would marry him had come out of nearly a year of maturity—of growing up. It was the year that had sped by since she divorced Geary Steffen. Like every other woman who goes through this situation, it changed the whole pattern of her life, and in Jane's case, much of the pattern of her personality. If you have seen her in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" you can see the change for yourself on the screen. She's prettier than ever, and even more talented, but the "cutie-pie" look is gone. There's a young woman now, alert,

thoughtful and very forwardlooking.

Pat, who is not only a charming person but a very quiet and industrious one, was first attracted to Jane by this quiet maturity. Believing that emotions are shared only with those close to you, he refused to talk about his feeling for her. And no more would Jane talk of him. She'd talk of love and marriage generally but did not talk about it specifically.

For instance, she said things like this: "I feel so sorry for women who experience a broken marriage, then spend their time pondering over what might have been. I hadn't been separated more than a few months when I realized that looking back does nothing but make you bitter.

"My first resolution was to do nothing on the rebound. I knew that I wanted to marry again. Women are only half alive when they are not in love, and like every other normal human being, I knew I needed someone to love and someone to love me. But I never did feel that the need for real love was answered by casual romance.

"I never have liked wolves, and I discovered, very soon, I wasn't their type either. So, to fight loneliness, I put myself on a rigid 'no-blues' schedule. Of course, I was so much luckier than the average divorcee. I had my career and I had my two wonderful children. But the lonely moods were often mine, nevertheless, and I soon learned you couldn't fight them sitting down.

"So, when I'd wake up in the morning and feel a blue mood coming on, I'd jump out of bed immediately. If you lie still and mull over indigo thoughts, they just get worse and worse. Or if later in the day I began to feel down in the mouth, I'd call the studio and book myself solid with lessons. If it were a weekend, I'd pack up Jay and Sissie and down we'd go to spend the afternoon on the beach. Or if it was winter and that was out, I'd call up friends to come over and have dinner and then I'd plan a dinner so elaborate I'd have to cook all day long to prepare it, and so I wouldn't have to think or pity myself."

But Hollywood began to notice that, very quietly, Pat Nerney was almost always at Jane's and that neither of them was dating anyone else. Jane's friends understood the great need these two both had to work out the many problems con-

fronting them and to readjust their lives.

Like every other girl who had gone through a divorce, she had the shock of discovering she did lose a few friends and the other reward of finding she had some friends of whom she wasn't aware until she needed every visible expression of friendship. But she didn't make the mistake too many young divorcees make. She didn't expect her friends to entertain her continually. Instead she provided the entertainment first, and again and again. For one thing, she is just about the best cook in town—and no mere steak and potatoes is meant by that remark. To Jane cooking is creative. She has cookbooks galore, recipes by the hundred. A marriage course that takes seven processes to complete doesn't bother her in the least. A dessert souffle that would worry a master chef, she'll tackle anytime.

And no matter how blue she may have felt behind her smile, she let none of it show. She was the life of parties—her own and every one she went to. So people flocked around her, and more and more often, there was Pat Nerney, sitting charmingly and quietly near Jane.

A common disillusionment can be near as unifying as a common interest, and that Jane and Pat certainly had a bond. Their first marriages had not worked out. Pat had been divorced from Mona Freeman nearly a year; Jane from Geary Steffen. They were both individuals who loved children and a home. Work was work for them, but a happy private life was more important.

And what man could help reacting to a girl to whom household duties were not only fun but relaxation? To Jane, not on cooking but cleaning rooms, washing windows, scrubbing floors is truly happiness making. Just before Jane and Pat took on another for life, Jane got on a kick of interior decoration. She redid her whole living room, without any outside advice, and it turned out so terrifically that she started on her bedroom.

She was working all this time, of course, particularly on "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Athena," but she not only redid her house, but she began joining P.T.A. activities to help her children, preparing them for their upcoming school year and helping them with leisure-time activities.

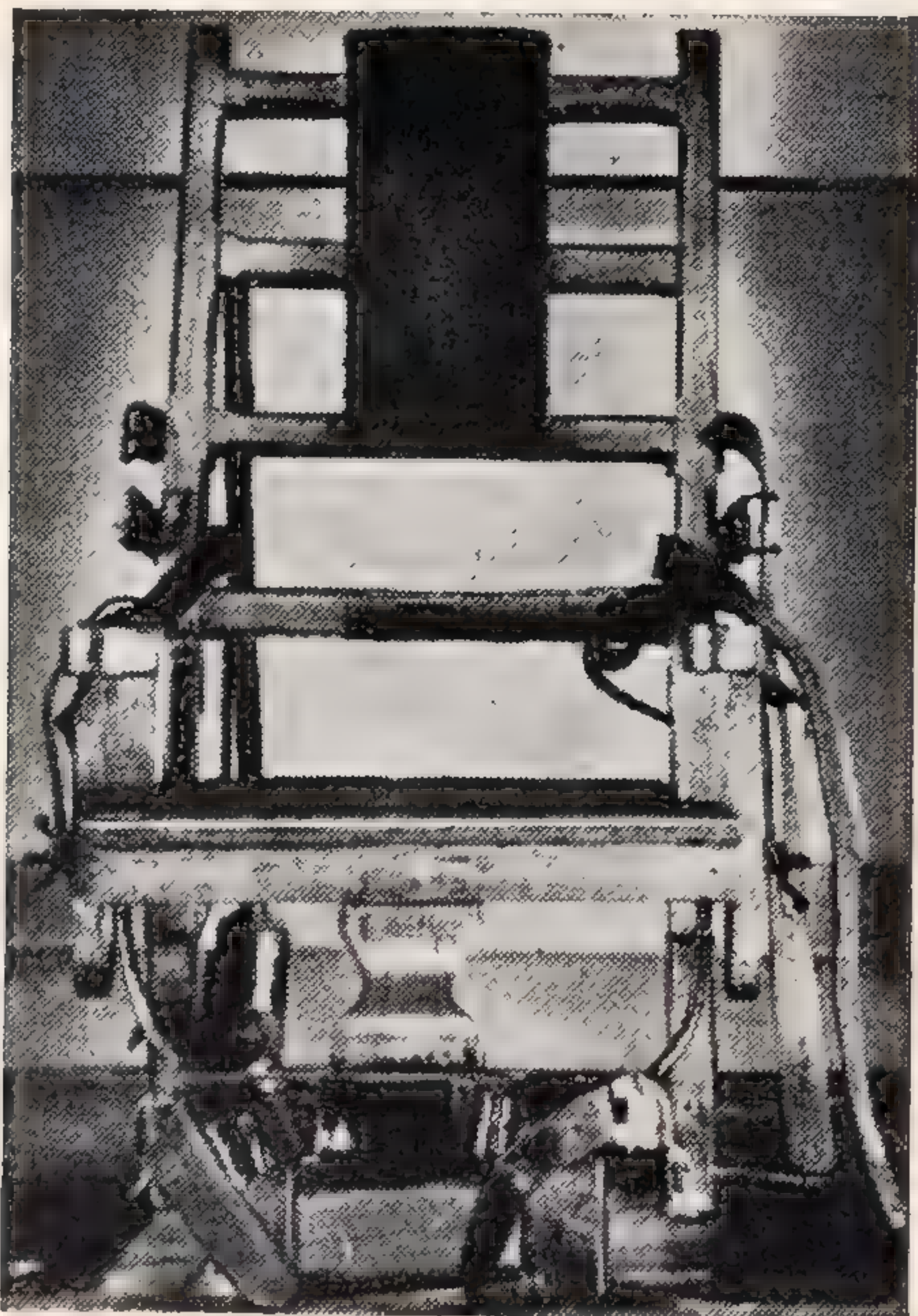
In other words, she was so much more than a pretty little movie star. She was ten times more than the disillusioned divorcee. She was a hundred times more than a mere girl. She was a young woman, facing all her responsibilities, a fine young mother, a superb cook, an extraordinary housekeeper and a thinking, sensitive feeling young human being.

A man really couldn't ask for any more—and Pat Nerney, a bright young man, knew he had a jewel and that he loved her very much.

They may very well be married by the time you read this. As Jane and Pat announced their engagement, they said it might be "months"—but after all you can call five weeks "months" if you want to. And when you are in love, as all sweet hearts know, a day away from one another seems a week and a month seems a year.

Remember that foolishly fond old son "Daisy, Daisy"? Well, paraphrasing it, little, this will be a stylish marriage, and she and Pat, with their two excellent irises, will be able to afford anything the hearts desire. But the most important thing that Jane and Pat will have is a warm complete love, grown full by understanding, matured by wisdom.

THE END



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P

(Continued from page 47)

Lamas, Bridegroom No. 3 in this round-up, had been openly accused of using Hollywood female stars to further his career—and I must apologize myself for the same erroneous suspicions. Well, the iron-gray Latin lover boy certainly proved his honorable intentions!

"He had to be convinced in his own mind that he was ready for another marriage," Arlene told me. This explained, she said, why she determined not to see him again soon after her divorce from Lex Barker was final. She and Fernando had been inseparable for nearly a year at that time. "If I hadn't broken it off then, we wouldn't be married now," she stated frankly. "It was only when he thought he'd lost me that he knew he wanted to marry me. But you know how I've *always* felt about him." Arlene added that they are planning a family of six children.

And nothing has pleased everybody in Hollywood more than this year's marriage between Fred MacMurray and June Haver. Fred was so devoted to his first wife that he never looked at another woman during her long illness. June, a sensitive person, too, was willing to give up her movie career at the top to find peace in a convent after the death of her Doctor John Duzik. It was inevitable that these two fine people, June and Fred, would find each other. And I was there when it happened—at the Gay Nineties party given for John Wayne by Ned Marin. June came with the Ray Starks (Mrs. Stark is the late Fannie Brice's daughter). Fred came to the party alone. And that was the last time for either to be alone.

So don't complain that a good man is hard to get. . . .

And now what about the remaining batch of big heartthrob boys?

John Wayne may be the next star to wed, as a matter of fact, should be married by the time you read this—or on the verge. I don't have to tell you it's another Latin American—Pilar Palette. I talked to John about his coming marriage. "Pilar has brought me a great deal of happiness," he said. "And I'm still in favor of marriage, though it'll take me a long time to put any woman on a high pedestal again."

Pilar has already redecorated John's \$140,000 house in the valley, and their plans for marriage in November—at the

end of his required waiting year following his divorce—are definite. On the redecoration, Pilar did a really wonderful job. The front hall used to look like a public library. Pilar rearranged the furniture and introduced fabrics to give it a look of warmth. She also selected a gray carpet for the master bedroom . . . "So the ashes from John's cigarettes won't show," she says. She shows every sign of adapting her tastes to Duke's, a good omen.

And how about Rock Hudson, the teenager's idol? Everyone has been expecting Rock to return from Europe married to Betty Abbott, the script girl with whom his name has been linked repeatedly for some time. Betty was on location with Rock during the making of "Captain Lightfoot" in Ireland (as is reported in the article on page 8 in this issue). She toured Europe with him, with Barbara Rush, his co-star in the picture, as chaperone. But how do you account for this? Rock has sent instructions back to Hollywood for a renewal on the lease of his small bachelor home and asked his pals to move him in while he's away. There's not enough room in the house to accommodate a married couple. This *could* be a device to deceive the gossips, but somehow I doubt it.

It might well turn out, indeed, that Marlon Brando will beat Rock to the altar. He has a new girl named Josanne Mariani. She's short, very dark-haired, not pretty by North American standards. But she's Brando's No. 1 girl these days. The first day she visited the set of "Desiree," in which he plays *Napoleon*, everyone asked who she was. Brando retreated into his shell (a trick at which he is superb). All he would say was, "She's not an actress, and I don't want any publicity. It might embarrass her."

Of course Marlon is not famous for being a one-woman man. And later when he spotted Rita Moreno at the studio—before she discovered Geordie Hormel—he was asking about her and reportedly said, "My girl friend's here now, but when she goes East, I might be interested." There is no report on how Rita feels about this! But Brando can't be classed as invulnerable—no matter what charmer finally wins him.

If what my spies in Europe tell me is true—and it was confirmed on my summer trip there—Gregory Peck won't be a

bachelor long after his divorce from Greta. From playing the field, he settled down with a steady romantic interest in Veronique Passani, a French newspaper woman. And they say he's building a house just outside London, which will have Veronique as its mistress when she marries the soon-to-be-eligible Mr. Peck.

Are there any real hold-outs, stars who seem to have no intention of catching the prevailing marriage bug? Bob Wagner seems to be one. And maybe we should add Montgomery Clift, Scott Brady—and that Toughie Trio: Bing Crosby, Clark Gable and Jimmy Durante.

Wagner, for instance, is outspoken about his attitude. "The responsibilities of marriage are not for me—right now, that is." Bob has just moved into a new apartment, strictly bachelor. He's on top of the heap now in his career and doesn't hide the fact that he's more interested in dollars than dolls. He almost fell in love, long ago, with Debbie Reynolds. But now he brushes it off as having been a romance "built up by the studios, who made a big thing of a few dates." If they both hadn't been new stars then and much in the public eye, they might have married. But now I'm told that Bob likes older women because he feels he learns from them. Don't ask me what.

Asked recently about whether he has a steady girl, R. J. said, "No. But I do have a few girls stashed away—they're not in pictures. If I date a Hollywood girl, it's just too darn complicated!"

As for Clift, every once in awhile the columnists busily revive his friendship with Mira Rostova, his long-time confidante and drama coach. But it's my hunch that Monty will marry when it suits *his* purpose and not ours. He makes love divinely in his pictures, but in private life he doesn't seem to be the lover-type. I predict that the girl he marries will be a domestic kind of girl, who will be happy to dedicate herself to him and his career.

Scott Brady, another anti-marriage character as of now, was once in love with Dorothy Malone. Unhappy thing was that, at the time, he couldn't afford to marry the girl. And his name is not linked currently with any serious heart interest.

As for Bing Crosby, the Groaner has run the gossip writers ragged with intermittent dates with Mona Freeman, Mary Murphy and Grace Kelly. But I doubt whether Bing will rush into a second marriage, no matter how many charmers he finds companionable.

Clark Gable says flatly that after four marriages he's through for life, though he is reported to be very fond of Arizona socialite Betty Chisholm. She's a sophisticated girl and makes Gable laugh—a *must* for any Gable wife. And sometimes Fate takes a hand in these conflicts of the head and heart and brings a reluctant admirer to heel.

And then there is Jimmy Durante. I don't know how old Jimmy is and I don't care. There isn't a more popular bachelor in town, and he could have his pick of the best in Hollywood. But Jimmy has picked Margie Little for his constant companion. Marriage? Jimmy shies away from the titillating topic. And as long as he continues to say, "Good-night Mrs. Calabash wherever you are," I doubt whether he will marry. Because Mrs. Calabash, Jimmy told me, is his late wife whom he adored. It isn't usually good to live with a memory, but who could be more lovable and nicer than Durante? And what a lucky woman she'd be who could sign Jimmy's name for her own.

THE END

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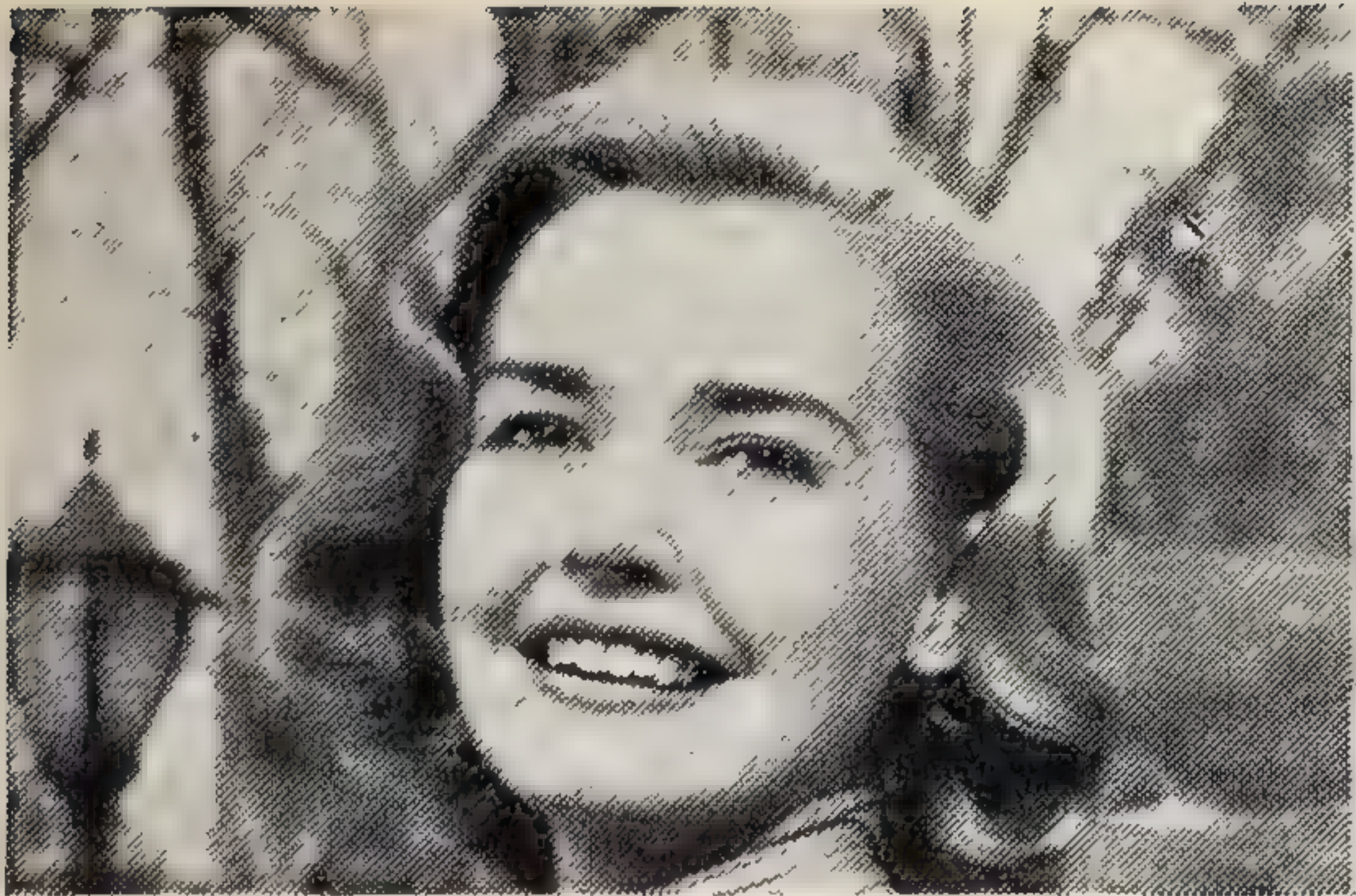
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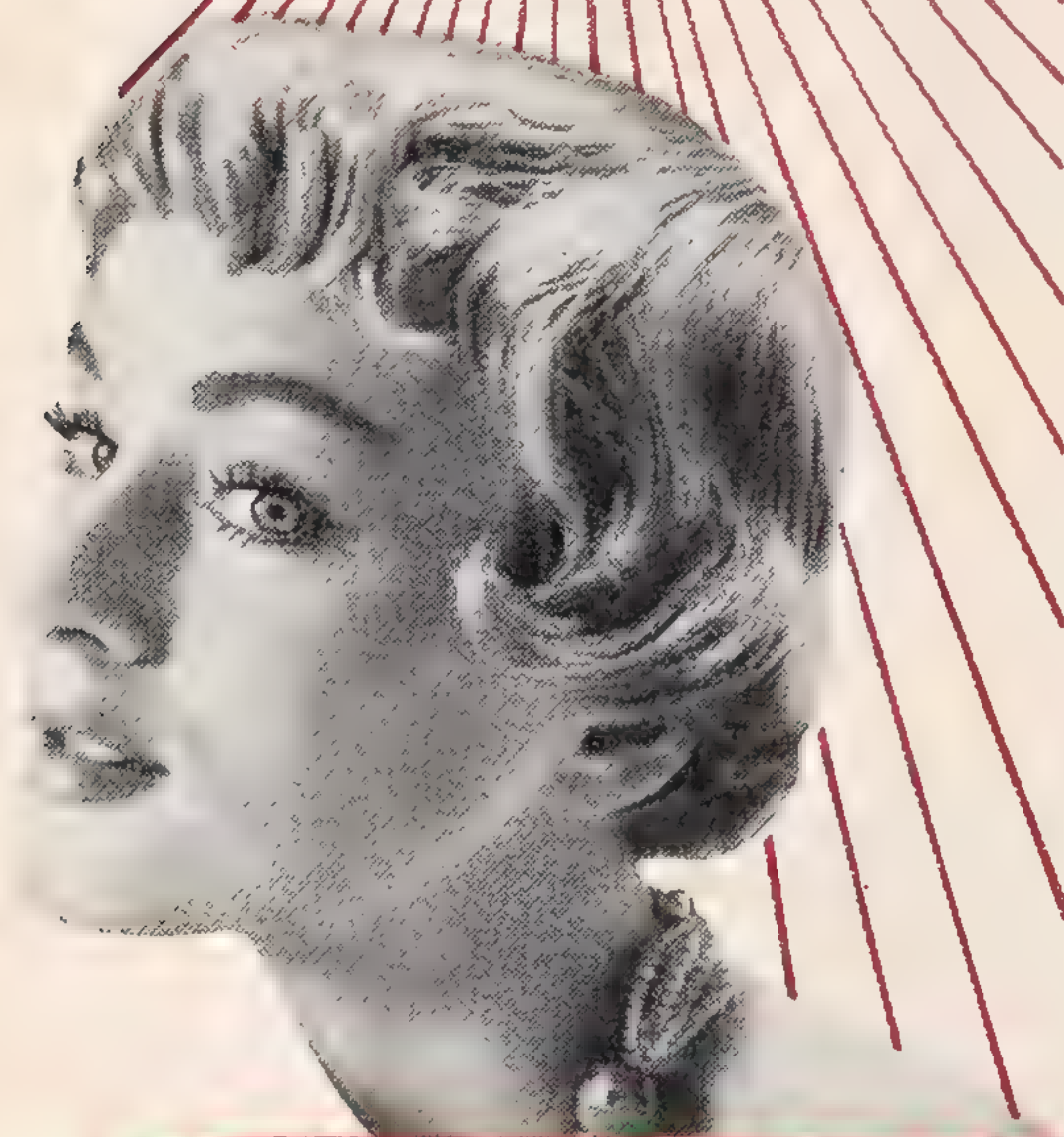
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Getting to Know Purdom

(Continued from page 51)

from obscurity to play the starring role in "The Student Prince," a performance that led to his being hailed as the screen's most exciting new masculine personality.

"I'm not at all surprised," said his father. "Edmund always was a very determined boy. If he wanted to do something, he did it. I soon found out it was no use wasting my breath trying to discourage him from any pet project he might have in mind. He'd never argue with me . . . just listen . . . and do exactly as he wanted, anyway!"

"Remember when he wanted the oboe, Dad?" Mrs. Purdom interrupted. "I think that was when you discovered it was no good trying to change his mind."

"You're right, Mother," Purdom chuckled. "Edmund came home from school one day and announced he was going to get an oboe. I couldn't imagine why and told him so. I suggested he take up the clarinet or the saxophone—or even the bass viol. I pointed out that the oboe was of very little use as a solo instrument, and that at the age of fifteen he was hardly likely to be joining a symphony orchestra. All my arguments were wasted. Edmund came home next day with the oboe—it turned out he'd been saving his allowance for a long time with this very thing in mind—and started practicing. It certainly made an unearthly noise, but I'd learned my lesson and I held my tongue. I must admit, though, I heaved a sigh of relief when his mechanical talents overcame his musical, and he took it to pieces to see what made it work. That, I might add, was the last we ever saw or heard of the oboe."

This determination of Edmund's first became evident when he made a premature appearance into the world on the snowy evening of December 19, 1926—purposely, his folks are sure, in order that he wouldn't miss the Christmas festivities. He almost left the world prematurely, too, a scant month later when a fire broke out directly under his room in the 17th century Jacobean farmhouse where the Purdoms then lived. Fortunately, for the family was asleep, a maid smelled the smoke and ran into the Purdoms' bedroom screaming, "Fire!" "The girl's mad," Mr. Purdom grumbled sleepily, but his wife sensibly felt such a summons should not be ignored. The flames were just coming through the flooring of Edmund's room when his father snatched the sleeping infant from his crib and ran to safety.

Digswell Lodge, the ancient farmhouse, was an exciting place for a boy to grow up. There were three older children in the Purdom family, including a sister, Barbara, who was Edmund's special chum, even though she was six years his senior. Even as a toddler, Edmund followed his brothers and sister through their endless games of make-believe, mostly centered around an underground passage which led from the cellar and purportedly had been an escape route for monks during the Cromwell uprising. But because he was so much younger, Edmund was often left on his own, and he early developed a love of music. By the time he was three, when his absence was noticed, he could usually be discovered lying on his tummy listening to the radio, abstractedly conducting the music with a chubby forefinger.

He wasn't much older when he discovered his brothers' erector set, and from that day onward, it was a tossup which interested young Edmund more—things mechanical or things musical. And again he demonstrated that ability to accomplish anything he set his mind to. Like

the day he decided to repair his mother's watch.

"I must admit I had my qualms," Mrs. Purdom reminisced. "After all, Edmund was only ten when he announced one day 'You're silly, Mummie, to spend fifteen or twenty shillings having that watch repaired when I can do it for you.' But already I'd learned that in most cases if the boy said he could do something he meant it. So I let him have a go. He painstakingly took the watch apart, and I watched with bated breath as he cleaned each minute bit with petrol (gasoline) and put them back together again. Then he popped it in the oven, and I resigned myself to buying a new watch. But half an hour later he presented me with it, and do you know, it still works to this day."

"Let's be fair though, Mother," said Mr. Purdom with refreshing honesty. "Some times Edmund did get tired of something before he finished it. And then he was just as determined not to go on with anything that bored him. Remember the alarm clock he started to tinker with? I don't think it ever ran again."

I soon discovered from the Purdoms that the schooldays of the average English youngster bear as little resemblance to *Fauntleroy* or *Twist* as do their homes. Private schools are the rule rather than the exception in Britain, and so, at the age of six, Edmund trotted off to a day school in the neighborhood run by the Italian order of Cannossian nuns. There at eight, he went as a boarder to the Abbey School in Ramsgate, on the Kentish coast some seventy-five miles from London. For the next few years, except for school vacations, his parents saw very little of Edmund and heard not much more, for although he wrote the weekly letter required by the school, his correspondence was highly uninformative.

"When you'd read one, you'd read them all," Mr. Purdom sighed, a bit regretfully, I thought. "They went something like this: 'Dear Mum and Dad: We went for a trip to Canterbury and played cricket against the Canterbury team. I didn't do very much. It was a grand day. We had a fine tea. It rained all the way home. I hope you're quite well. From your loving son, Edmund.' All you need do is substitute soccer in the fall for cricket in the spring, and any town in the south of England for Canterbury, and you have Edmund's correspondence during his seven years away at school."

"My husband's a writer," Mrs. Purdom explained (I learned that he was, in fact, not only an author of considerable note but that he had been one of the founders of the city-planning movement in England, of which Welwyn Garden City is a prime example, before switching to journalism, dramatic criticism and the writing of theatrical biographies and reference works. And so his regret at Edmund's letter-writing was understandable).

Summer vacations, of course, were the happiest time of the year for the Purdoms. They always rented a house at the beach, and there Edmund, from the time he could toddle, splashed in the water and eventually learned to swim and row and fish. He was usually the youngest child in the crowd, but with that same characteristic determination, he never allowed his youth or size to deter him from the games and contests. And whether he won or not, he usually had very little comment to offer.

"I remember one evening at dinner Mrs. Purdom recalled, 'when Edmund—who usually had a ravenous appetite after a day on the beach, merely toyed with his food. Naturally I was a little worried

especially as we were having his favorite steak-and-kidney pudding. But Edmund only said that he wasn't very hungry, and as far as he was concerned that was the end of the discussion. It wasn't until later that I learned from his sister Babs that he'd joined in a contest with a group of older boys to see who could eat the greatest number of sausage rolls. Well, it was no wonder he hadn't wanted any dinner. He'd won the contest by downing twenty!"

There were always plenty of dogs around the Purdoms'. An Alsatian and a black chow, plus the dachshunds, Max and Dimas, which were Edmund's special pets.

"I was always a great one for being neat," said his mother, "and the sight of dog hairs on the furniture or clothes used to annoy me. Then one day Edmund read in a book on dogs that a dachshund made a very good house pet because it didn't shed. 'That's the sort of dog for you, Mummie,' he announced. I protested that we already had two dogs and certainly didn't need another, but in a day or two, Edmund arrived home with Max tucked under his arm, and I knew it was no use protesting any further."

"That was probably the only time in his life," Mr. Purdom chuckled, "that Edmund ever thought about being neat. For the most part, he was the untidiest boy in the world."

Even as a youngster, Edmund had no sense of the value of money, and his father brightened when I assured him that as a Hollywood star Edmund would have a business manager to look after his finances for him.

"His library books were always long overdue," Mr. Purdom recalled, "and by the time he'd get around to paying the fine, he might as well have bought the book. And when he got older, and I knew he could occasionally use an extra pound or two, I didn't dare give it to him. Because, knowing Edmund, the first friend he ran into who looked like he could do with a bit of cash would undoubtedly get the money, and that would be that."

Edmund remained at boarding school for seven years, and it was during that time that he first showed any interest in the play acting that was to become his career. He took the leading roles in many of his school plays, but it was all done strictly in the spirit of youthful fun and probably, his father feels, to get him out of more monotonous after-lesson tasks—and cer-



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tainly with no thought of taking it up professionally.

And then, with England at war, his parents felt he should be nearer home, so he returned to Welwyn Garden City and a day school near by. Although he was never a boy to share his emotions, his hopes and fears, both Mr. and Mrs. Purdom feel that Edmund was happy to be back in the security of home life. And certainly *their* lives were brightened, for their two elder sons had been killed and their daughter was married and living in Switzerland.

Because Charles Purdom was a wise father, he realized and respected Edmund's natural reticence and desire to think and act for himself. Because he never talked down to the boy or urged him for confidences he did not wish to give, a strong bond of friendship developed between father and son. Whenever Mr. Purdom had any free time from his war work, they spent it together—visiting museums, attending concerts or the few sporting events held in wartime London.

At school, meanwhile, Edmund was working hard at his favorite subjects, math and sciences. His goal was Cambridge and a scientific degree, with a career to follow in aeronautical or electronic research. His favorite hobby was still his music, and his record collection grew steadily to include his favorites among classical and modern composers.

"Almost every Sunday afternoon," Mrs. Purdom recalled, "Edmund used to disappear. When he'd come home and we'd ask where he'd been, the answer was always the same brief one: 'To a concert.' We used to wonder how he got the tickets, but when we'd ask, 'How'd you manage?' he'd say, 'Oh, I managed.' Once, though, he did confide that a kind old lady had taken pity on him as he stood outside the Albert Hall in the rain and had given him a ticket—and in the best seats, too. I suspect this wasn't the only time something like that happened. As a boy, Edmund always had a way of turning on a wistful expression that could melt the hardest heart. Maybe he was acting even then and didn't know it."

It was about that time that Edmund somehow wangled an introduction to Sir Thomas Beecham. The famous conductor was impressed with the boy's knowledge and appreciation of music and permitted him to attend rehearsals of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, a privilege that greatly simplified his concert-going.

But when, you may ask, as I did, did Edmund decide to become an actor?

Believe it or not, even his parents don't know.

"I would have sworn," Mr. Purdom said, "that a career as an actor was just about the furthest thing from Edmund's mind. And then one day he came home from school—it was right in the middle of his entrance examinations for the university—and announced, 'I want to go on the stage.'"

"Now the funny thing is," he continued, "that I *knew* Edmund had talent the only time I saw him on the stage—as *Prince Charming* in a boarding-school performance of 'Cinderella.' I remember thinking then, 'That boy's an actor,' but I held my tongue because I knew he had brains as well, and I wanted him to use them. I enjoy the theatre and know many actors, but it was not a profession I wished my son to adopt."

Once Edmund had made up his mind, however, there was no swerving him. His father pointed out the difficulties and disadvantages; Edmund didn't argue, just let him talk and talk. And when Mr. Purdom had finished, his son said quietly, "I still want to go on the stage."

And on the stage he went. Not quite with his father's blessing, but with his consent and the final admonition:

"All right, you'll have to do it. But remember, you can do other things as well, and there's no need for you to be an actor."

Edmund set forth on his theatrical career with the same determination he had shown with his oboe, his watch repairing or his scientific studies. Rejecting his father's offer of introductions to theatrical personalities who might be helpful, and with all the aplomb of his eighteen years, he braved the portals of the famous Northampton Repertory Company.

In England the repertory companies are considered the greatest training ground for hopeful Thespians. A different play is presented each week during an entire season and, as in our summer-stock companies, the performers rehearse next week's play while appearing in the current one, and the hero today may well be the villain next week or a mere supporting player the following.

With his typical reluctance to discuss his affairs, Edmund never related to his parents exactly how he obtained an interview with the manager of the Northampton Rep, which is one of the best-known in England. But in he got, and when he walked out, it was with a job. Edmund Purdom had his foot on the first rung of the ladder that was to lead him eventually to Hollywood and stardom.

The next few years, with time out only for eighteen months of compulsory military service, Edmund spent in learning everything he could about his newly chosen profession. When he wasn't appearing on the stage, he spent every spare moment haunting the London theatres. And not content just with watching a play from the audience, he used his father's well-known name as the open sesame to go backstage and meet the players themselves.

Edmund toured for a while in several of the government-sponsored Arts Council plays, then tried his hand at Shakespeare at Stratford. His first London appearance was in "Golden City," a play that gave him the thrill of his initial entry into the West End, the British equivalent of Broadway that is the goal of all actors. It also gave him his wife.

Anita "Tita" Phillips was a dancer in "Golden City," and Edmund wasn't the only young man in the cast who found her singularly attractive. But once he'd made up his mind that she was the girl for him, the others might as well have given up the chase.

"Edmund came home one night," Mrs. Purdom recalled, "and told us, 'I've met the girl I'm going to marry.'" So naturally neither my husband nor I was surprised when, six months later, he did."

Edmund and Tita were married in the Brompton Oratory, London's famous Catholic church, in January of 1950. The wedding was at noon, there was a brief reception afterwards and then the bridegroom dashed off to a matinee performance of "Where the Rainbow Ends" and the bride and wedding guests watched from a box.

"I guess you know the rest of the story," Mrs. Purdom concluded, as I prepared to take my leave. "How Edmund went to New York to appear with the Oliviers in 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' and then to Hollywood to make an unsuccessful screen test for Warners. We used to think about him and Tita and their baby daughter Lilan a lot during that year when he was struggling for a break, but we never really worried. Knowing Edmund, we knew it must come and that he'd be ready to accept the challenge when it did."

THE END

Hollywood Party Line

(Continued from page 23)

Alice Faye and Phil Harris, the John Lunds, Van and Evie Johnson, Lucy Ball and Desi Arnaz.

Parties in a Heap—smallish ones: Something different was the "Ice Cream Social" at the Don DeFores'. It was a charity event at which several celebs happily downed ice cream cones, ice cream on plates, ice cream in sandwiches, munched fancy cakes and drank gallons of soda pop—nothing stronger. On hand were Cesar Romero, Gale Storm and Lee Bonnell, Lucy and Desi, Janet Leigh in a very saucy white jeweled bonnet, Celeste Holm, the Bob Crosbys and many television biggies . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas celebrated their second month wed with a black-tie dinner for about forty. They had the whole house trimmed in red and white flowers. Even had gold bird cages, overflowing with red carnations all over the place and upon the tables . . . Alan and Sue Ladd tossed one for dotter Carol Lee. Gary Crosby's date for the fete was Barbara Whiting; Audrey Dalton was with Jim Brown—natch. Richard Egan beamed Barbara Rodney. Vic Damone brought Marisa Pavan. Joan Tyler (who used to go with Vic) was with Tom Tannenbaum.

Roz Russell and Freddie Brisson gave a bon-voyage "Pajama Party" for Bill and Mousie Powell who were off to Honolulu. In honor of "Pajama Game" (Brisson's hit-show on B'way), girl-guests wore pajama tops over their dresses and the fellers wore pajama pants over their pants. In the crowd were the Ty Powers, the Bob Hopes, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger (Freddie's combo also furnished the music), Ethel Merman, Jack Warner, Vera-Ellen, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, Judy Garland and Sid Luft. Next night saw the final shot of Judy's "A Star Is Born," and what a party she tossed on the studio sets! Soiree started at midnight—and lasted until 'way into the morn! Visiting friends from other lots included Leslie Caron, Clifton Webb, Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding, Frank Sinatra, Roland Petit, who late, late, late suppered on fancy catered salads, sandwiches, champagne!

Sophie Tucker's opening at Ciro's was a real gala—with Betty Hutton and "the Judy Garland of the Stone Age" cutting up capers together on-stage later. Ringsiding stars galore ate it up—and ringsiders included not only Betty's ex, Charlie O'Curran, but her new love, Alan Livingston. Jeff Chandler was stag. Debra Paget was sporting pink dress, pink hair, pink fur—and even pink earrings that dangled down at least five inches! THE END

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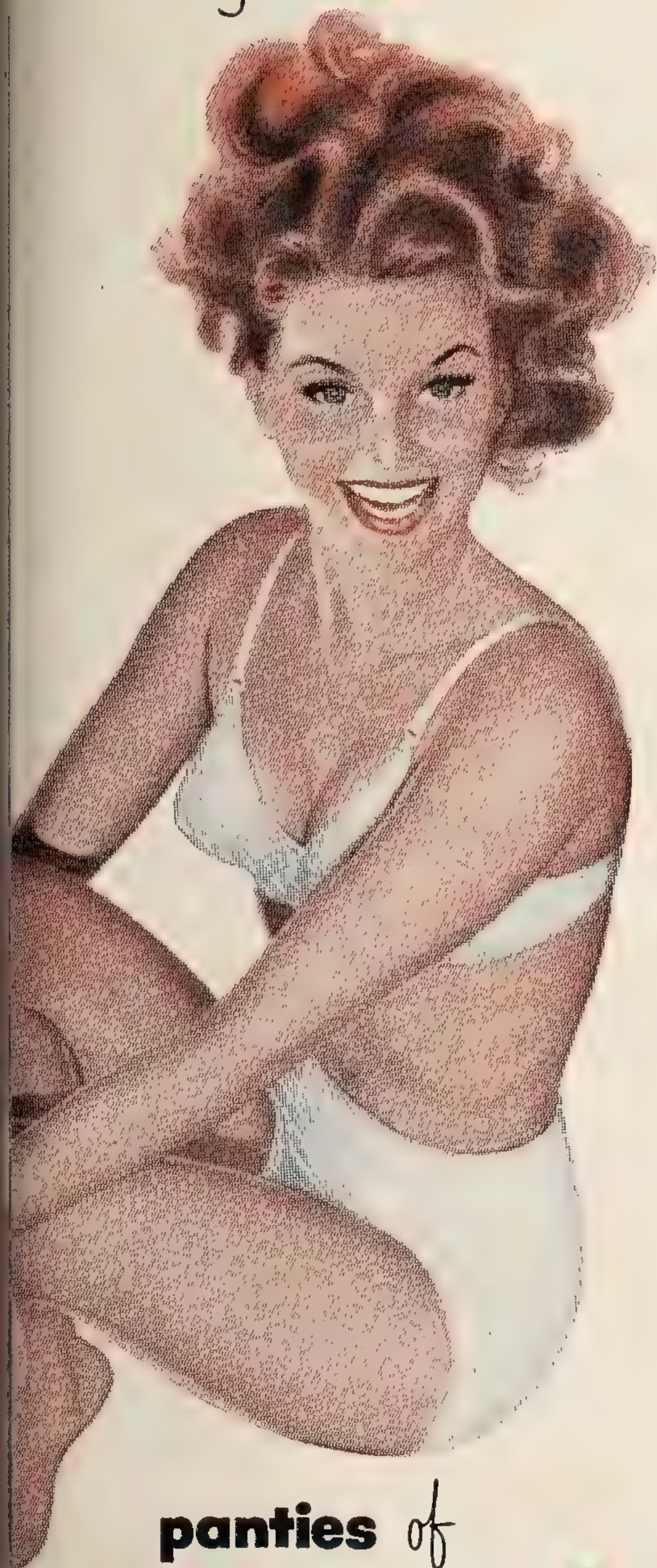


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Judy's Painting the Clouds

(Continued from page 74)

routines. Others felt that her marriage at nineteen to thirty-year old David Rose, a musical perfectionist who tried to coach her voice and teach her to read music, added to an already growing idea in the back of Judy's mind that she "wasn't good enough—ever." Before this period Judy was a girl who wanted to grow up, couldn't wait to grow up. Now, she took to wearing "little-girl" outfits, almost as if she wanted to retreat back into her childhood.

Following the period of her divorce from Rose, Judy tried so very hard to do everything demanded of her. She went from one picture to another, maintaining stoutly at the beginning that she'd be on time; she'd work hard; she'd be her best, do her best. Then the cameras would start grinding and Judy wouldn't—couldn't—show up for work. When she sang, when she danced, she was great, but more and more as the years passed, Judy found it increasingly difficult to face the day's work. Her marriage to Vincent Minnelli did not wipe away her fears about her work. Her joy at having Liza was complete within itself but again it did nothing to still the fear in her heart at facing the cameras. Then came her marriage break-up and the months that followed during which she attempted to help herself back to physical and mental health.

Always conscious of her appearance, she had to gain weight for her health, but she wanted to be slender for her career. It was a happy healthy Judy who was called "Princess Pudge" by her father. It was unhappy Judy who was later called "stout" by her adoring but still critical audiences.

Life has a way of compensating those who fight for what they must have, and eventually Judy Garland was to meet a man who understood and could help her in that fight. She met Sid Luft, and in Sid, she found a man who could help her maintain her courage, could help her heart to see, her mind to comprehend. He helped her find a solution to the problems she could solve, could help her forget those that were impossible of solution.

The first step in Sid's restoration of Judy's confidence in herself came when he demonstrated dramatically that she could take audiences in London and New York and make them shout with appreciation of her talents. But then came the test of whether or not Judy's belief in her own abilities could be a strong enough cornerstone around which to build a solid performance before the cameras she had once dreaded facing. In spite of her fears, which were ever present (and still are to some extent), Judy wanted to star in "A Star Is Born" as much as she has ever wanted to do anything in her life. It was an enthusiastic Judy who started shooting the picture September 1953.

The fact that Judy still lived in fear of the cameras became apparent the first few weeks of production. She began looking for reasons to escape the shooting. Judy was once more torn—this time between the loyalty and devotion she owed her husband who had committed them to make the picture and the old pressure which mounted moment by moment as her fear grew. Of course, the longer Judy tried escaping from the cameras, the larger the problem loomed in her mind. She made herself sick with worry. As a result, she did not show up for work and the picture fell farther and farther behind schedule.

It takes courage to overcome fear (either real or imagined) and Judy has it! Shortly after a two-week breather, when the studio

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stopped production to change the picture over to CinemaScope, Judy took her courage in her hands, and every morning at 8 A.M., she went to meet the camera—to literally “face-the-music!” In her heart she was a mass of conflicting emotions. She was like a high diver who has just fallen out of a graceful dive into the water with a painful, sickening splash—and immediately gets up on the high board to try again. Though Judy's heart may have been pumping double time with fear, her continuous, daily work on her dancing and singing routines made it a little easier for her to show up for work.

However, once before the camera, Judy's problems were not solved. For once on stage, Judy's perfectionism, another sign of her fears, drove her onto fatiguing overwork. She'd rehearse a number until it was letter-perfect—and then she'd continue to rehearse until she was weary to the point of illness. She was caught up again and again in the same old vicious circle; the hard work left her fatigued and weak, at a time when she needed every ounce of energy to keep going. But Judy was determined that “A Star Is Born” would be born, no matter how painful the birth.

The “Long Face” number is an example of Judy's perfectionism. Judy had Rudolph Friml, Jr., song and dance synchronizer, and the orchestra go over and over the song. They were all ready to drop when Judy said for the tenth time: “Let's do it again.”

At this point, Friml said to his assistant, “I've never seen anybody work like this girl.” Then to Judy he said, “It is perfect, Honey; why do it again?”

In Judy's world of imaginary fears she thought she'd heard a flaw. “What's the matter with you?” she asked. “You just don't want to do it again!”

But to Friml's trained ear, the first take had been it. “Look, Judy,” he explained, “my job is to make sure you sound one-hundred per cent. That was one hour ago.”

“You're kidding,” said Judy.

“I'm not kidding,” said Friml. “You may be used to insincere flattery, but I ask you, what good would it do if I let an imperfect song go through? I couldn't. If I did, I'd go right out the front gate!”

“Okay,” said Judy, flopping in a chair. But she wasn't convinced.

Later at the rushes, Friml and Judy sat next to one another watching the day's work. As take after take unfolded, Judy exclaimed to Friml in surprise, “Gee! You were right! I can't tell one shot from another. The first is as good as the last!”

This reaction is another which shows Judy's growing insight, but the fact that she is beginning to appreciate her own ability, the fact that she shows this insight does not mean that she has overcome her problems. Not at all. But as Judy's friends know, it does mean a happiness that will come when she can with confidence do a number once, shoot it, then sit back to appreciate her own wonderful performance.

Part of Judy's perfectionist attitude comes from the fact that she is such a quick student. A friend of one of the choreographers has said: “Judy learned the whole complicated *Tour de Force* routine in one hour. It would have taken someone else at least three days to learn it as well.” He frowned as he added, “She thinks because it comes so easy it's no good! So she works herself to a frazzle squeezing one more touch of perfection into a performance that is already ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent perfect.”

One of Judy's biggest fears about the screen is the complex she has regard-

ing her figure—and if she has a complex about anything, this is it. If Judy gains a pound or two, mentally she grows deathly ill, crying over the scales, saying: “They're all waiting to say I'm fat.” And because she's so self-conscious, she refuses to shoot until the scales again are kind to her.

But even Judy's figure complex is going down to defeat in the light of her new objective view of herself. Before the *Tour de Force* number's shooting, for example, Judy didn't like the costume. She thought the leotards and man's shirt made her look plump. But when she saw the *Tour de Force* rushes and the manner in which the leotard showed off her terrific legs, her reaction was a surprised: “Why, that costume is cute! Oh, I do like that costume!” The surprise in her voice is both sad and refreshing: Refreshing when she realizes without vanity how attractive she is; sad, because even though Judy's fears are imaginary—that fact makes them no less real in her mind.

Alone with her anxieties during the shooting of “A Star,” Judy may have thought she was fighting her uphill battle by herself. But she wasn't. Of course, it goes unsaid that Sid was a constant source of encouragement. But in addition, the entire crew at Warners were pulling for Judy from their bootstraps.

For example, on the afternoon that “Peanut Vendor” was the song to be recorded with Ray Heindorf and the orchestra, Judy came on the set so happy that every motion was a smile. She couldn't keep her dancing feet quiet; they wrote “AMBITION” in capital letters across the stage. Everyone on the set from the grips to the tuba players realized that this was one of her days.

Judy belted out the “Peanut Vendor” in short order. That's all the schedule called for; to all intents and purposes she was through for the day. But Judy sat on the set, swapping jokes with the crew. However, no one in the orchestra got up to leave. After a five minute rest, Ray Heindorf came up saying, “Want to record any more, Judy?”

“No, thanks, Ray,” said Judy. “We'll take it tomorrow—I'm tired,” and told three more stories that had the crew in the aisle.

Ray went back to the orchestra, told his men to get ready to play the bridge between the next two numbers and offered to take any bets they'd be there the rest of the afternoon. Two of his men, who like to throw money away, took him up. As soon as Judy heard the bridge, she got up, walked to the mike and started humming. It was music that would make anyone's head sing; when she heard it once she said, “Okay! Let's record!” Before the afternoon was over, they had cut two more sides, “When My Sugar Walks Down the Street” and “Melancholy Baby.”

But the most important ally Judy has in her fight against her fears is the love she receives from her children. After a hard day's work, she goes home to her brunette, pixyish Liza and to blond and dimpled Lorna. Judy lives for the days when the children can visit her on the set. When they do, she romps and plays with them, saying, “Have you ever seen happier children?” Her co-workers have accused her of feeding Lorna laughing pills.

The children's affection is like a refreshing spring to Judy; she soaks it up like a thirsty and weary traveler. She lives from day to day on their love; the added strength and security they give her makes it possible for her to face the cameras day after day.

To illustrate the rejuvenating power of the children on Judy, take for example

Liza's visit to the set on her report-card day. Liza came in after a fatiguing number to find Judy lying limply in her dressing room. As soon as Judy spotted Liza, she came alive. Sid suggested Liza show her Mommy her report card. It was covered with A's, but the mark that caught Judy's attention was the subject labeled 'Bus.'

"Bus—A?" said Judy. "What's Bus?" "That's when we ride to school in the morning," said Liza proudly. "We get graded on it. Some of the boys run up and down and make trouble for the driver. But I sit quiet and don't make any trouble . . . so I have an A."

The card thrilled Judy. After five minutes' talk and play with Liza, Judy returned enthusiastically to her work. That's the sort of effect the children have on Judy.

Do the children love Judy? It's obvious. What's more obvious is Judy's mad love for them; it is an intoxicating love that flows like wine from a bottomless barrel. Judy's a natural-born mother; being able to lavish affection on Lorna, Liz—and young Johnny Luft, too—fulfills one of Judy's greatest needs. Because she is so successful in giving this love, her sense of confidence is bolstered and confidence in one thing breeds confidence in another.

Last March, for example, Liza celebrated her seventh birthday. Judy planned the entire affair—and during the week's preparation, she grew more excited than Liza. Remembering her own childhood, Judy planned to treat Liza's guests to a trip to Ocean Park's amusement pier. Judy remembered the fun she had had when, between performances, as a young entertainer at the Dome theatre, she had run from one concession to the next.

Judy rented a bus; she sat in front, while Sid sat in back to control their young cargo of cowboys and wild Indians. Who has more fun than kids at the amusement pier? Count Judy as one of the kids; she

went on every Ride, Slide, Whirl, Twirl and Coaster. After the festivities, the bus carried the kids home to a lawn ice cream and cake feed; then Liza opened her gifts: sweaters, suits and shoes (all of a voguish style) from Judy, plus a silver bracelet. From the children, there were toys and knickknacks. Finally, for the remainder of the afternoon and evening, Judy and Liza's gang played games on the lawn. Thirty-one kids never had more fun—Liza's party was a great success.

After a weekend like that, Judy was ready to fight sixteen bulls—she wouldn't have been scared of a camera then if it had tried to crawl in bed with her. With such a mental rest, Judy faced Monday with all the confidence of William the Conqueror. To illustrate the influence the children's love has on Judy's confidence, the week of Liza's birthday was one of the fastest running in "A Star's" eleven-months' shooting schedule—because of the party's plans and preparations, Judy hadn't had time to worry.

Judy's major *leitmotif* today is the love of her producer husband Sid Luft. This love is an underlying current that has swept her along on a wave of confidence and enthusiasm. Before Sid and Judy met, she was a whirlpool of emotions; her personality was like a jumbled jigsaw puzzle, incomplete and confused.

But as a team, Sid and Judy are an unbeatable combination; Sid has made a career out of guiding Judy's talent and rekindling her enthusiasm. Judy's record-breaking personal appearance tour made theatre history; Sid was responsible for building that show. He equally was responsible for obtaining the remake rights to "A Star Is Born"—a picture which Warners says will be one of the greatest to come out of Hollywood.

What makes Sid Luft the magician with Judy's talents that he is? In one word,

it's love. Judy's mad about the guy. But real love is never a one-way road; Sid is equally crazy over Judy. He shows his love in the many tender, thoughtful little ways that girls appreciate most: Judy's surprise birthday party on the twelfth of June was one; her anniversary gift (two years), a marquis-cut diamond on June 10th.

A party followed on June 12th. As the private room at Romanoff's filled with guests, Judy proudly showed the ring to each and every one. "It's gorgeous," they said, but many of her friends were thinking, more important than the ring is the fact that in order to wear and show it, Judy had stopped biting her nails. Little things demonstrated that Sid's love and thoughtfulness are helping cure Judy's old-time tensions.

Public proof of Judy's gaiety showed up when the shooting on "Star" was finished. Among many friends who came to greet her were Liz Taylor, Leslie Caron and her old friend Frank Sinatra. Sid, attentive and beaming with pride, watched Judy dance with the dance director and clown happily with members of the crew.

So there is the new Judy Garland; only three years ago she was confused, the facts of her personality all akimbo. Today, with her marriage, home, love of her children and husband, she is becoming a complete personality. Her reaction to the screening of "A Star Is Born" ("I completely forgot I was watching Judy Garland"), illustrates Judy's new-found confidence, a confidence that was born in the eleven months "A Star" was before the cameras, an incubation period that has proved to be the rebirth of Judy Garland.

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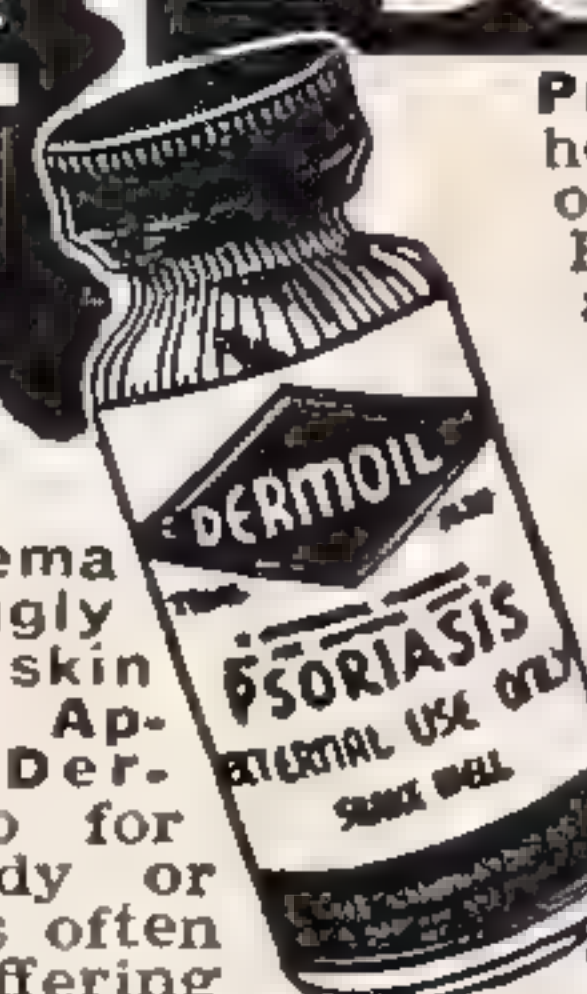
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Purely Platonic: Optimistic Guy Madison actually believes he's going to get time for hunting big game (with bow and arrow yet!) in darkest Africa. He merely has his weekly "Wild Bill Hickok" series to do on tv and radio, two pictures he owes to Warners—and he just signed a seven-year contract with 20th where they plan to start him as Clark Gable's co-star in "The Tall Men." . . . Don't let the gossip fool you! Bob Francis and May Wynn love to ride and swim together, but it's all purely platonic. Current enthusiasm in May's life is new Hollywood apartment, walking distance from Schwab's drugstore. Enclosed patio for barbecuing "sold" her. And now that his future is fact, Bob's moved away from the family fireside in Pasadena and taken his first bachelor apartment. May presented him with a "simple recipe" cook book. "Not quite simple enough!" says Bob.

Woo-some Twosome: Life really changed for shy little Pier Angeli when M-G-M loaned her to Warners for "The Silver Chalice." Pier met up with and fell hard for James Dean, a New York actor brought out by director Elia Kazan for "East of Eden." Some still say it's a publicity romance, but Cal knows a secret! Pier quietly bought Jimmy a gold wrist watch, a gold identification bracelet and a miniature gold frame with her picture in it. No, they don't exactly go with his Levis and sweat shirt (the new school uniform!) but he was very pleased just the same. So help us, pretty Pier now wears a pearl ring on the second toe of her left foot! Cal tried to ask her if she was engaged—but the words just wouldn't come out!

Baby Daze: Charlton Heston blew his talented top when they dyed his hair flame red for "Blue Horizons." But ever since Lydia Clarke entered the stork derby, Chuck's so thrilled his hair could be pink or plaid and you'd never hear a peep out of him! . . . The British-born Edmund Purdoms had never seen anything like the gift they received from the Tyrone Powers. It was a sterling-silver-framed photograph of their new baby's footprint, taken from the hospital record. Engraved on the frame was her name, weight and date of birth. How original can you be?

One Man's Family: Good things keep happening for William Holden, and no one is more deserving. Recently Bill and his Brenda returned from a European vacation, a "treat" from Paramount because Bill so successfully covered the Far East lecturing on the new VistaVision wide-screen process. Back in North Hollywood there was a message waiting from F. Hugh Herbert, eminent author of "Kiss and Tell" and other great hits. He just wanted the Holdens to know he had dedicated his new book, "I'd Rather Be Kissed," to their teenage daughter Virginia.

Greener Grass: Any moment now, both Fernando Lamas and Dale Robertson may become "free souls" again. Fernando, who rarely gets a good role at M-G-M, requests his release so often that they're beginning to weaken. If and when, he and Arlene Dahl have plans to do a play together. . . . At first his studio was adamant when hard-to-handle Dale asked for his freedom.

INSIDE

(Continued)

But now 20th has Guy Madison, Richard Egan and Robert Stack under contract. All three are the same type as Dale, casting-wise, and by nature, less antagonistic. "Everyone likes Dale personally," says a top studio executive, "but he's his own worst enemy and won't change." Too bad!

His and Hers: Rock Hudson cabled his studio a hasty denial from Europe after a newscast reported he had secretly married script girl Betty Abbott. At least he can afford to get married in the future. A surprise new contract starting at \$2,000 a week will greet him when he returns home again. . . . Marlon Brando, on the other hand, will neither affirm nor deny a romance, because he's still determined to keep his private life private. Those lunches with petite Charlotte Austin are in line, as she's in "Desiree" too. But Josanne Mariani, who visits Marlon on the set, remains zee number one mystery girl, because he's instructed the French femme fatale to say nuttin' to no one! . . . If Ava Gardner keeps mum about marrying bullfighter Luis Dominguin, not so with the gentleman from Spain. "It isn't true that I'm not marrying Ava because of her previous marriages," he explodes. "We are just good friends and marriage has never been discussed!"

Hollywood Household: When Janet Leigh called home to talk to her husband one day, the maid said: "Just a minute please Mr. Curtis is outside washing my car!" It's true! Energetic Tony just has to keep busy every single second! . . . And there's struggle and strife at Doris Day's house "My son suddenly shot up overnight like a beanpole," she grins, "so now Marty's shirts and sox fit him. After I gave Terry a good lecture, Marty shows up at the breakfast table wearing Terry's tie pin! From now on they'll have to settle it man to man."

News About Twos: Just like old times Clark Gable and beautiful, blond Kay Williams are having those laughs again. Favorite playtime place is the golf course of the Bel Air Country Club and you should get a gander of the King wearing those knee-length sox and currently fashionable Bermuda walking shorts! Sexy scintillating Kay kiddingly call him, "Leg Gable!" . . . And just before he took off for Europe, Eddie Fisher bought a French poodle for Debbie Reynolds, which he named "Fannie" after his current hit tune. Daily mid-Atlantic calls kept Debbie home all alone by the telephone, but Pal Joey Forman (he's under contract to Mickey Rooney) followed Eddie's orders to escort the light of his life to parties and premieres. About that well-publicized engagement ring: until she receives it, wise little Missy Reynolds ain't a-makin' no formal announcement!

Fascinating Feuds: So far, Lana Turner and Edmund Purdom don't quite get each other's "message" making M-G-M's "The Prodigal." Edmund's inherent British reserve creates the impression that he's being a bit too aloof and formal. And Lana's uninhibited warmth and friendliness toward everyone makes her look like she isn't taking her work too seriously. Wann

STUFF

(from page 43)

bet that they'll wind up being the best of buddies? We do! . . . And Doris Day got off to an unfortunate start making "Young at Heart" with Frank Sinatra for Warners. When the Day doll saw how CinemaScope enlarged her face on the screen, she decided to make the picture in regular size. Lean, likable Frankie, however, wasn't similarly affected and needless to say, he welcomed the additional poundage. Currently all's quiet and coolish on the Burbank front!

The Hollywood Scene: Disconsolate Ann Blyth at lovely Gail Patrick and Cornwell Jackson's seventh anniversary party: "I can't understand how I forgot to bring Timmy's new pictures. I must have left them in my other bag." Husband Dr. Jim McNulty, dryly: "Don't worry, dear. After you've had your *third* baby, you won't be this upset!"

Gold Mine: It's an unwritten law at 20th! They want Marilyn Monroe kept happy, and from now on no one (including her directors!) is to oppose her wishes. Her sets are closed when Miss Million Bucks at the boxoffice has lines to speak. Making Irving Berlin's "There's No Business Like Show Business," when she didn't *show* they shot around her and not a word was said. Marilyn's suppressed desire is to make a movie with Marlon Brando. Should her studio refuse to loan her to producer Sam Goldwyn for the movie version of "Guys and Dolls," she's gonna be a sad little sex-pot!

Turn About: When they were casting "Come Back, Little Sheba," Shirley Booth was unable to fly to Hollywood to test with Burt Lancaster. So Paramount prevailed upon popular Una Merkel (she did the play at La Jolla) to read Shirley's lines with Burt. He didn't forget her kindness. For his current production, "The Gabriel Horn," Burt needed a fine actress to play his sister. Una was in a play but Burt waited until she was free to accept his offer. Hollywood needs more actors with his heart—and memory!

Letter To Cal: "Here I am in Durango City, Mexico, making 'White Feather' and please promise to plant one on the seat of my pants if I ever complain again! All kidding aside, I was very anxious to make this picture. I've been lucky being in the best productions, working for the finest directors with the greatest casts. They *made* me look good, but I can't expect someone to hold a pillow under me forever. Here, it's every man for himself, a wonderful challenge and experience for me and I'm grateful. Best to you and everyone at Hollywood and Vine."—Bob Wagner.

Now It Can Be Told: Of *all* people, Bob Mitchum developed a streak of modesty doing a scene in long underwear for "Track of the Cat." Mitch had 'em clear the set of visitors . . . If only newcomer Kim Novak had known she was going to be a smash hit in "Pushover." She was so nervous when making the picture, she had to dub in most of her dialogue after it was finished . . . If the rights can be cleared, M-G-M would love to remake the remake of "Broken Blossoms" with

Montgomery Clift playing the tragic Chinese boy. He'd be wonderful, too! . . . It's a no-publicity order from Rodgers and Hammerstein on Shirley Jones, the new singing star of "Oklahoma!" They want the public to discover her when the picture's released . . . Elizabeth Taylor was in the hospital as reported, but not as a patient which wasn't reported. She called on a sick friend who was.

Here, There, Everywhere: Jane Russell and Jeff Chandler hit it off so well making "Foxfire," they're planning to make singing recordings together, too . . . While summering at Del Mar, Betty Grable still drove into Beverly Hills to have the curl taken out of her hair in the Ann Meredith beauty salon! . . . Because Ann Sothorn turned 'em away at the Chez Paree, Chicago's taxi drivers sent her a floral tribute for increasing their business, too! . . . And while we're in the windy city, Terry Moore in person at the Drury Lane Theatre played to SRO nightly. Standing room only, that is . . . Shelley Winters took up with a new car and an old boy friend, when she met Farley Granger at the airport in her new white Cadillac . . . About that Indigo snake biting treat-'em-rough Jack Palance in a scene for "The Silver Chalice": "I'm surprised Jack didn't bite the *snake*!" kidded an ex-leading lady who shall be nameless.

Births, Marriages, Divorce: Just as Cal reported last year, Jane Powell and Pat Nerney fell in love on their second date. Now she can wear his engagement ring because her divorce is final and they've announced their forthcoming marriage . . . It's a baby girl for Jennifer Jones and producer David O. Selznick, who have two sons each by previous marriages . . . All ends well for harassed Susan Hayward, who finally got her divorce, the custody of her twin sons and a million-dollars-worth of community property. Jess Barker's long and bitter court battle (he refused a generous compromise offer) netted him a station wagon and right of visitation! . . . Audie Murphy's denying the usual separation rumors, which popped up again when he attended a big review in his honor at Ft. Lewis. Pat stayed home with the kiddies . . . Not so with the Vic Matures. This time his periodic separation from his third wife looks permanent . . . And Hollywood's shuddering over the report that John Wayne's last wife may reopen her divorce case and expose new skeletons in the family closet! Say it isn't so!

Meditation: No one knew of Piper Laurie's devotion to the late Leonard Goldstein and everyone insisted it was a serious romance. The death of the producer-friend who guided her career was a shock to Piper, who also lost a favorite aunt the same week. The heartsick girl doesn't drink or gamble, but she took off for Las Vegas and surrounded herself with people. She sunned, swam and shopped. "A quiet place allows too much time for the kind of thinking that doesn't help. This way you don't have a chance to give in to your true feelings," she says in her very wise way.

THE END

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No Stranger to Paradise

(Continued from page 48)

mother and my schoolteacher father had hoped I would marry.

"As far as the studio was concerned, they were giving me the big build-up and felt that if I married I would be letting them down. Particularly, as I'd played several young ingenues, to marry would be very harmful, they warned, perhaps even fatal to my career.

"I knew what they meant. They do like a young actress to have that old thing called availability.

"But although you must listen to your elders and your advisers (of course you must, and I did), all that the advice, the warnings and the opposition did was to make me even more certain I was right. I think I knew, even then, that for a woman who puts career first, life can be disappointing and full of bubbles that always seem to burst. You must set your sights on the things in life that are real. At least instinctively, I knew I had to.

"I also think you are granted a few times during your life an instinct as true as truth and an insight as clear as crystal. One of these times is when you fall head over heels in love. As I did. And to fall head over heels in love is, moreover, the true way and the only right way to fall in love—this I believe!

"When you see that magic person across a room from you, feel the mystic affinity, the intangible thing that's strange but strong as a magnet—then you know, as no one else can possibly know, that he is right for you.

"I knew it. My heart knew it and since the heart is the only true criterion, so the only way to go through life is to follow your heart. I followed mine. It didn't lead me astray for, in addition to being head over heels in love, I soon discovered there were so many other things that were also right. I might be upset about something, and Paul was so unexpectedly understanding. It wasn't necessary for us always—or even very often—to be with other people or at parties and night clubs. We often spent a quiet hour by mutual and unspoken consent. These are 'little things' perhaps, but, oh, so important!

"In the more basic things, too, our sense of values has been the same. We like the same things in a house, a home. Soon after we became engaged, I remember Paul saying one night, 'When we have a house, I want it to be high on a hill, above all the confusion of the world, near the stars.' I wanted this, too. And so, soon after we were married, we built this house, high on a hill, where it seems we can almost touch the stars.

"We both loved babies and wanted a lot of them—a whole houseful.

"And so, in this house, our first and only home, there are now four: Paul Frederick, Jr., who is seven and a half; Michael Anthony, five; Timothy Peter, four, and baby Jeanine Cherie, two. And more, we hope, to come!

"As it had been with my marriage, so everyone predicted disaster when I began to have my babies," Jeanne laughed. "When you are very young, both in age and in pictures, and your career is 'abuilding,' the studio is apt to take a dim view of motherhood," Jeanne laughed. "Not that they really object to it, you understand, they even think it's quite all right for a movie star to have babies—if she times them properly. This means you must leave plenty of time between babies to accumulate a backlog of pictures so that you can be seen, without undue interruption, on movie screens. Then, they say, your career is reasonably safe.

"But you cannot plan your life or family according to shooting schedules at the studio or the proper number of releases to keep you continuously in the public eye. You have to decide which is more important to you, an armful of babies or a scrapbook full of screen credits!

"I would be miserable," Jeanne said, soberly, "if I didn't have a part in the wonderful world of pictures. What life would be like without it, I don't know and don't want to know. Even so, a couple of cans of film would not be much comfort fifty years from now on a lonely dark day!

"Looking back, I can see that there were so many traps into which I might have fallen, so many false mirages I might have followed (had I not followed my heart) which would have led me away from the kind of life that is right and good for me.

"There is the kind of trap you can fall into so easily here in Hollywood: It's that awful chaotic sense of competition that makes you miserable if your name is not in the gossip columns every day, if you are not the Queen Bee of the bachelor list.

"In the same category, there is another pitfall: The feeling that one must dedicate one's whole life to the holy business of 'Being A Movie Star'; that you must never waste time with anything—or anyone—that won't help you up the ladder of success.

"You do have to exert that last ounce of effort if you want to be a big-name star, but no matter how important the work may be to you, it can't be your whole life, can't be important enough to tempt you to postpone love and marriage and motherhood.

"And so," Jeanne said, with her bright sweet smile, "I didn't put it off. . . ."

No, she didn't, and for that reason Jeanne (Mrs. Paul Brinkman) Crain is the young, lovely and glowingly happy proof that you can be a devoted wife, the mother of four and a star in, what Jeanne calls, "The wonderful world of pictures."

A guiding star, as well, to other young actresses in Hollywood.

"If anyone doubts you can be a successful wife, mother and movie star—let them look at Jeanne Crain!" So says young Mrs. Richard (June Allyson) Powell, who does pretty well in this triple role herself!

A mere matter of days before she took her sudden leap to the altar, Jean Peters said, "I am wary of marriage for myself. Doubt that you can mix marriage and a movie career. Still," Jean added, reflectively, "Jeanne Crain has done it. A great serenity in Jeanne. More than any girl in Hollywood, I admire Jeanne Crain."

It's amazing how Terry Moore, Elaine Stewart, Marilyn Monroe, Janet Leigh (who hopes her marriage will turn out "just like Jeanne Crain's!") and other young stars—marrieds, unmarrieds, about-to-be-marrieds and afraid-to-be-marrieds—say, in the same wishful-wistful words, "Jeanne Crain has done it."

But how has she done it? Is it luck? Wisdom beyond her years? A greater-than-average capacity for living? Some magic formula?

The other day, having been invited by Jeanne to lunch with her at her home, I got the answer to these questions.

The Brinkman house (the sign on the gates reads "Paul F. Brinkman") sits low and long with many windows on top of the Hollywood hills, in a section called "The Outpost." When I arrived, shortly before noon, Jeanne was wearing an ivory satin bathing suit, one-piece, jewelled at the bosom. She was posing, slimmer and shapelier than before the birth of her first baby, at the edge of the kidney-

shaped swimming pool near the house. "A magazine layout," she explained. The sitting over, Jeanne changed into cottons—green denim skirt, plaid shirt—and we lunched, at individual tables in the long, lovely, living room filled with books and plants and where the front wall is glass so that the whole outdoors—pool and hills and sky—comes right indoors. The walls, rugs, ceiling and draperies are a blend of dark greens, soft grays and russet. The furniture, modern in design, of bleached mahogany is laughingly described by Jeanne as "thoroughly child-antiqued!"

During the hour after lunch, the little boys came in from school and kindergarten. Each, in turn, burst through the front door and rushed to Mommie with a tale to tell of the day's events or a newly learned game—"Let's play it now, huh, Mom!" Later, after her nap, baby Jeanine made her entrance, also with a little rush to Mommie, followed by hugs and kisses.

So, within the hour, I'd watched both the movie star in the bejeweled swimsuit at work before the camera and the young mother in cotton at play with her children and realized that Jeanne has in both roles a sort of gay and gleaming happiness. A contentment.

This smoothness, this balance to her life, I thought and said, is actually the way she does it. . . .

"That's true," Jeanne agreed, "and also knowing what in both departments is right for me. 'To thine own self be true'—truer words than these were never spoken. You have to follow your own destiny. Otherwise you would be living someone else's ideas of what your life should be. You would be compromising."

"I think I can truly say that I never compromised, even in the smallest way. Even from the very first I would never go out on publicity dates, for instance. When it was first suggested to me that I date this or that boy in order to promote interest in a picture in which we were cast as sweethearts, I hesitated. I knew it was being done. I recognized a certain publicity value in it. And what, after all, was the harm? I wasn't married—not even seriously interested in any particular boy. But somehow, to me, there *was* harm. There would be pictures of us in the newspapers and magazines. There would be items in the columns about Jeanne Crain and young Mr. Blank being 'That Way' about each other. I just didn't like the thought of it. I felt it would be tarnishing, somehow I felt within my heart that if you start compromising your ideals, they soon become so watered down you haven't any left, that in time you become incapable of true love."

"Certainly I have never compromised in the larger, more basic ways. I followed my heart into marriage and motherhood. And I believe it is because I have done so that everything has fitted just beautifully into the pattern I wanted my life to take; the goal I hoped to attain; the peace and the happiness I hoped to find."

"Not that there haven't been problems, some of which still exist. In every marriage, however good, there are many adjustments to be made by both partners. Paul, for instance, is an extremely friendly sort, social, completely at ease with people. But I am the extreme opposite. In order for me to be at ease, I must know a person very well. Then, too, Paul loves the great outdoors and plenty of physical action, whereas I am not even very good at spectator sports. I love reading, painting, drawing, music, the indoor things. But you give these things you love, I've found, like little gifts to the other person. And he in turn gives to you. Gives, I say, not forces—which would be something else."

"When, in a marriage, the wife is a suc-



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successful movie star and the husband a businessman, there is a very definite problem—the financial bugaboo.

"When Paul and I first met and fell in love he was, as I mentioned before, an actor. He'd graduated from an engineering school but—before he had time to find the kind of job for which he was trained and qualified (he'd been asked so many times, handsome as he is, 'Why aren't you in pictures?'), he finally 'succumbed,' as he puts it, 'to an acting career.' Be fun, he thought. Play a wonderful swashbuckling pirate. Errol Flynn, you know, and all that. But he was never really serious about acting, just a lark with him and so, just before we were married, he decided to give it up and, 'go to work.' Since I realized Paul knew acting was not for him, I encouraged him in his decision. 'Do what you really want to do,' I urged, 'what, in your heart you've wanted to do.'

"Now Paul is an unusually successful businessman with a manufacturing company that makes precision instruments. Nevertheless, the financial bugaboo of the wife who earns more than her husband does exist. No use denying it. We don't deny it. We face it. We face the incontestable fact that a movie star's income is a freak thing in the material world, that at no other trade can a young woman earn even a fraction of what top film stars earn and that trying to match incomes is, therefore, ridiculous.

"But since a man's pride is apt to be very sensitive on this subject of who brings home the most money, it follows that the man has got to know he is really the head of his house, money or no money. In order to make him know it, you can't just say it—it actually has to be!

"And in our house, Paul is boss. He knows it. He knows it because I have never fallen into the trap of taking myself too seriously—as a movie star or as a personality. At home, at table with my family, I'm not Jeanne Crain playing in that picture down the street, I am Mrs. Paul Brinkman, my husband's wife, and I am 'Mommie.'

"I am certainly Mommie and none other," Jeanne smiled, "to the children. They've occasionally seen some youngster ask me for an autograph, but their only reaction is to ask 'Why did he do that?' Then they promptly forget it. They've seen me, here at home, in three of my early pictures, 'State Fair,' 'Home in Indiana,' and 'Margie.' But evidently they think that they're seeing pictures made of me when," Jeanne laughed, "I was young! I tell them that movies are 'pretending' and 'make-believe,' and since make-believe is natural to a child, they accept it matter-of-factly.

Or maybe they think everyone's mother does the same thing.

"When my work obliges me to be away from home for any length of time—as, for instance, *Duel in the Jungle*, the Warners picture that Dana Andrews, David Farrar and I made last year in Africa and London—Paul arranges his affairs so he can go with me. To the children, it is just Mommie and Daddy going away on a trip, and what could be more natural? In the intervals between pictures, I am at home all day for weeks and sometimes even months, and Daddy goes to the office in the morning and comes home at night just like fathers everywhere.

"Not," Jeanne added, "that I wish to be put in the category of the Sweet Little Homebody who just makes pictures once in awhile for the heck of it. I most certainly do not. I make pictures, as I make a home, for the sheer love of it.

"I have a love," Jeanne said, "for all the arts. But in acting, particularly, I would like to accomplish something bigger than I've had a chance to do so far. But far from blaming this on marriage and motherhood, I have found that my children have brought me luck. A few days after Michael Anthony was born in nineteen forty-nine, John Ford asked me to test for 'Pinky.' After Timothy's birth in August of nineteen fifty, I went into 'Take Care of My Little Girl'—played a college girl, too! It was soon after the birth of Jeanine that I went to Africa on location for 'Duel in the Jungle' and now I've signed a term contract with Universal-International. Actually, I think motherhood has given me a kind of bloom. I know many girls in pictures who say their figures became better than ever after they've had children! But even if this had not been so, I would have had children anyway. If you cut yourself off from the basic human experiences of life, if you haven't that warm human quality that comes from the mutual life of marriage and children—then I think you are less and not more of an artist.

"Elia Kazan, one of the most sensitive and brilliant directors in pictures, once told me he would rather have an actress who was 'A woman first and an actress second.'

"I agree wholeheartedly. And so I am glad I've built my career on that idea.

"If you know within your heart that you are absolutely right about the way you should live your life, then go ahead and live it! Things do work out if you try hard enough, this I do believe, and they will for you. At least they have," Jeanne said, with a gentle smile on her lips and in her eyes, "for me and mine."

THE END

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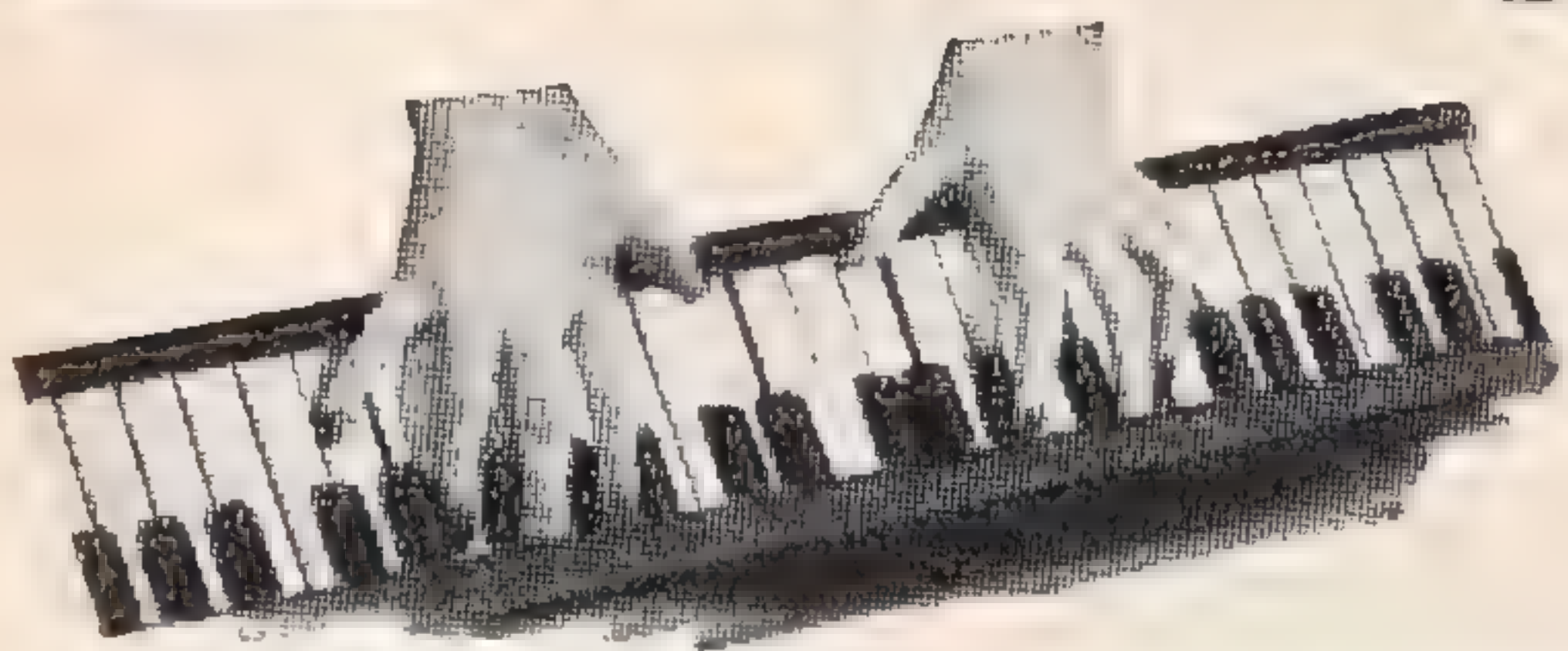
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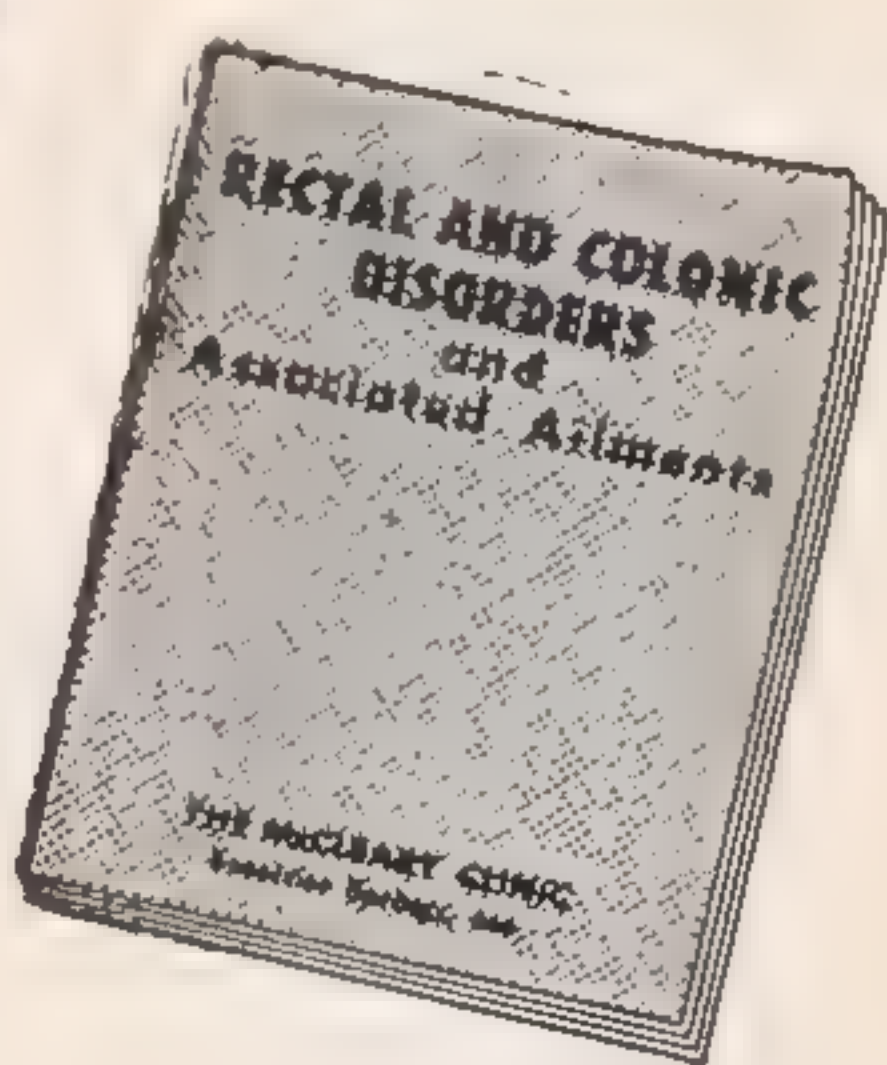
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Take Glamour to Your Head

(Continued from page 57)

lustrous and lively hair, they speak as one. The old belief that once every two weeks is often enough to wash your hair—if not too often—is nothing more, say the experts, than an old wives' tale.

THE SHAMPOO

Paramount's hair-stylist Nellie Manley, into whose capable hands have fallen the heads of the Paramount stars since 1927, says: "You wash your face at least twice a day, don't you? Then why not your hair? Your hair gets the same amount of dust and dirt as your face—more, because hair, which is full of oil, attracts dust and dirt. Now I don't mean you should wash your hair twice a day, of course, or even every day (though it would do no harm) but at least once a week. And for beautiful healthy hair, I'd recommend that every young lass make it a habit to schedule two or three washings a week. For in addition to attracting dust and dirt and being oily, hair is porous. This means that dust and dirt can penetrate the tubular hair—more deeply in fact, than it can the pores of your skin—and clog it. Clogged hair," flipped Miss Manley, "looks like old crepe paper!"

"A good shampooing takes care of this problem and the secret of a good shampoo is to wash your hair—not merely scrub your scalp. Porous hair needs lots more scrubbing than a smooth-surface scalp. So make sure you really give your hair a good vigorous washing. Two or three soapings should be the rule—particularly if your hair is oily."

There are excellent shampoos for every kind of hair—dry, oily or normal. You can choose from among lotion, liquid or cream shampoos. Some have egg added to condition your hair, others are extra-rich in lanolin. So experiment until you find the one that does the most for you. And remember, a shampoo that does wonders for your best girlfriend may do absolutely nothing for you.

An important point frequently overlooked in washing hair is that it should be washed quickly. Apply and work the shampoo through your hair with your fingertips—not with the palms of your hands since this causes tangles—give a couple of vigorous washings, then rinse immediately.

As for the number of washings, Miss Manley says, "When giving a shampoo here at the studio, I often say to myself, 'There, the hair's all clean.' Then I give it another good washing. And when the hair's oily, a couple of extra-good washes. For in my opinion, oily hair—persistently oily hair—is quite simply hair that is never thoroughly clean."

Miss Turpin of 20th Century-Fox agrees, and adds, "To make thin hair look twice as thick and fluffy, girls with oily hair should shampoo more often, sometimes every day, while girls with dry hair need only a weekly shampoo. Persistently oily hair is often a problem of adolescence and passes with the teenage. If it doesn't, and you are keeping it scrupulously clean, then you should consult your physician or a dermatologist. On the other hand, if your hair has a tendency to be dry, finish your shampoo with a cream rinse."

"Rinsing," Miss Manley insists, "is of paramount importance." An incomplete shampoo, or any soap left in the hair, will make it lustreless. So never limit your rinsing to one, two or three times, keep right on rinsing until it's clean, making extra sure the ends are well rinsed. A good check is to run a fine comb through

your hair after the last rinse. If the hair is not knotted or tangled, you can be sure it has been rinsed thoroughly.

Rinsing finished, then dry your hair quickly. Letting it remain wet or damp over a long time can make it dry and lustreless. So towel it promptly, beginning at the roots and working down to the ends. If you find your hair is drying slowly, you can bet any amount of money you didn't get it thoroughly clean.

As for using hair-dryers, Paramount beauty experts maintain that they are no injurious to the hair. "The hot air is not hot enough to damage the hair. Too much sun, on the other hand, is as injurious to the hair as it is to the skin. Over-exposure to sun makes the hair look older, leaving it dry and strawlike in texture. Stars like Piper Laurie, Jeanne Crain, Barbara Rus. have their hair shampooed, set and dried every day and have been doing it for years. For when facing the cameras, a star's hair must look exactly the same on Tuesday as it did on Monday and so on throughout production. One look at their glamorous healthy heads should prove that daily washing and drying are no harmful."

Twentieth's Miss Turpin says that the small home dryers are not harmful. However, she does feel, "Dryers may be injurious if you stay under them too long. Mitzi Gaynor and Jean Simmons never stay under a dryer for more than ten to twelve minutes. Marilyn Monroe gets under the dryer and gets out in five minutes flat. Unless they have a date, or must report back to the set, their hair is always damp when I take off the net and remove the pins. Sun and air complete the drying process, which is all to the good since hair dried nature's way has more body and spring."

So much for the shampoo. While it may not be wholly responsible for taking glamour to your head, it does give you as the experts have certainly made clear a head start!

HOW TO SET YOUR HAIR

If you're a gal who moans and groans and worries about setting your hair—properly, that is—relax. "Just don't worry too much about how you set your hair, is the heartening advice of Miss Manley. She adds, "Good brushing will blend it. Most girls, of all ages, are afraid of brushing and combing after a set. They shouldn't be—for this is the secret. With a good vigorous brushing, the hair falls into place no matter in what crazy curlicues you've set it. The more casual you are about setting it, the more natural it looks."

"There are a few pointers, however, that I can give you that may be helpful: If your hair is short, do not make the curls too tight. Wind the hair over your finger, make the curl and then, while releasing the curl from your finger, loosen it before you put in the clip. (Bobby pins or clips are equally good.) Too-tight curls give you that crimped look—a look Hollywood stars would be ashamed to have and never do have. So loosely set is Grace Kelly's tangled hair, for instance, that she could coin a new trade name, No-Set!"

"If it's the pony-tail you're setting, divide your hair in two or three parts. Set each part separately by rolling the ends of the hair under and into a large curl until you reach the point where you want your pony-tail to start. Then pin the curl down."

"If you'd like to wear your hair long and set so that it frames your face and falls smoothly in the back, set the hair at the back of your head in alternating rows of

rls. Make sure the curls in the first row are rolled toward the right, the second row toward the left, the third row to the right—and so on. You'll find that the curls will set and overlap after you've combed them out with no unattractive hair breaks the back."

Again Miss Turpin agreed with Miss Stanley. She added, "If you haven't had shampoo before setting, use a good wave set. It will hold curl better. If you've had a shampoo, skip the wave set. By leaving the hair damp after the set, and letting it take its good sweet time to dry, you achieve approximately the same effect by using wave set. However, to keep your hair in place all day long in a soft natural way, there's nothing as convenient as a liquid hair spray."

On a new permanent wave, all of the Hollywood hair experts agree no wave set is needed when setting the hair.

PERMANENT WAVE

For good permanent waves, all studio beauty advisors have nothing but praise. Provided, they add, that the permanent be given—if it's a home permanent—only when you understand and learn everything about the product you're using and provided your hair is in healthy condition. "If the hair is in good condition, and particularly if it is short, a permanent wave three times a year is about the right number of times to have one," advises Helen Turpin. "When some permanent is left in the hair, have it cut off before giving another wave. If your hair is dried out and brittle, treat yourself to one of the excellent cream treatments and use one of the good conditioning preparations with a lotion that are available today."

There are also times when a permanent may not take. For instance, when you have recently taken an anesthetic or during the menstrual period when both the skin and hair seem to go dead. The better you feel, in short, the better your hair curls—and behaves.

Emotional disturbances, the experts agree, disturb the hair. A fight with your boyfriend, a communique from the Director of Internal Revenue, a disappointment and your permanent may not turn out well. The process of having the permanent seems to add an emotional disturbance to the one you already have! In other words, go calmly to the chair—or else!

DYE OR NOT TO DYE?

Dye, the experts say, if dyeing improves your appearance, lets you look younger or makes you feel happier. If properly done, dyeing will not hurt a hair on your head. But unless you are very skillful, it's best to have a professional beauty operator color your hair.

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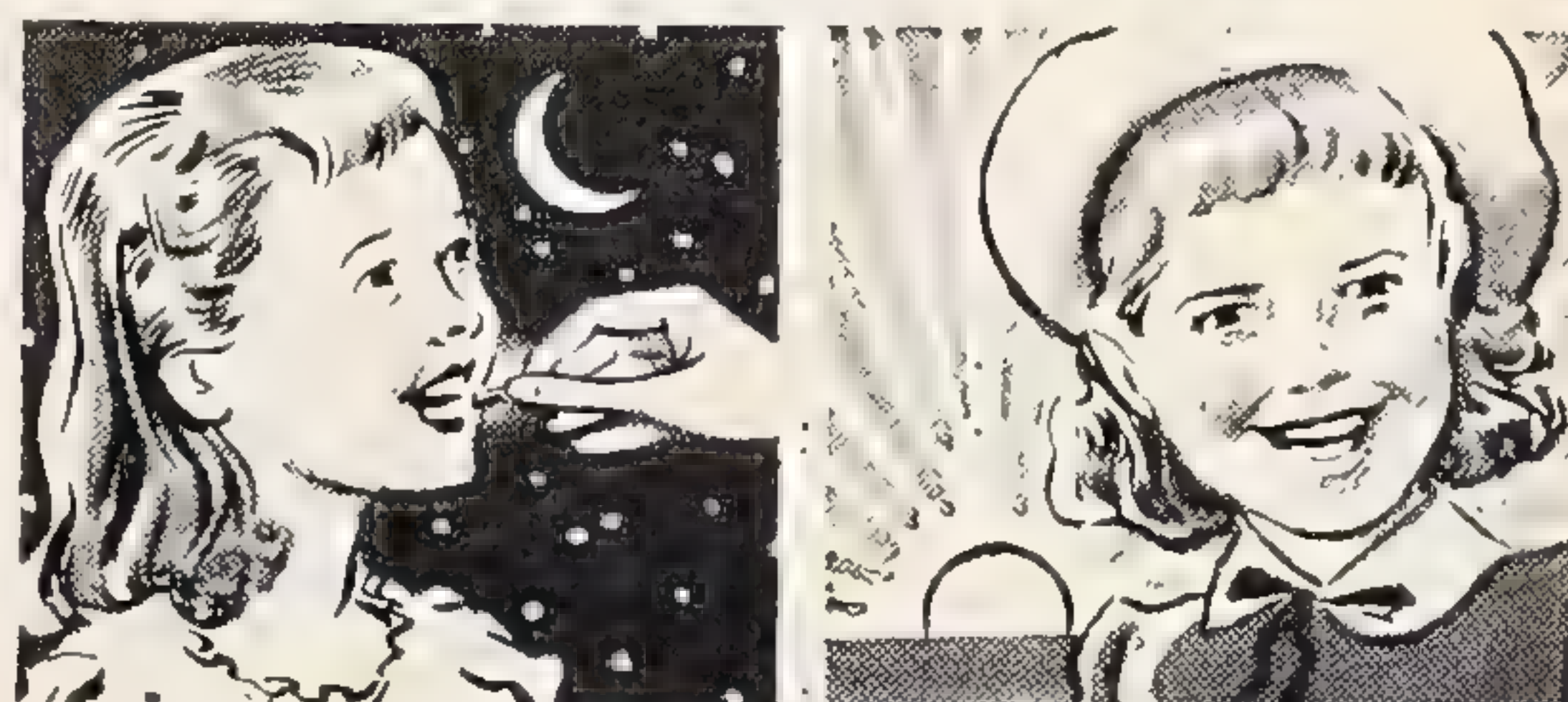
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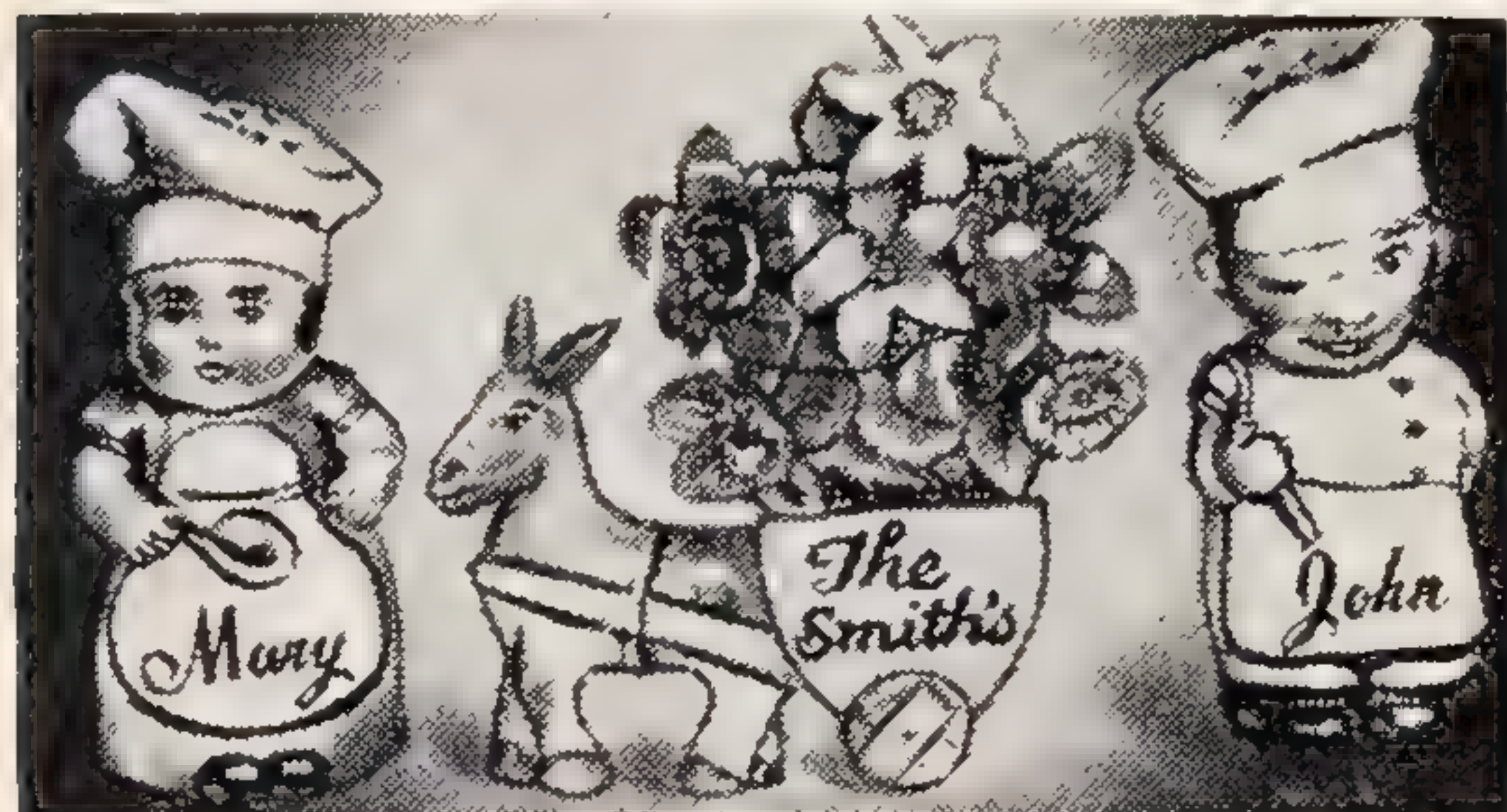
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with proper precaution at home. Dye is a job for an expert. For unless you understand the action and reaction of chemicals, you can come out with your hair colored shocking pink or jade green. When hair is dyed, it must look natural regardless of what your real color may be," cautions Miss Manley.

What Miss Manley means is that black hair, which may contain both gray and brown, will look more natural if dyed brown instead of black. A good trick, in fact, for any shade of hair which is graying is to dye it back to its lightest shade.

The new colors in dyes are the ash shades—one of which Lana Turner is using in her new M-G-M picture "The Prodigal."

When the stars dye their hair, it is usually to bring out the highlights of the hair and make it more photogenic.

Miss Manley feels, "When older people dye, I recommend that they start when the hair is just beginning to turn gray. If they wait four or five years while the hair grays, it's too drastic a change for most women. And when you dye in middle life, I suggest using a lightening, rather than a darkening shade. Just as gray or white hair softens the face, so do the lighter and softer shades of dye.

"Once you start dyeing, you do have to make frequent visits to the beauty parlor—or the hair around the part gives you away! But washing the hair does not, as many people seem to think, wash out the dye. A dye is a dye and it stays there until it grows out—or is cut off!"

CHOOSING A HAIR STYLE

The make-up experts at Universal-International say, "Today, for hair-styling, as for make-up and fashion too, there are no rules of thumb. There are only types and age limits. All types, for instance, can wear the pony-tail, although there is an age limit.

"For the young girl, the pony-tail is a very effective hair-do, providing she's careful where the tail breaks on the head. When we do a pony-tail on one of our girls here at the studio, we move the place where the tail breaks a half-dozen times before settling on the final position. By looking in the mirror and experimenting, a girl doing her own hair can find the most becoming point.

"The Italian haircut, I think, has had it! You can't even find many of the Italian cuts left in Italy today.

"All types can wear the short haircut, however, if it is styled to the individual and to the shape of her face."

According to Nellie Manley: "Girls with naturally curly hair can have the Italian haircuts; girls with straight hair or too-thin hair should not. If the hair is thick in itself, it frames the face; if too thin, it plasters down around the face. And if the face is slender, the Italian haircut is becoming; if too large, or too square, it looks too masculine.

"The Italian haircut, I think, is going, and we are coming more to the pompadour, the front lift over the forehead and no part at all. We're due to see, I predict, quite a vogue for this styling.

"For the girls who have the short haircut and hate it, there are hair pieces they can wear while the hair grows out. Or if it is very short, and they are very sad, they can create an optical illusion by curling the hair very tight, then brushing it into a shape that doesn't show how short it is!

"Bangs are always good—particularly for teenagers. But never cut bangs until after you have set them. If you want a lift bang, you must cut it overlong, then set the bang, comb it into place, then cut it again."

Helen Turpin agreed with her fellow experts—the Italian cut and the pony-tail are both going out.

"In any hair style, the illusion you are striking for," says Miss Turpin, "is the oval face. The nearest to the oval I can think of at this time is Marilyn Monroe. A triangle, Gene Tierney comes to mind. And speaking of Gene reminds me of the new Butch haircut which Gene wore for a time.

"The Butch is cut short on top, sides are left longer and brushed back. It is similar to the Butch cut worn by boy and mar alike, only a little longer with the top standing up!"

Summing up, the experts say, always wear your hair to emphasize your best points. Then people will not see your bad points. And always make sure to look at your hair when dressed, not only from the front but from both sides and from the back.

If you have an oval face (ah, there's Marilyn) keep your hair-do simple, with a center part which is always most becoming to the oval face and to one who has a widow's peak. Draw the hair back cleanly from your forehead, instead of having it down over your brow. Due to the width of the cheekbones, this softens the facial outline.

If you have a round face, wear your hair waved softly and keep the hairline soft, too, because any severe line is not in keeping with this type. The hair is dressed full and soft above the ears to create the illusion of length.

For the square face (like Rosemary Clooney's) set the hair soft and loosely, with fullness at the side to minimize the heavy jaw. Create as many soft curves in the hair as possible to counteract the squareness of the features.

For the oblong face (like Loretta Young's) fluff the hair at the sides so it is on a horizontal line with the chin, or have it full behind the ears, or worn flat on top of your head so it helps foreshorten your face.

If yours is a triangle face (same as Gene Tierney) brush the hair up and from the temples to create the illusion of width in the forehead and length in the face. Keep the forehead fully exposed. Use the natural hairline.

And for the diamond-cut face (such as Claudette Colbert's and Liz Taylor's) keep the fullness of the hair above and below the ears and dress the hair snugly at the cheek line. This will reduce the width across the cheekbone line.

You've styled, washed, rinsed and colored your hair to perfection. As a means of keeping the hair in permanent good condition, Helen Turpin says, "Go to work with a hair brush, a bristle brush if possible, and give your hair the good old one hundred strokes a day. It's still the best way to exercise your scalp and stimulate circulation around your hair roots. And here's another tip. When you are combing your hair, start at the ends of your hair and work towards the scalp; you'll have less chance to break the hairs. Susan Hayward has learned to handle her long hair very well. She combs it all out first, beginning with the ends, then leans over and brushes her hair up from the nape of her neck. She's rough with her hair, and that's good for it. The hair, like every other part of the body must be exercised. You exercise it by vigorous brushing and massaging."

So, and in such ways, according to the experts, you too can take glamour to your head—and, like the Hollywood stars, keep it there. Not forgetting, of course, not for one instant forgetting that cornerstone of the lustrous coiffure, the Shampoo!

THE END

(Continued from page 44)

been one of them) who constantly fight against their daily right to happiness. Most of them aren't even aware of the fact. Take the fellow who says, "Good grief, what a day! If it were only over!"

He's decided that tomorrow is bound to be better than today. But then some hours later, when tomorrow finally becomes his today, he doesn't give it a chance. Right away he begins living for the day after that. This boy just can't win. He'll never find contentment, because he hasn't learned to live in the present. He spends his entire life waiting, but he does nothing today to insure that his tomorrow actually will be better. I might go so far as to say that he hasn't learned to live, period! He simply dreams.

I'm not contending that it's wrong to dream of a pot of gold at the end of some rainbow—or the greener pastures and easier times on the other side of some fence. But why not take the time to enjoy the beauty of the rainbow outside your own door right now, while it's with you? Your rainbows, your minutes, your hours, your days slip by and they're gone forever. They'll never be back. Don't belittle them, or ignore them. Love 'em while you have 'em!

I began to learn this lesson early in life and when I find myself slipping back into this old way of thinking, I snap out of it by remembering an experience I had as a youngster in military school.

I was pretty much of a rebel in those days and, naturally, many things I wanted were forbidden me. "When I get older . . . when I get out of school . . ." I said to my instructor on one particular occasion. "Am I ever living for graduation! Things'll be different then."

He shook his head rather sadly. "I hope you don't really mean that," he said.

"Don't you believe me?" I asked him. "I'd like to give you a piece of advice," he said. "I'm not certain whether I can make you understand it, but I'd like to try."

I settled down to listen, still bitter and dreaming of the day when I would be able to do as I pleased, without adult disapproval and interference. "I've heard a great many boys say, 'When I grow up, I'll do this or that,'" said my instructor. "And I've watched them get older. But in one sense they never really grow up at all. They refuse to accept today's problems and disappointments—the ones that come with every age. They're always looking ahead to the next period in their lives when they expect their worries to disappear miraculously. They live in the future and they have no time to appreciate or make the most of the present. And by the time they're old and gray, they look back—and upon what? They see the years they've wasted—looking for tomorrows that never came—and now it's too late to make up for them."

"We have to learn to live in the present, young man," he said. "And when you realize this, you'll be happier for it."

That started me thinking, and I've thought about it quite often since then. I can't tell you how much it has helped me get along with myself and make the most of life.

And there's still another type of "tomorrowite." He's the guy (or maybe she's the girl) who spends today dreading the future. He thinks of all the terrible things that will probably happen tomorrow—the problems that will confront him, the disasters that threaten him—and he's so wrapped up in worrying about these things that his today is a complete failure.

I've been guilty. In the early days of my career, I won an award. It was the PHOTOPLAY "Choose Your Stars" award. Happy? I was on top of the world. But suddenly I started to worry. "What's going to happen next?" I wondered. "I can't go on forever being the most promising newcomer year after year. I have to keep pushing ahead. Will I get good pictures? Can I live up to them?"

I was thinking out loud like this one noon when Dale Robertson spoke up and brought me back to my senses! "Simmer down, boy," he drawled. "Take one thing at a time. You just play your scenes for all they're worth today, and you won't have to be in such a stew about the future."

It's this way with any chore in every walk of life. As Thomas Carlyle put it (and I have the quotation framed), "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."

I'm very conscious of the fact that I have to give a good performance and that each performance has to be better than the last. The public expects more and more of an actor with every picture. He has to progress toward tomorrow—right now!

Don't think for a second I'm ignoring the idea of thinking about the future and planning for it. That's entirely logical—and necessary. But I do say that the best way to prepare for your tomorrow is to concentrate on doing today's work well. So think and plan. But don't clutter up your todays with unnecessary worries. Worry is a complete waste of energy. It prevents your accomplishing anything. You have to remember that uncertainties are a part of life. And wouldn't life be dull without them? Think about them, prepare for them if you can, but don't let them make ulcer bait of you.

If you like action, why not write down all your worries? Then put away the piece of paper and forget it for a few days. When you take out the list and look at it again, chances are you'll be amazed at all the problems that have solved themselves or vanished completely!

So you can see that if you postpone living today, enjoying today, it's likely you never will get around to it. And I believe this theory can be applied to almost any occasion—careerwise or otherwise.

Not so long ago, for instance, I went to a party. One of my friends had called and asked me to escort a young lady who was visiting his girl friend. My pal put it this way, "R. J., I'll be honest with you. I just haven't been able to line up a date for this girl. The guys seem to think she's kind of a nil character. And I guess she does have the sort of face that sinks ships instead of launching them," he moaned. "But look, will you do me a favor this once?"

I was offered a good many sympathetic looks that evening. However, it wasn't long before I was ready to tell the folks not to waste all that sympathy on me. My date was no raving beauty, but her face had sort of a gamin quality and her smile, when it came, was bright and alive and interesting. She was shy, terribly shy, but as we talked I found her shyness was giving way to delightful charm. Her sense of humor turned out to be the greatest. We really had a ball.

Should I have spent the evening eyeing the so-called popular girls? Thinking of the fun I could have been having with someone else? Living for the time I could date the gorgeous blond across the room? I don't believe so. I might never have discovered how much fun my own date could be. I even began to be flattered that my date wanted to be with me, instead of ten



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other guys. I was glad she could feel at ease with me. Our evening was a whopping success.

When you adopt a philosophy of living for today, you'd be surprised how it improves your relationships with people. Dreaming about tomorrow—or worrying about it—has a way of coming right straight through your personality and creating a sort of barrier between you and other people. And some of those people are bound to chalk it up as unfriendliness or perhaps hostility when they run into a guy—you—who's a million miles away on his own private cloud. He doesn't mean to be rude. He may not even be aware that his daydreams are so all-absorbing. But if it goes unexplained, the poor joker's soon wondering why nobody bothers to say as much as hello to him any more.

I remember once when I was in a blue mood and somewhat unconscious of the world around me. I forgot exactly what it was, but I was worrying about something that might happen. I went through the day without hearing half that was said to me. My father shook me out of it by telling a story he'd read. It was about a shopkeeper who was so low in spirits that he figured he'd simply end it all. He got up one morning and made the decision. "This is going to be my last day on earth," he decided.

And because he figured he wasn't going to be around much longer, he decided he might as well be pleasant at breakfast, instead of growling as usual. He was surprised at how cheerful his wife could be and he noted that on this particular morning his son was especially well-behaved. Because he knew he'd be gone next day, he smiled at the people he met on the street and was amazed at how many people smiled back at him. He felt sorry for the unhappy people who came into his shop and tried to cheer them up. After all, he figured, they were going to be around for tomorrow. He made many sales and also many friends. In fact, life was so good that he decided to stick around for another day. And then another. And so, finally, he took to living every day as if it were his last, and had a wonderful time. By now, he must be a grand old man in his hundreds! And a very happy one!

I've never forgotten the story. Granted, this may be carrying things to extremes, but it's worth thinking about.

The "live-for-today" theory is something pretty wonderful when you apply it to your parents, too. I've known a good many kids who are inclined to take their parents for granted. They figure, well, the old man and the old lady are around to feed us and

clothe us and take care of us, but they never really understand us.

I think the trouble is most kids simply don't try to understand their parents. They love their parents, but they rarely look upon them as individuals with feelings, hopes and dreams—individuals who aren't really so old and who know what it's like to be even younger! It isn't until the youngsters themselves grow older that they realize their parents can be—and have been—their very best friends . . . and they wish they had found it out long before. Instead, they've been waiting for the day that they could come out from under parental authority.

I've been very fortunate in that respect. My father and I have always had a man-to-man relationship. My folks and I have always been close friends. Since they've moved down to La Jolla, I visit them as often as possible. It isn't a duty. It's a pleasure—even when my dad beats me at golf!

When I realized that I wanted to become an actor, I knew that I could level with my folks and they would take me seriously. And my dad knew that he could level with me. He had hoped I would want to go into the steel business, so we compromised. I agreed to try it. If it didn't work out, he agreed to help me get started on an acting career.

I tried. And I learned an invaluable lesson in the process. Have you ever heard the saying, "We never do anything consciously, for the last time, without sadness of heart?" A gentleman named De Quincey said it, and he was so right. I found it out.

I went back to Detroit and the East to learn about the steel business. But I discovered that I still wanted to act. And I was living for the tomorrow when I'd achieve my purpose. Yet when I left to return to California, to what I hoped would be a successful acting career, I got to feeling pretty sad. I watched the city of Detroit disappear as the train sped west. I remembered the good times I'd had and the friends I'd made. I also remembered how sometimes I'd been too lost in my dreams of the future to enjoy the present.

I've never been sorry that I planned for California, but I've always been sorry that I didn't take full advantage of the enjoyable things each day offered in Detroit, because there's always something fine about each and every day.

I've learned. And I'm still learning. That's why I say, don't live for tomorrow. Live for your todays. You won't be sorry. You'll find you're really living!

THE END

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(Continued from page 59)

dog, he'd disappear for several days at a time, eluding search parties and scorning the inevitable punishment when he returned home.

"I always loved the out-of-doors. I was always a kid wild for adventure," Rory says now, which is undoubtedly the truth in a limited way. There was more to it than that. Your average kid gets his adventure in groups, not alone. Rory was good at sandlot baseball; in high school he was a star athlete, specializing in football and boxing, and he was popular. But always there was that inner loneliness, that restlessness. He liked people; he wanted people to like him—and they did, but he could never be sure of it. Not being sure, he took refuge in solitude.

He was still a solitary after graduation. In three years, he tried a succession of jobs—all out-of-doors, all adventures. He was a bronco-buster on a ranch near Tombstone, a hard-rock miner in a silver mine outside of Reno. He worked in a logging camp and on a fishing boat and dug ditches in Oklahoma oil fields. On each job he had pals, buddies—but no close friends. Sooner or later, he always moved on, to a new job, new acquaintances.

Finally, back in Santa Cruz, he signed on as a ranger in the near-by mountains he'd known and loved so well as a lad. This was his happiest job, and he might be a forest ranger today except for one of those completely unpredictable twists of circumstance which sometimes occur. Called to Los Angeles by the illness of his great-grandmother, Rory slipped away one morning for an hour's horseback riding in the Hollywood hills. There he encountered a friendly young man who looked vaguely familiar, and they talked for a few minutes, mainly about horses.

"Are you an actor?" suddenly inquired his new acquaintance.

"Heck, no!" said Rory, who had even shied away from parts in school plays.

"Maybe you could be," the other said. "I'm Alan Ladd—my wife runs a screen-talent agency, and I think she'd be interested in you."

Sue Carol was. So was David O. Selznick when he met Rory. And as simple as that, Rory became an actor.

He wasn't at all sure he'd like it. Acting looked to him like a mighty insecure profession. With a very real modesty, he couldn't understand why anyone would pay good money to watch him on the screen. Still, the Ladds and Selznick and other people who ought to know their business seemed to have faith in him.

Well, he succeeded. Not right away—it took a couple of years and a change of studios. And it took Lita's love, too.

Lita Baron Calhoun was known professionally as plain "Isabelita" when Rory first met her. She was a singer and dancer, working mostly in night clubs. Her parents were both Spanish and she'd been born in Madrid, moving to the United States and Detroit when she was six. From her earliest teens, she'd been deeply involved in show business, singing with Xavier Cugat's band whenever it played Detroit and touring with it as soon as her education was completed.

She and Rory met casually once or twice in Hollywood during the time when Rory's career in pictures was still getting under way. He was in no mood to fall in love. He hadn't yet convinced himself—or been convinced—that Hollywood was for him, and his principal purpose in life was to earn enough money to buy a ranch. A real ranch, one that would support itself and him—just in case.

Then, one evening, he dropped in at the Mocambo—in itself an unlikely thing for Rory Calhoun to do, since he is no night-clubber. But he was lonely—actively lonely that night, not just vaguely so. His mother and stepfather, with whom he was living, had gone out for the evening and he'd had dinner alone. He was at loose ends and thought he might see someone he knew at the Mocambo.

He saw Lita. She was appearing there, and it was early, not yet time for her show. They talked, they danced—and all at once it hit Rory that this was the girl he'd been looking for, without even realizing that he was looking for any girl at all.

He didn't believe it at first. He stayed until closing time and drove Lita to her home. After that she didn't hear from him for a whole month. He was on location and he didn't write. He kept telling himself he'd stop thinking about Lita—but he went right on. It seemed to be something he couldn't help.

Back in Hollywood, he called her, made a date—and the instant he saw her again he was convinced. This was his girl.

So Rory Calhoun went back on everything he'd ever said about the kind of a girl he hoped to marry one day. He had told interviewers that she'd have to know how to ride and be fond of hunting and fishing and camping. Lita Baron hardly knew one end of a horse from the other; she'd never fired a gun or cast a line or slept on the ground—or planned to do any of these things. However . . .

They were married on August 29, 1948. Hollywood tends to favor two kinds of weddings—the elaborate, expensive sort with hundreds of guests, champagne flowing and press photographers' flash-bulbs exploding; or the secret, quickie elopement to Vegas. The Calhoun wedding was different. It was, come to think of it, distinctly old-fashioned.

It was sudden, yes. After planning a formal church wedding in the autumn, Rory and Lita discovered they were unhappy waiting that long, so within a few days arrangements were made. They went to Santa Barbara and got their license under their legal names of Isabel Beth Castro and Francis Timothy Durgin. They were married on a Sunday, in Santa Barbara's Trinity Episcopal Church, before a wedding party consisting of both sets of parents, Lita's sister (her maid of honor) and two brothers.

Lita wore a soft gray dress, a gray chantilly lace skirt and white gloves and carried a bouquet of lavender and white orchids, framed in white carnations and gardenias. Rory wore a plain blue suit.

After the ceremony there was a wedding supper at the Harbour Club in Santa Barbara. Rory and his bride spent the night at the Santa Barbara Biltmore, and left the next morning for Ojai Inn.

It was a wedding, neither a spectacle nor an elopement. And it was so beautiful that Rory and Lita made a promise to each other on their honeymoon: Every five years they would return to Santa Barbara and be married again, re-creating the circumstances of the first ceremony as completely as possible.

Sentimental? Yes, frankly so. Old-fashioned, too—and who cares? Not Rory and Lita. This is their own private five-year plan and they are carrying it out. They were married for the second time on August 29, 1953—although they couldn't arrange to have the wedding in Santa Barbara. Rory was on location in Alberta, Canada, making "River of No Return" at the time. The members of the original wedding party were some thou-



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sand miles away. But the ceremony was performed as scheduled—with Bob Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe as best man and maid of honor, respectively.

How did Lita happen to be on location with Rory? Ah, that brings up another unique aspect of the Calhoun design for marriage—unique, that is, for Hollywood, where wives don't, as a rule, accompany their star husbands on location trips. But very soon after their wedding, Rory had to go to Navaho country in Arizona to make a picture. It was his kind of country—lots of sky and space, no crowds, primitive living conditions—like a big camping trip. Rory should have been in his element—and he was just plain miserable. He called Lita long distance every night to hear her voice. He made up his mind then that never, but never, if he could help it, would he go anywhere without her again.

So Lita accompanies Rory on location trips and on the hunting and fishing trips he loves, too. This hot-house product of night clubs and show business has learned to rough it with the best of them.

"And I enjoy it, too," she says staunchly. "Oh, I admit I mightn't if Rory didn't love it so. But he does, you see, and that makes all the difference. I think it's a wife's—" she hesitated, "not her duty—no, I don't mean that—I think it's her—*privilege*, to enjoy the things her husband enjoys, to share his pleasure in them. I didn't happen to have the kind of life that would teach me to like sports and outdoor living, but I don't see why that means I can't learn to like them."

But of course this business of sharing works both ways. Rory knows that, and if Lita accompanies him on rugged location trips, he goes with her when she is booked for a few weeks into some swanky Manhattan night spot. If, because of picture commitments, he *can't* go—then Lita doesn't accept the engagement. Frequently, too, Rory buttons himself into a boiled shirt and dinner jacket and takes Lita out for dinner and dancing. It's not his sort of thing at all, any more than cooking over a camp fire is Lita's, but he has fun—because Lita does.

Maybe this all sounds too perfect. And maybe you're thinking that Rory and Lita sound like two little angels with halos, bowing and saying to each other, "Just as you like, darling." Well, they aren't! With Lita's Latin temper and Rory's Irish one, their fights are something to see and hear (Not that anyone does—they have the good taste to keep them private). But when a good heated fight is over, it's over—no lingering resentment.

Since she and Rory were married, Lita has continued her career—and this fact admittedly doesn't fit into the old-fashioned pattern of their life together. But—it is quietly taken for granted between them that Rory's work comes first, Lita's second. Thus they avoid the rock on which so many Hollywood marriages crack up. There is no competition between them, no fear that one will become career-wise, "bigger" than the other. Lita is an expert in singing and dancing, a branch of entertainment in which Rory is content to be an appreciative spectator. He is proud when he watches her charm a chattering nightclub audience into rapt silence. It makes him feel good.

The Calhoun home in Beverly Hills is run according to a traditional American system. Since his wedding day, when Rory's worldly possessions were one thousand dollars in the bank and a mortgaged car, he has become considerably more affluent. But he and Lita employ no butler, no maid, no servant of any kind except a woman who comes in once a week to do the heavy cleaning. "When you do things around the place yourself, you take more

interest in your home," they firmly believe. Lita found the house, a New England style place with a roomy backyard, a swimming pool and numerous trees. Lita also supervised the decorating. Like any sensible husband, Rory leaves such matters to his wife's judgment. Lita also supervises Rory's forays into carpentry, which have included, so far, building a knotty-pine breakfast nook and converting the former maid's room into a pine-paneled den—both very workmanlike and professional. His own special project, so far incomplete, is building a "Western room" over the garage as a haven for his saddles, guns, arrows and eighty-pound draw bows.

There is one lack in their marriage, and they both feel it keenly: They have no children. The one time they seemed about to become parents, Lita lost the baby. They have been assured by their doctor there is no reason to fear they won't have children eventually, and they are both hoping for that time to come... soon, if possible.

Meanwhile—well, Rory's contentment can best be measured by something that happened a couple of years ago. You remember that when he first began acting in pictures it was his canny thought to buy a ranch as soon as he had the money, as a backlog of security. Soon after Lita and he were married, they bought that ranch near Ojai. They lived on it for a couple of years, too. Rory drove the seventy miles to the studio and back each day he was working. He still couldn't believe he'd be a success in pictures, but he knew he could earn a living as a rancher.

Today that ranch is run by a foreman. "I couldn't devote enough time to it," Rory says laconically. "Too busy at the studio." Which means, translated, that for the first time in his life Rory Calhoun is happy and secure where he is—in Hollywood, of all places.

THE END

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles

M-G-M, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave., N. Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills

United Artists, 8272 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Studios, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank

Gayer Than Laughter Is She

(Continued from page 67)

to climb a bigger one just to show them you can. When you're four years old, in an adventurous mood, you even set the house on fire . . .

In 1939, your father's transferred to Burbank, California, and is working steady as a carpenter for Southern Pacific again. The railroad moves you, and all your possessions, westward in style. Including your Model-A Ford, which rides royally in a boxcar. The following year you move into the bungalow in Burbank, where you will still be living fourteen years from now . . . a famous motion-picture star. You grow up almost within the shadow of Warner Brothers Studio, where your magic life will begin. But at ten the most exciting thing about movies is the fact that a neighborhood tow-head treats you to a near-by five-cent matinee.

You're in Roosevelt Grade School now. They call you Frannie and you're the star of the school grounds, skinning cats and turning flips and occasionally telling them all off when you're provoked too far. One day the principal, Mrs. Wona Smith, calls your mother, profoundly shocked. "Did you know your daughter swears?" she says. Your mother admits you have "a spirited vocabulary—if somebody makes her mad enough. She had four uncles and they taught her. But usually, there's very good reason whenever she does."

Your principal has happy memories, too: "Incidents like that were just in a day's work—during the crowded war-time years. What I remember most about Mary Frances was her personality. She was a very happy child, such a good sport, and she had the same bubbly personality she has on the screen today. . . ."

At ten you're a proud and active member of the Girl Scouts. You love the out-of-doors, the hikes, the swims, sleeping out in the open and cooking over an open fire. You'll win forty-seven merit badges before your Scouting days are over. And from the beginning, according to your first Girl Scout Leader, Mrs. Catherine Gardner, no project is too tough for you to try.

"I'm not surprised Mary Frances made good in motion pictures, but she would have been successful in any field. She was one of the most co-operative girls in the troop, and she won every badge we could give. She was very friendly and all the other girls loved her. But what I remember most was her willingness to tackle anything."

Jeanette Johnson, today a gym teacher at Glendale High and still your best friend, can also remember problems you had to tackle as Girl Scouts. . . .

"I'll never forget one little excursion our troop made to Pop's Willow Lake. We had a wonderful time until it came time to eat. We went swimming; we wore out the record of 'Five Salted Peanuts' on the jukebox and finally we were starved. But when we unpacked our lunch, the food was crawling with bugs. We didn't know quite what to do about it. I remember there was a big discussion and someone brought up the point that markets aged meat on purpose and that the older it was the better it was and, therefore, it was perfectly all right for us to eat ours. So we just scraped the bugs off and pretended they weren't there."

While you're winning your own medals for resourcefulness, you're also showing great promise as a comedienne, according to Mrs. Diane Higley Cheek, a secretary at Lockheed Aircraft and still your very close friend.

"We all talked about becoming gym teachers in those days, and we'd knock ourselves out playing basketball and base-

ball, but Fran was always the comedienne. At Scout Camp in the mountains, we'd call our tent 'The Opera House' because we did so much singing. The louder we could sing, the better we liked it—and the better we thought it was. We had a great time with 'When You Wore a Tulip' around the campfires at night. As I recall, Fran could sing as loud as any of us and did—and she would put in a few comical gestures on the side. She was the comedienne even then.

"We weren't supposed to chew gum in Junior High, but Fran was always cracking her gum and one day in math class she got caught. Our teacher made her stand in the corner with her gum on her nose. But Fran made a routine out of it. She kept looking around at the class and clowning it up, and all the kids were in stitches. Finally the teacher said, 'Frannie, I told you to stand with your face in the corner.' Fran drew herself up haughtily—I'll never forget—'Only my friends call me Frannie,' she said."

Some day your undisciplined spirit will carry you through the challenges of a magic world you cannot dream now will be yours. But in school, it gets you in Dutch. And often. In the seventh grade your progress-report card says your social habits are "Unsatisfactory." Your respect for school regulations? "Unsatisfactory." And what are all these postscripts that read, "Please note the grade in Social Habits. Mary Frances should be able to explain."

"Monotonous—aren't they? I never even got a 'Fair,'" you say today. "But it was just that I had a gift for gab. I'd get my work done and then I'd fool around. The teachers would get mad, but they couldn't do much of anything because my work was always done. But when I was really mean was in grade school. I'd started growing up by Junior High. I'd discovered the sweet little girls who smiled and said 'Yes' got away with a lot more. The teachers always knew I was going to do something, so even if I didn't, they blamed me for it first. But I was never a bad girl really. I never did throw rocks through windows or things like that. I got myself in plenty of hot water—but I never did hurt anybody else. . . ."

In Junior High you don't break windows, but you're still breaking all records as a Girl Scout. You've won your "Wild Flower Badge," your "Foot Traveler's Badge" and your "Star-Finder's Badge"—to name three. You win first prize, a white Bible, for recruiting the most pupils for your Sunday-school class. You're the secretary of "Knights & Ladies," a student organization given the responsibility of seeing that halls are kept clear of students through the lunch hour during the war-crowded years. You win a red and white chenille letter for "After School Sports." You're president of the Batonettes, leading fifty twirling batons ahead of all civic parades. But try as you will, you can't make a school play. Can you, Mary Frances?

"No, I never got in any of the school plays. When I was in the eighth grade I was pretty heartbroken about one of them, too. It was 'The Eyes of Taylock,' a three-act murder mystery, and I was dying to play in it. I tried out for one of the very dramatic leads. I did a big crying scene, and I was such a ham that by the end of it they were all hysterical! I was terribly hurt. The girl who got that part is married to a minister now, and the girl who got the other lead has a husband and three children—and I'm acting. The teacher would always console me with, 'It isn't that we don't feel you're capable of doing the part, Mary Frances. We just feel you look too

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young.' I was always 'too short' or 'too young.' How I hated looking too young. I always wound up backstage as prop girl or prompter or doing sound effects. I knew all the parts in the plays, but I never got on. I was the footsteps, the ring of the doorbell, the lightning, or feet sloshing through mud. By high school, I gave up trying out. . . .

It's February, 1947, now, Mary Frances, graduation day for midterm students at John Burroughs Junior High—and some day you will be lighting up marquees throughout the world—and the feet of thousands of GI's will be sloshing through the mud to see you on the screen. . . .

You're chosen to give a speech at the graduation exercises, and you choose as your subject, "Happiness." Although you toy with the thought of being a gym teacher, you can't give up the old dream of making people laugh. You're a fan of Betty Hutton, and you kill the kids in your circle doing pantomimes to her records and to Beatrice Kaye's. For you there's no greater reward than watching a face light up when you clown.

But words escape even you when at the close of the graduation exercises you're announced the winner of the coveted annual American Legion Award. You hear the words: "For courage, character, service, companionship, scholarship"—and then your own name! This, you know, will be the crowning hour in your life.

Yours is also a less-heralded victory. You can now play the French horn. The French horn? What inspired you to master this instrument?

"Actually, my teacher in instrumental-training class at John Burroughs decided it for me. I meant to learn to play the clarinet, but by the time I signed up, they were all out of clarinets. There were only three instruments left, all of them masculine to me. The drums, the trombone and the French horn. Right away I knew I didn't want the drums. Then the teacher explained that while I might learn to play the trumpet, the French horn was impossible. With a challenge like that, I had to prove I could. . . ."

Yes, the impossible, you must always try. And after a very wobbly start, you soar to unexpected heights with this instrument. How well your teacher in instrumental-training class, Mrs. Phyllis Thompson, remembers the day you reached—finally—your first true note.

"The French horn is a treacherous instrument and difficult for anyone to play. And, well—Mary Frances wasn't a very hard worker at first. But one day we were doing a piece in class that had a little French-horn solo. Usually when we came to that part, she flubbed, but this time a perfect tone came floating out. I stopped the rehearsal. 'Why, Mary Frances,' I said, 'you played it right! I'll bet you couldn't do it again.' And she played it again. I don't know what happened that day, whether it was in response to winning approval, her own determination or whether she just discovered what she'd been doing wrong, but from that time she was a different student. I put her in the orchestra the following semester, and she became my mainstay. I was surprised when she turned out to be a glamour girl. I always thought of her as a tomboy. She was a friendly girl and very sweet. I'm glad she found a field to make her illustrious—even if it's not through the French horn."

Whatever happened, flushed with first victory, you try out for the Burbank Youth Symphony, and according to famed maestro, Leo Damiani, director of the Burbank Symphony and Youth Symphony Orchestras, this proves to be an unforgettable experience. . . .

"She came in with her horn and full of the Old Nick. I never expected her to be

able to blow it. I asked her what she could play. 'Oh, I can play anything,' she said. 'What would you like to hear, Old Boy?' I saw right away I had a talent on my hands. I wasn't sure exactly what—but talent. I'd been auditioning kids all day and I said, 'Did you come here to play or make wisecracks?' She repeated she could play anything, Old Boy. 'Just play me scale,' I said. It came out 'Moooo' and not so good. 'Can't you do better than that?' asked her. 'Oh, yes, I just started to play this thing,' she said. 'I'll be terrific in while.' Since she was only one of two French horns that showed up, I took her into the Youth Symphony. But once she knew the job on her hands, she really started to play that thing. In two months she was blowing the dickens out of the French horn."

For a kid born in the thick of the depression with seemingly small hope for future, nothing has stopped you. No yet. . . .

You're in Burbank High School now and this is your life—slumber parties, line parties and scavenger hunts, your feet twirling and your baton twirling ahead of every parade, being bat girl for the boys' baseball team—and wearing a uniform five sizes too big. The coach of the team gets you excused from the last school period so you can yell at the ball games. And can you yell. Remember this one?

"Fire water, fire water,
Steam, steam, steam
Have we gotta?
Yes we gotta
Team, team, team—"

But this year—1948—is to be engraved in your memory forever, not only for its triumphs but for the tears. You're treasurer of the Girls' Athletic Association, and during an annual membership drive, you're summoned before some of the faculty and accused of stealing forty dollars of the Association's funds. Your friend, Jeanette Johnson, is called in, too—and she, too, will never forget. . . .

"I was assured that if I told them Frannie took the money they wouldn't hold it against me and Frannie would never find out I told. 'You just tell us she did it,' they said. I was so mad I stomped out. Honesty was Fran's long suit. This had happened during a lunch hour and we didn't know why the money was missing. It just wasn't there. There were several of us connected with the G.A.A. and I remember we all had to sign something saying we didn't know what happened to the money. Later we got this back and tore it up."

You, Mary Frances, are profoundly shocked. But nobody knows better than you how you felt this dark day.

"When they called me in and accused me, I couldn't believe it. 'You can tell us if you took it,' they said. I just stood there. I'd always been so honest—that was the thing. If I'd come from people who'd ever done things like that even, but my people are religious people. Nobody in my family would take a dead ant if they thought it belonged to somebody else. And I'm no kid now—I'm sixteen years old. 'I don't understand how you can question me,' I said. 'I've been in your classes. You know me. It kills me to think you would even believe this.' They insinuated I took the money to buy a new dress for the prom. My mother always made all my clothes, I couldn't even buy anything that would fit."

"I was hysterical about the whole thing. I cried like a baby. And I couldn't prove anything. I felt like a little kid lost in the desert. And I was lost. I'd go out by the gym field and I'd sit like a little kid on the bike rack. The other kids would try to talk to me. Finally we decided we'd find out for ourselves who took the money and we did. It turned out money had been missing from another class, too. We found

at who'd taken it. We went to the girl and talked to her. She was very poor and she had personal troubles. We told her we wouldn't mention it but that she'd better stop taking money or this would get her in real trouble in life. She returned what we had and we all got together and snipped in and helped pay the money back. Do you know something? Even after the money was returned, those who'd accused me never came to me. They never said they were mistaken, not to this day. . . ."

This leaves a scar deeper than anyone suspects, but you go to the school dance all right. You wear an old black taffeta dress of your mother's that she'd made over for you especially for tonight. You go with your first boy friend, Jerry Odens, and you're the hit of the prom. Remember your first date?

"That I couldn't forget. I'd never considered fellows that way, and I was so startled when Jerry asked me. I'd grown up surrounded by boys—my brother and uncles and their friends. And actually they'd been pretty much of a menace, always kidding me so much. I never wore lipstick. Sweaters embarrassed me and I wouldn't wear them. If a boy even half-attracted me, it scared me to death. When Jerry asked me for a date, I said, 'No, everybody says you're a wolf.' Finally I agreed to go to a Boy Scout picnic with him. The girls were to bring the lunches and I packed enough for ten people. I sat so far over on my side of the car it's a wonder I didn't fall out the door. And I was so nervous. We kept stopping and getting a drink of water. I think he was as nervous as I."

That's debatable, but Lt. j.g. Jerry Odens, today of the USN and still your very good friend, has his own memories of that evening—and others.

"The only reason Frannie accepted that first date was because it was a Boy Scout function and she knew it would be well chaperoned; every time she called me a wolf I called her a tomboy and that took care of that. She was the only girl I went steady with in high school, and she had to win the 'Miss Burbank' contest before I could get a kiss—and that was because she lost the bet. We were both sports-minded and I liked being with her. We'd go bowling or swimming, roller skating, play miniature golf, and the rest of the time we were looking for her shoes. She was always taking her shoes off in movies and we were always looking for them. She didn't smoke or drink and I appreciated that. Also she was a doll—but she didn't think so. She'd bet me she wouldn't win the contest, but I was sure she would. She was so surprised. She'd just entered for a free blouse. But she got the crown—and I finally got a kiss."

Yes, when you pantomime to Betty Hutton's recording of "I'm a Square in Social Circles," you're sure you are a square in his contest? Why?

"I just knew I wouldn't have a chance. Jerry Odens is as responsible as anyone for me being in show business today. If it hadn't been for my mother and Jerry, I wouldn't have gone that night. I kept saying I didn't want to go. I wouldn't even curl my hair. My brother didn't want to go either, and Mother kept saying, 'She's your sister, you have to go.' Finally, Jerry put my record-player in the car and made me go. I was sure I couldn't win. I wasn't cute or pretty or anything. It was a bathing-beauty contest and I couldn't afford a new suit. I'd been wearing mine for two years, and when I wear a bathing suit, I wear it. If I'd bent over, no telling what would have happened. It was getting pretty thin. I didn't have an appropriate evening dress, either. I wore the most horrible dress. This one I'd bought and hadn't even bothered having Mother alter it. The

shoulder seams were too long and the bust was too big. It was a gray-colored number with a purple scarf. It must have been fate for me to win that contest."

You not only win this contest, you win a Warner Brothers contract. And according to Solly Baiano, Warners talent executive and judge that night, fate had nothing to do with it. "During the contest, I could see this kid standing in the wings, watching the others coming out. She was so excited. She clapped her hands for all of them. I thought she was working backstage. I whispered to the judge next me, 'Look at that little kid in the wings, isn't she cute? Too bad she isn't in the contest.' Then about the thirtieth contestant, she came out on stage, teetering forward on her high heels. She turned her back completely to the audience and carefully wound up her Victrola. She found she couldn't move enough in her high heels. She stopped the Victrola, took off her shoes, put them in the corner, started the record again and came out singing and swinging. She had a whole routine just getting on. She thought I was out of my mind when I offered her a contract. I had to go over to her house and try to talk her mother into letting her sign, which was quite a switch."

On July 8, 1948, you're with Warners. For you it's just a formality. You're sure you'll be dropped in six months. For despite the fact that your big dream is to help make others happy, you're sure acting in movies is not your medium. You're no glamour girl; there can be no future for you here. This isn't your life. But you go along with your guiding star for as long as it lasts.

Your parents, ironically enough, agree to let you work in pictures because you will be given instruction in dancing and singing which they can't afford. There's a studio strike and the first to be laid off are the dancing and singing instructors. The studio talks of putting you in musicals and now you're really worried. You take your problem to your old school friend, Leon Tyler, a dancer working in pictures. He rehearses in a room back of his house, and there you learn your first steps.

Of one thing you're sure, the whole show will be over soon. With your first movie pay check, you cinch a down payment on a secondhand French horn. Then you start shopping for your first car—a 1932 Chevrolet. During a holiday layoff, both your agent and your studio are shocked to discover you've taken a job in the men's shorts department at J. C. Penney's store. . . .

Your brother, after much parental pressure, agrees to escort you to your first motion-picture premiere. This, Bill Reynolds has cause to regret as he recalls:

"We went in my hot rod, a real job all shaved and chopped down—but no relation to the other buggies there. When we got out in front of the theatre, Frannie tripped over the curb and I left her there. Somebody said, 'Aren't you going to go back and help her?' Being her brother and all, it hadn't occurred to me. We got separated outside the theatre, and they weren't going to let me in. Ten guys kept asking, 'Who are you?' Then, to top it all off, Fran had borrowed a real lush evening gown from the studio for the evening, and just as we went through the door, I stepped on her dress—hard."

During the strike, production is slow, but you have two loyal rooters on the lot, Solly Baiano, your discoverer, and talent executive William Orr. They're determined some way to keep you there. Bill Orr gets you into "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" as June Haver's kid sister. And he dubs you Debbie Reynolds. As he says:

"Cute name for a cute girl. The Delmar Davises had a little girl named Debbie and I thought she sounded like Fran. So

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we named Fran, Debbie. She was a natural for pictures, and Solly and I were both sure that she was a future star. I had producer Bill Jacobs write a part for her into 'The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady.' There were two sisters already, but I had him write in a third so we could get Debbie into the picture. Then, when the shooting script came through, the part had been written out. A third sister wasn't necessary, but I got them to write her back in again. She had about ten lines—eight of which she got laughs on."

However, after a year and a half at the studio, in January 1950, Warners releases you. Solly and Bill call you into the office and gravely break the bad news. Production is slow, there are no parts for you, there will be more opportunities somewhere else, your career is not over, etc. You have one question, "How did it last this long?"

On January 26, 1950, through special permission of the Board of Education, you graduate with your school friends at John Burroughs High. This is a nostalgic event. You've all been together through all the years, except for your month studying on the studio lot.

But your lucky star is still with you. And you're signed for the part of Helen Kane, Boop-Boop-A-Doop singer in M-G-M's "Three Little Words."

You're eighteen years old, you have a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, but you're still convinced this is not your life. You're crazy for chocolate malts made with strawberry ice cream. You bowl a neat 133. You're awed at being on the same lot with Red Skelton, and you swoon when Clark Gable calls you by name. You choke up every time you hear Judy Garland's recording of "Friendly Star," and you're still playing your French horn every Saturday night with the Burbank Youth Symphony. June Allyson is your father's favorite actress, and finally you get up courage to ask her for her autograph.

Then you're rumored for the role of Janie Powell's 14-year-old kid sister in "Two Weeks with Love." Director Roy Rowland, who's guided so many young people to stardom, asks you to drop by his office for an interview. This is your first meeting, and one he well remembers.

"It was a very hot day, and when Debbie came into my office, she immediately plopped down in a chair. 'I'm pooped,' she said. But even in her 'pooped' state she had a million times more energy than I. She was so cute. So unaffected and refreshing and frisky as a kitten. She said exactly what she thought, and as we talked I could see she was the kid in the story. Wise, knowing, but not fresh. A little girl who could instinctively see through the phony affectations of other people. Nobody could fool her. Debbie was this way, too. Later, when we'd worked together, I found her to have a sense of values unusual in such a young girl. A little perfectionist, she could do anything well, and she always wanted to do it better. Debbie, I'm sure, will be a fine dramatic star. She has great depth and a deep sensitivity she covers with laughter. She also has an indefinable amount of an indefinable thing called personality."

First directors are like first loves—and Roy Rowland, who will be directing you again this time, a star in "Hit the Deck," will always hold a special place in your heart.

At the preview of "Two Weeks with Love," you begin to believe this is your life. Your saucy sparkle completely captivates the audience, and you stop the show, clowning in the "Aba Daba Honeymoon" number with Carleton Carpenter. For the first time since fate tapped you and that faded bathing suit of yours on the shoulder, for the first time since this

whole magic adventure began, you sense it may last. You're overwhelmed by the thought that through motion pictures you can touch millions of lives and make them a little happier. . . .

Now you're putting the same winning effort you put into meriting Girl Scout badges and mastering the French horn into studying for stardom. You work morning and night, drama lessons, singing lessons and six hours of dancing lessons and you get the coveted part with Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor in "Singin' in the Rain."

In 1951, many are already getting your happy message. Aboard a troopship, a GI named Paul Lillard sees "Two Weeks with Love" and writes his first fan letter. You start corresponding, and unaware, one day you're the star of a dramatic scene on the Korean battlefield. And an old Burbank buddy of yours, Corporal Danny Sites, is there.

"Frannie and I'd been friends since we were the noisy idiots in the geometry class. She'd written me about a sergeant named Lillard. She'd noted we were both with the 27th Wolf Hound Regiment and she wanted me to look him up. But we were with different companies and we were a little busy fighting at the time. Then one day as radio operator I was up on a hill, watching the battle taking place below, when somebody radioed that the officer in charge of the battalion had been killed. The soldier who was sending the message said he was now taking the lead platoon in for the attack. He identified himself as M/Sgt. Paul Lillard. I felt terrible. This was real irony. Here was the boy Frannie had written me so much about . . . and we were finally making contact. But her guardian angel must have been looking on. They secured the hill and soon we met. He kept a small clipping of Fran in his wallet. He never bragged it up to the other guys, but her letters meant a lot to him. He wanted to know all about her. We'd go to the movies, sit on our helmets on the side of the hill, drink beer and talk about Frannie and home. . . ."

For you, Debbie Reynolds, it's a busy war, too. Thousands of GIs share your adopted brother Paul's sentiment. You typify the girl they're all coming home to. One unit names a hill after you. Your merry face is pinned up in foxholes and barracks throughout the world. In your Burbank home, you and your mother burn the midnight oil writing to them.

In 1951, too, you make personal contact at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., with another GI, Corporal Eddie Fisher, who admires the way you sing to the GIs, really reaching them, and who will some day not too distant be meeting you again.

You're the good-will girl of Hollywood now, and you're reaching thousands of GIs in South America, in Alaska, Jamaica and Japan; on Christmas Eve 1952 you and your Mickey-Mouse boots step out of a plane in Korea and into the hearts of the whole Far East command. . . .

In 1953, you're twenty-one years old and you've come of age as an actress, too. You're signed for the lovable little juvenile

delinquent in RKO's "Susan Slept Here" co-starring with Dick Powell—and you dream of being a comedienne comes true.

Only one scene in the picture really worries you. The crying scene. Emotion still embarrass you and you're the kid who never breaks in front of others. You go out to a bike rack or a gym field to cry. Dick Powell and director Frank Tashlin keep working with you in the scene, and when the camera rolls, you remember another teen-ager who was torn by something with which she couldn't cope. . . .

In June, 1954, you're acclaimed Hollywood's brightest new comedienne. Dick Powell, praising your performance as Susan, says your star will be shining bright and long.

"She has talent and looks and intelligence and personality. Debbie's just getting started in this town. . . ."

Producer Harriet Parsons praises you too:

"She is one of the best young comediennes I have encountered in twenty years of picture-making. Also, she has sensitivity, fire and emotional warmth, and I believe she will develop into a fine dramatic actress. Frank Tashlin tells me working with Debbie is like playing a delicate musical instrument. She is so responsive, so quick to understand what is wanted of her and to project it for the camera."

This is a year really set to music for you.

One mellow evening, Eddie Fisher calls you from New York. You've both come a long way in the three years since you first met. Now he's the rave on records, radio and his own NBC television show. But this isn't what's on his mind now.

"Eddie called to ask me for a date for the seventeenth of June. I said fine—and I wrote it down on my calendar. I didn't know there was anything special about it. Then I read in 'Variety' one morning about his big opening planned at the Coconut Grove on the seventeenth. I almost fell over. I hadn't realized I was his date for the opening. Right away I started worrying about something super-colossal to wear, and Mother started warming up the sewing machine."

Yes, June is for romance in Hollywood, too. This is a gay summer for you. You and Eddie go sailing together. You go water-skiing at Lake Arrowhead. Sitting out front with your parents and Eddie's father, you share his triumph at the Hollywood Bowl, and you both share the same belief that marriage is for a long, long time. Eddie has a few lyrics to add:

"Debbie has everything, and she hasn't changed. She's kept her two feet right on the ground. She has so much talent. She's so intelligent. She's honest. She's sincere. She's fun. She's just a wonderful—wonderful girl. The serious, for-keeps ring of those words finds its answer in your own heart. And soon Eddie has a new refrain, at first murmured to himself, then to you: "Mary Frances . . . Mary Frances Fisher."

You fly across the continent just to see him. A spontaneous kiss lets the world know that you're no longer the teen-ager afraid to reveal her true emotions.

This is Your Life today, a life bright with the full flowering of both fame and love. You were meant for this, long before you realized it. Now you have every reason in the world for the light-heartedness that took you buoyantly through more troubled years.

And you, the Texas youngster born of poverty on April Fool's Day, are enriching the lives of millions with your laughter.

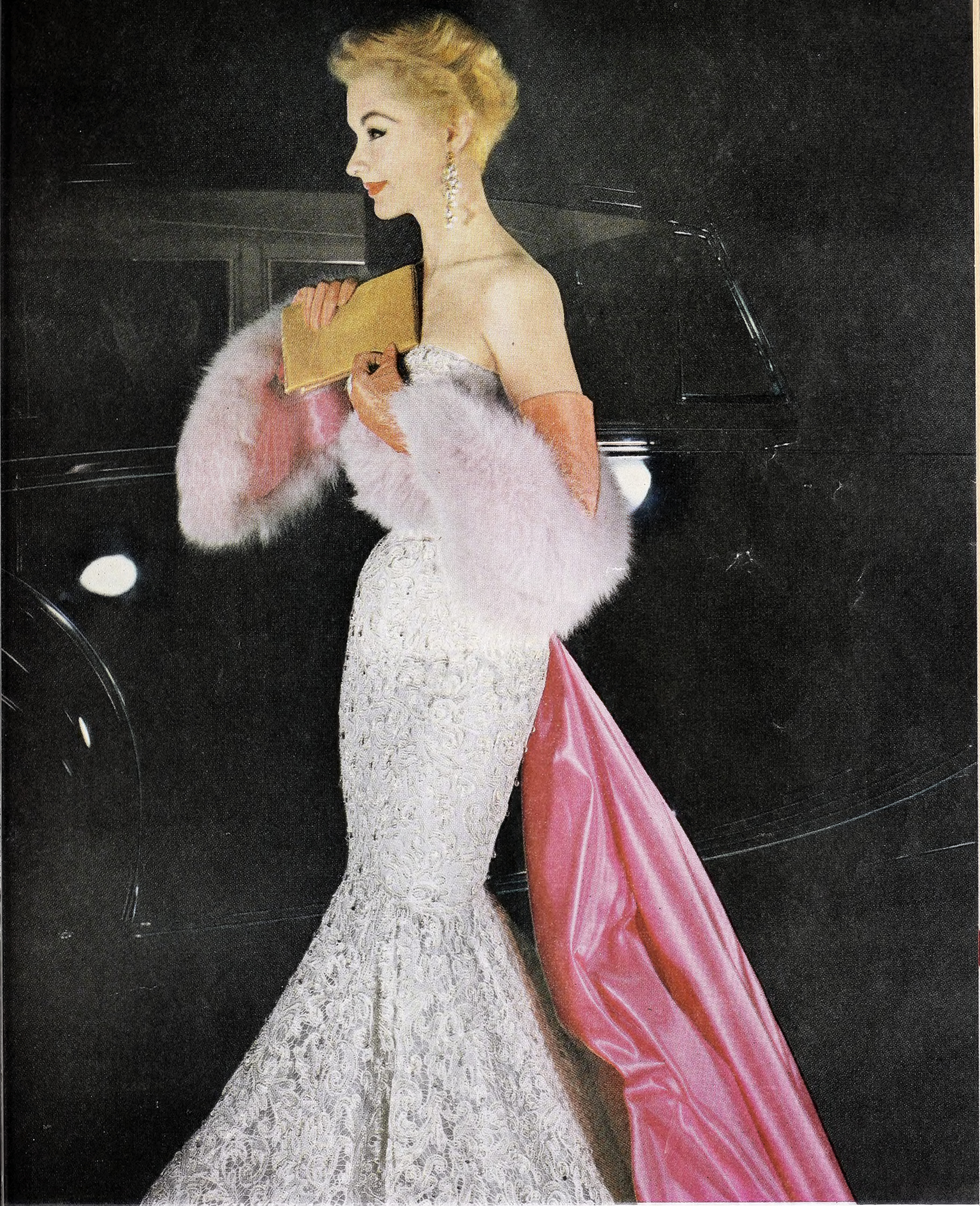
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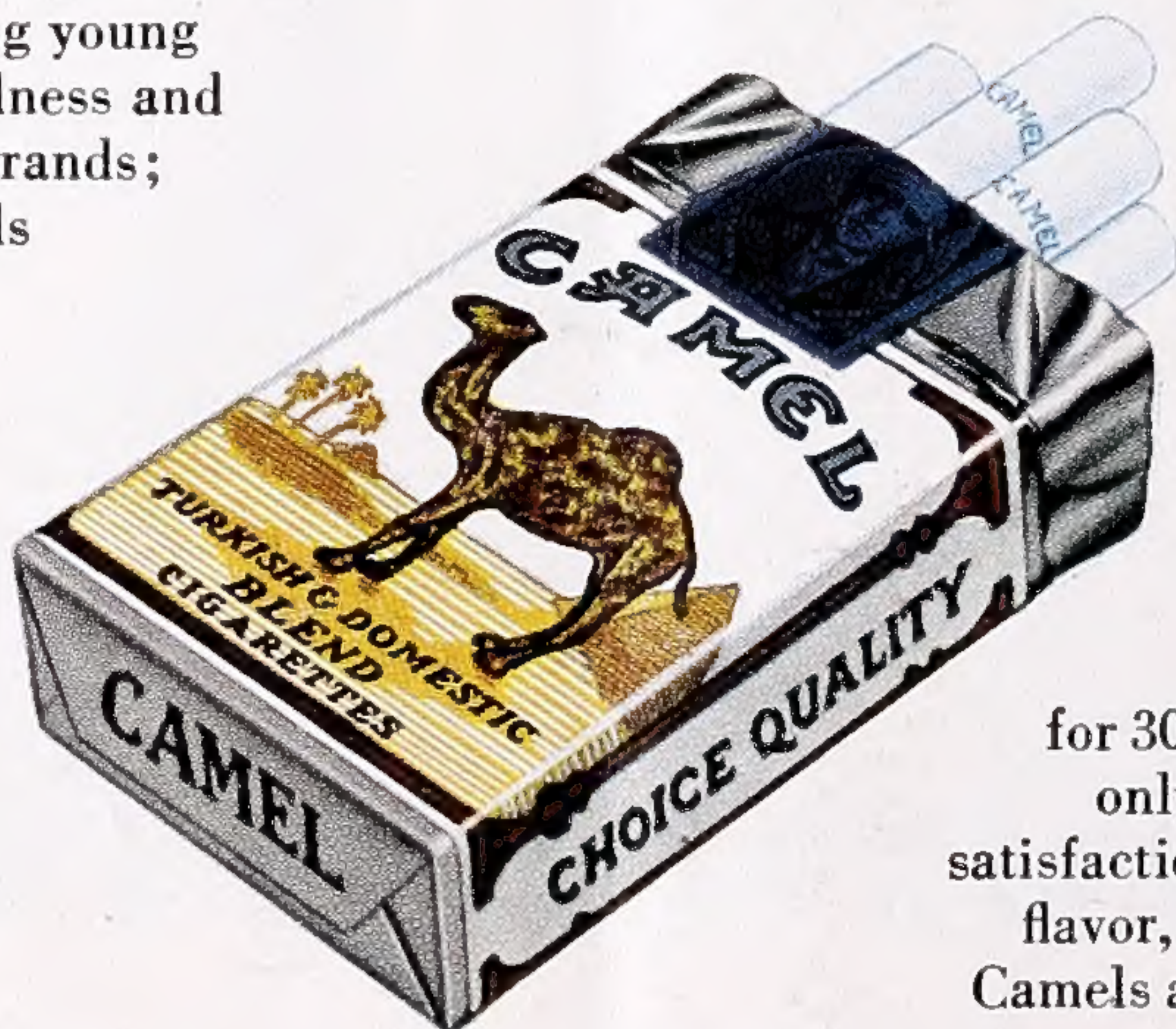
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